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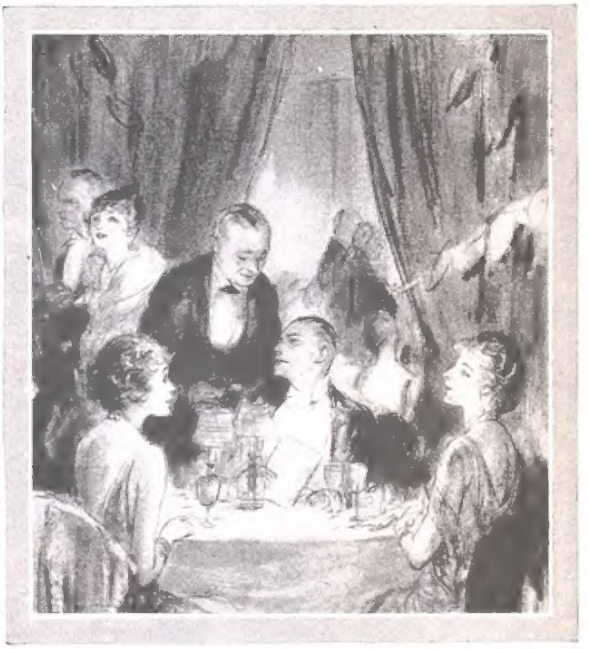

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MARCH
1926

THE GOLDEN BOOK* MAGAZINE

OF FICTION AND TRUE STORIES THAT WILL LIVE

Edited by HENRY WYSHAM LANIER

Editorial Board:

WM. LYON PHELPS • STUART P. SHERMAN • JOHN COTTON DANA • CHAS. MILLS GAYLEY

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Some Persons of Importance

A VOLUME of stories gave me something of an electric shock not long ago. It was taken home for some of that midnight reading which seems inseparable from the job of even nibbling at the vast store of world fiction and poetry; the author's name, John Russell, was, I might as well confess, completely unknown to me; the book was a "photoplay edition" (a form hardly suggestive of vital currents within), with Ramon Navarro exhibiting his shapely pulchritude in blue ink, as he embraced Miss Alice Terry, on the wrapper—and that is surely calculated to make any other male's hackles rise, although the specific element of special interest in the beautiful lady be absent; and, finally, editorial optimism is notably curbed when experience has demonstrated that five usable stories out of each hundred read, even including so-called classics with the contemporaries, is a good average.

And then—well, every earnest angler has met the incredible five-pound trout that walloped up, mad for the fly, in the little cow-pasture brook where half-pounders were monsters; and the wily antique-hunter has discovered his unique Dutch high cupboard on cabriole legs in the wash-house behind a stupid modern dwelling; and subconsciously he expects the optimistic unexpected, knowing the richness of life to those who have learned to ask assiduously. So it was with the tautness of unsuspected fulfilment that I suddenly found myself on a raft off the coast of New Caledonia, with three escaping convicts and a mysterious "Fourth Man"—all in charge of a born story-teller, wielding authority and seeing deep beneath the surfaces of the humans whose adventures he was narrating.

Moreover, in the next few hours it became quite clear that four or five of the fourteen tales in "Where the Pavement Ends" were well within this magazine's scope of "permanent stories that ought to interest anybody." Hence the memorable story "The Lost God" in this issue—a yarn sufficient in itself to make the reputation of a young writer.

Not that Mr. Russell is exactly a young writer. He is a son of Charles Edward Russell (author of a score of books, socialist, diplomatist and poet); born in 1885, he was for some time a special newspaper correspondent and staff fiction writer, beginning his magazine career with a series of South Sea tales in 1912. It is recorded that he worked under seven different pseudonyms in his magazine contributions. His first volume was "The Society Wolf," back in 1910; then, since 1919, "The Red Mask," "Where the Pavement Ends" and "In Dark Places."

That he has traveled widely and seeingly in the South Sea is sufficiently obvious to any reader; that he has an equipment which may carry him almost anywhere is equally noticeable. I can't refrain from expressing the hope that the motion-picture connection suggested by a residence in Hollywood and the filming of "The Passion Vine" will not affect his expression in fiction. It is credibly asserted that the films would be improved by the work of some real writers; and the money rewards for success are many times as great. That's all right. But there are few more pitiable performances than those of the writing men of talent who have come to keep one eye always fixed on the movie possibilities of a tale; and in spite of an enormous amount of cleverness, there are not too many Americans writing fiction whose work can by any stretch of the imagination be classed as permanent.

Surely it's something of an ambition to write a novel, or some stories that will still be alive to our grandchildren. And I suspect Mr. John Russell might do that—if he cares enough about it to grow to his full stature.

"I fear these ardent cranks are a little out of fashion. They ought numbly to suffer the business or game of living, not pull it about or try to give it new twists, each to his own wayward liking. Ours is the day of the hero who slips through life; voluble, yes; but passive, a drifter; pleading that he is the fault of every one else and declining all of life that is declinable. Still, what is a fellow to do?

(*Continued on page 6*)

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(*Continued from page 4*)

If, of all the men you have known, none will come back to your mind except arrant lovers of living, mighty hunters of lions or shadows, rapt amateurs of shady adventures or profitless zeal, how can you steep them in languor enough to bring them up to the mark?

"Better let them go, and take their chance, as the fiery particles that they were in the flesh."

Thus Mr. C. E. Montague, by way of apologia for his delightful volumes, in which appear "Honours Easy" and some other inimitable tales.

If the present editor wished to present a complete justification for this magazine's belief that the "first showing" is really not quite so important in literature as in news or women's hats—such a story as this, or Hickman's "A-Flat Major Polonaise" (in January) would be a quite adequate Exhibit A. There is just as much pleasure in the second, or the half-dozenth reading of these as in the first. And the number of people who have missed some of these satisfying stories in the crowd of new publications, yet who seem to have been waiting for just that particular thing, is quite impressive.

Mr. Montague has been on the staff of the *Manchester Guardian* for thirty-five years, and is a director of that great newspaper institution, as well as a governor of Manchester University. He served four years through the war (though approaching fifty when he got in), and has four volumes to his credit prior to "Fiery Particles": "A Hind Let Loose," "Dramatic Values," "The Morning's War" and "Disenchantment."

There are few enough writers living who have so deeply satisfying a sense of humour—born of the perspective that comes from knowledge of life, and of a real internal joy in the endlessly varying patterns of human nature.

John LaFarge (1835–1910) always seemed to me a much greater man than his work—high as is the place he is usually given in the art of stained glass and mural painting in this country. His first little volume, "Considerations on Painting," has been out of print for a generation, I believe, yet surely it is worth everything else put together that America has since produced in writings about art. In fact—while my artist friends may (and probably will) remark "What of it?"—this short treatise and Fromentin gave one ardent seeker more of the "pure juice of the word" than anything else he ever came across in the vast library of art discussions.

Yet it is not even here that La Farge is most vividly remembered by those fortunate enough to have known him well: it was in his conversations that he held you spellbound by the brilliance, logic, sardonic humour and immense activity of his extraordinary mind. For my own part, I remember after twenty years a larger proportion of what he said than of any other human being I ever listened to.

Miss Viola Roseboró knew Mr. La Farge very intimately; and she noted down, practically verbatim, many of his sayings that impressed her during years of friendship. It is from this store of unpublished material that we have drawn the two pages in this issue—to be followed probably by other instalments.

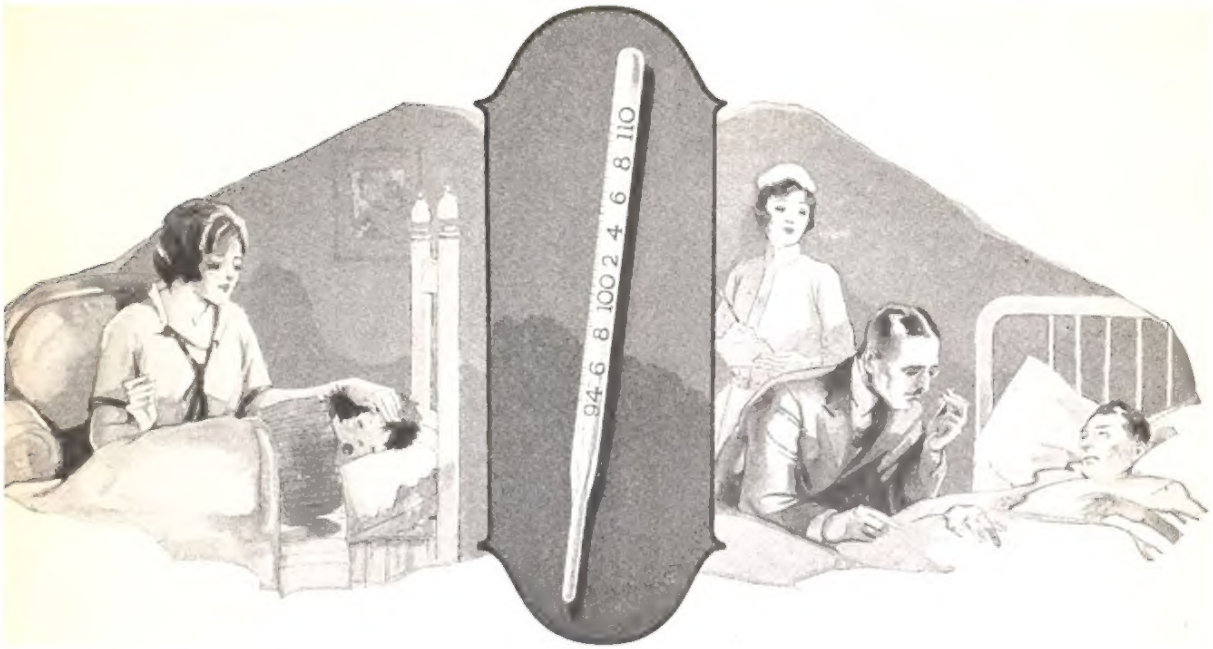
Jacinto Benavente is to-day the most popular playwright of Spain. He represents, as John Garrett Underhill points out, the same awakening literary influence in Spain's renascence as did Sorolla and Zuloaga in painting.

His instinct in the theater manifested itself early. Born in 1866, he studied for the law, but left the university to join a traveling circus; and later he appeared as an actor on the regular stage. Indeed, ever since then he has made occasional appearances.

After a volume of poems in 1893, and three of sketches, he produced his own first play, "His Brother's House"; and by 1895 "In Society" and "The Banquet of Wild Beasts" had established him as the most significant Spanish writer for the theater. Since then he has put out a great number of comedies and dramas, besides founding a magazine, *La Vida Literaria*, which has been the organ of the new movement in letters.

Beyond a question his has been the pioneer work of creating a Spanish drama which expresses modern life, free from the old-fashioned and artificial traditions.

(*Continued on page 8*)



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(*Continued from page 6*)

Though born in Virginia, Miss Willa Cather took her degree of B.A. at the University of Nebraska, in 1895. Several years on the staff of the Pittsburgh *Leader* were followed by a period of editorial association with *McClure's;* but since 1912 she has devoted herself almost entirely to novel-writing, with occasional short stories, and returns to the poems with which she began her career as an author.

Miss Cather is immensely in earnest; her people are real, studied at first hand; and she has clearly a desire to celebrate the part the Central West played in shaping the people who shaped it. Her novels have grown steadily in power and insight.

Paul Heyse is a sort of link between the classic and new in German literature. Born in 1830, he was practically grown in that *Sturm und Drang* period of intellectual and political thought which convulsed Germany and the whole Continent in the late forties. Yet he lived to receive the Nobel prize in 1911, and passed away just as the fatal Great War started.

He occupies almost a unique position because of the twenty volumes of "Novellen," or short tales, which he put out during his working period of a full half-century. For in spite of colossal achievements, his country has to some extent lagged behind in the field of the "modern" short story.

Indeed, I have been hotly censured for not printing here more short stories from German sources; yet a specific commission to three such critics, two of them specialists in that field, has so far produced surprisingly little. However, I am still hoping—and searching.

Heyse's complete works would require a library-shelf to themselves, for in addition to these hundreds of tales, he wrote a long list of novels, plays, poems and travels. His "Mary of Magdala" was produced successfully in America.

There aren't many women who can write "adventure stories" for men, but Beatrice Grimshaw is surely one of them. The most avid reader of happenings on the edge of civilization (probably demanding subconscious release for something which has nothing whatever to do with his life at an office desk), need make no allowances because of her sex. She knows the cannibal country of Papua as does no other woman living; born in County Antrim, and educated in Caen, France, and London—she now has a home address at Port Moresby, New Guinea; and her travels have taken her pretty well over the world.

The South Seas is her particular hunting ground. Here she has gathered strange folk, including the once-civilized, the partly-civilized, the never-yet-civilized, and true stories that would be incredible anywhere else. And from this wealth of first-hand material she has made, since 1907, more than a dozen exciting volumes of long and short stories, which always have a touch of real distinction along with their tense drama.

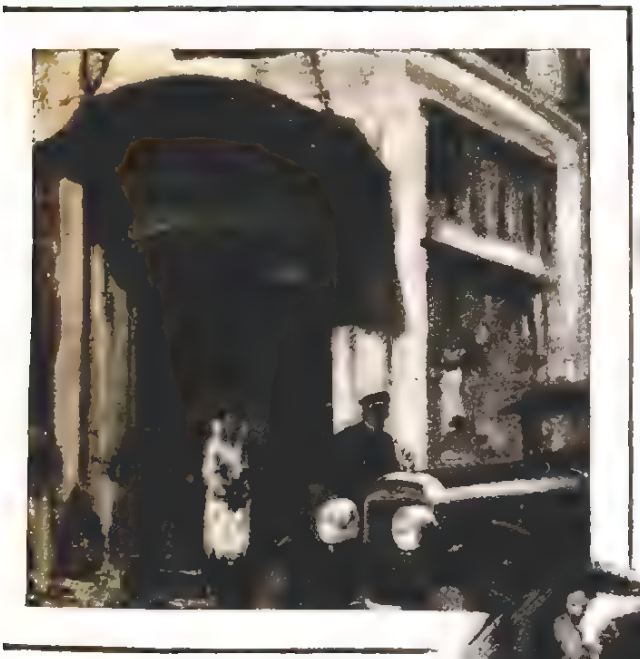
Probably Will Carleton (1794–1869) comes as close as one man could to being the characteristic interpreter of Irish life.

Son of a small farmer in Tyrone, he struggled for an education in order to become a priest. At twenty-four, without a sixpence—also without any further conviction that he was meant for the priesthood—but with the education he had laboured for, he started out on foot to seek his fortune.

He finally found it, not in the government clerkships or schoolmaster's jobs he obtained, but in the intimate knowledge of his own peasant folk which he had soaked up during those hard early years without thought of its value.

He became a Protestant, and began writing tales and sketches which sometimes savagely attacked Catholic superstitions; then, when fifty years old, he executed a complete about-face, and for nearly a quarter of a century devoted all his powers to the service of

(*Continued on page 10*)



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(*Continued from page 8*)

national aspirations and the majority religion. No one without Celtic genius could have accomplished that feat—and lived out the allotted span of a man's life.

More important—among his hasty and voluminous writings, often trivial, often oversentimental, there is enough that is real, drawn from the very blood of him, to give him enduring quality as an interpreter of the life about him.

The first volume of Hugo's "*Choses Vues*" appeared in 1887, two years after his death, and a second volume followed twelve years later. Forced to flee from France when the *coup d'état* of December 2, 1851, placed his bitter enemy, Louis Napoleon, on the throne as Napoleon III, Hugo made his way to Brussels, and there poured out his most vitriolic satire and invective in "Napoleon the Little." The following year he sought a quieter refuge in the island of Jersey; and it was during his stay here, just before he settled in the Guernsey home which was to give him opportunity during seventeen years for some of his greatest work, that the incident occurred which he narrates in "Hubert the Spy."

I would not for a moment admit that this dramatic true story needs any apology for reprinting.

But out of some hundreds of recent letters from subscribers I have gleaned several which expressed dissatisfaction with the selections found in this magazine. These messages insist that while we publish the best authors, we do not publish "their best work."

It may be. If so, it's primarily the editor's deficiency of judgment.

But—there is one important factor which some of these friendly or unfriendly critics have patently not considered: the physical impossibility of printing in any magazine any large portion of the "best work" (meaning best-known work) of the fiction writers, say, before 1890. More than nine out of ten of these men were primarily novelists—a great many emitting those three-deckers which are like a mental voyage around the world. THE GOLDEN BOOK would have to be a daily to make even a stab at that job.

Take Victor Hugo. My own conviction is that, all things considered, *Les Misérables* is the greatest novel yet produced by any writer. Why not publish it? Merely because it would occupy the entire contents of at least five complete issues of this magazine.

That's one of the conditions to be met. We have tried to solve it in the ways illustrated by the fourteen issues of THE GOLDEN BOOK preceding this. And the fact that some hundreds of thousands of American readers have evidently gotten something from the effort proves at least that it is worth while—even if the chief effect is to create a lively dissatisfaction, in those responsible for the contents, and a knowledge that it ought to be many times more vital and absorbing, with such material to draw from. H. W. L.

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from Herodotus *to* H. G. Wells

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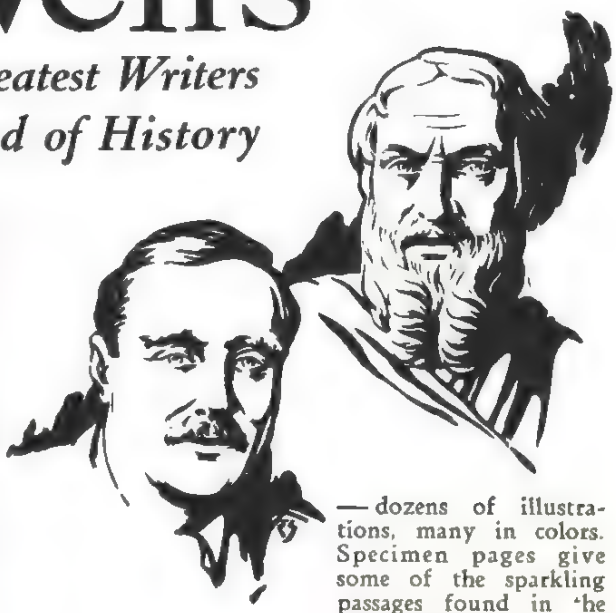

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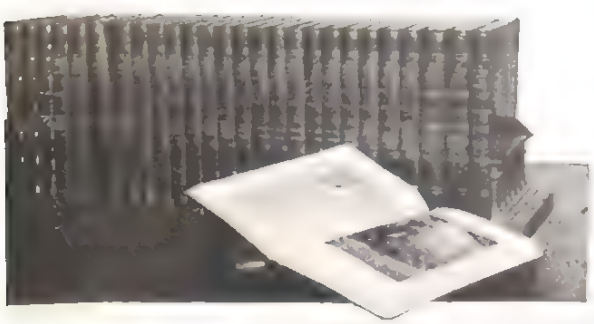

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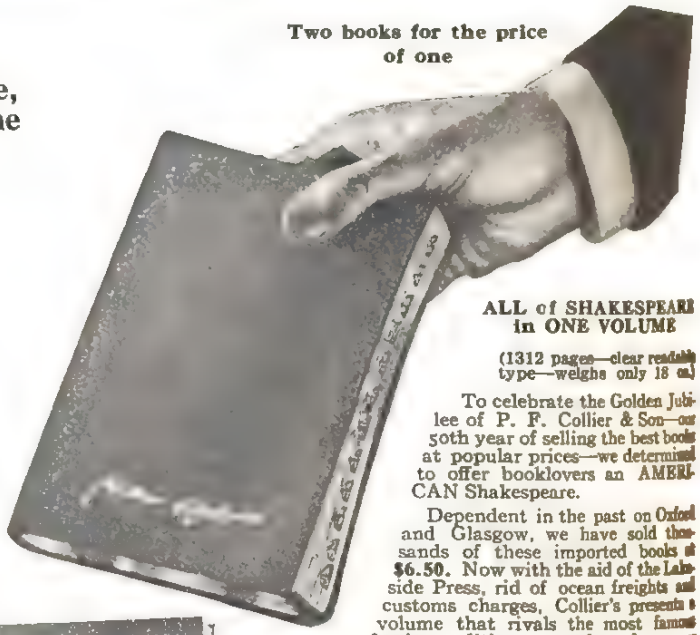

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"He pulled out a wrinkled bit of paper more than four years old."

HIS HAPPENED only a few weeks ago.

A man who had been promoted to a new position, with much larger income, sat talking with a friend. It's funny what little things influence our lives," he remarked. Three years ago I was reading a magazine and clipped a coupon from an advertisement—something I almost never do. The coupon put me in touch with the Alexander Hamilton Institute, which laid out a definite course in business reading for me.

"The first time the president of the company ever indicated that he was conscious of my existence was about a month later when I ran across something in my reading that happened to be of very immediate interest to him. From that moment he began to look on me as something more than just a name on the payroll. You know what's happened since; and the whole thing started really when I happened to write that coupon."

The other man sat quiet a moment. Then he rose and, walking over to the table, pulled out the drawer and produced a wrinkled piece of paper.

"I clipped one of those coupons once," he said, "but I didn't do anything more about it. Here it is . . . he held it out . . . "more than four years old."

That little incident reveals one of the fundamental reasons why some men go forward and others do not. Up to a certain point all men are interested in their business future. They will read about success and think about it; but at that point they divide sharply into two classes. One group merely talks; the other acts.

Think of the four years that have passed since that man clipped that coupon. In that time, Charles E. Hagenan, who was a clerk in a retail store, became vice president of the National United Drug Company. He says: "I would recommend the Course to anybody, if he had to borrow the money to take it."

In that time, J. A. Zehntbauer, who was a wholesale dry goods salesman, became President of the Jantzen Knitting Mills of Portland, Oregon. He says: "I would be making a conservative statement if I should say that 50% of my success could be attributed to my contact with the Alexander Hamilton Institute."

And all this while the man who was interested, but lacked the power of decision, has gone along with petty salary increases. Four years of little progress, when he might have made a direct short cut to executive opportunity and increased earning power. Some day he will arrive, but he has sacrificed the joy of succeeding while he is still young.

. . . . .

This is not an advertisement in the ordinary sense. It is a business editorial. Two men will read it. One will say: "That is interesting. I suppose I really ought to be doing some kind of business reading." He may even go so far as to clip the coupon, but it will never be mailed. At the critical moment of decision he will be tried and found wanting.

The other man will say: "This thing involves no obligation or cost. The Course has helped more than 250,000 men to shorten their path to the top. It may or may not be what I am looking for; but at least I have a duty to myself and my family to investigate." He will clip the coupon and *it will be mailed.*

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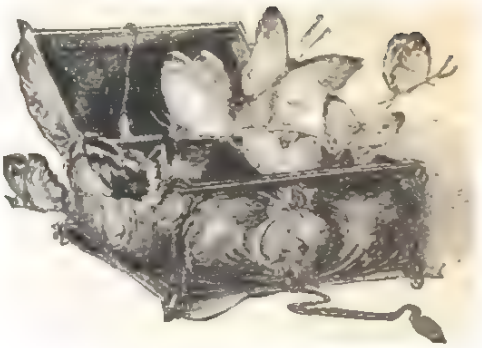

Her mind was crowded with beautiful stories, shut in—like butterflies in a box

A STRAIN of music, the smell of wet lilacs, the sight of a new bright ribbon above an aging face—these came to her as impressions, but stayed, and grew, till they almost hurt shut in so tight and no door to open.

Gay, brave stories—how could she get them out? She wrote, but the words were empty of her thoughts. She read, but when she tried to write the sharp, clutching things like Barrie, or to set down the sheer adventures like Stevenson, there were no tears or laughter in them. Or light.

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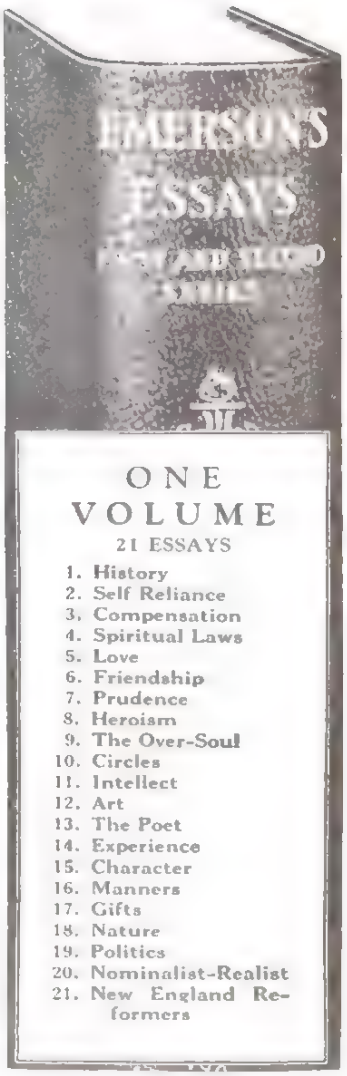

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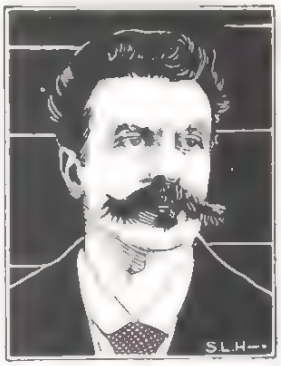

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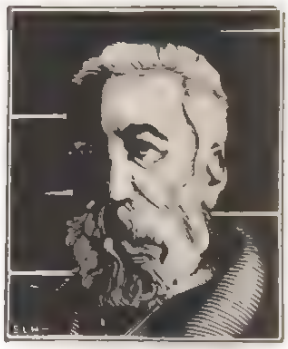

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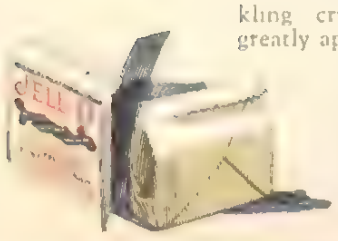

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THE GOLDEN BOOK FINANCIAL DIRECTORY

THE INVESTMENT BUREAU

A department offering its services without charge to readers of THE GOLDEN BOOK. All letters to the Bureau are treated as personal and confidential and are answered in full by mail. Below appear a few extracts from recent correspondence relating to subjects of general interest. Address Investment Bureau, THE GOLDEN BOOK, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

THE FINANCIAL DIRECTORY

THE GOLDEN BOOK reserves the following pages for announcements of reputable banking houses, trust companies, savings banks, brokers, and other financial institutions. Inquiry is made concerning the institutions advertising under this heading and none is accepted that is found to be of questionable character. When writing to these institutions please mention THE GOLDEN BOOK.

Investment Questions and Answers

Exchanging Liberty Bonds for Stocks

I have decided to take advantage of your Investment Service as offered in THE GOLDEN BOOK. I have several thousands of dollars in Liberty Loan bonds. Would you advise selling them or part of them and investing in stocks paying a higher rate of interest and with the possibility of selling same at an advanced price? My small fortune has just recently been depleted by five thousand dollars and I would like to get some of it back. Have also a local mortgage of $3,000 paying 6 per cent. which I could sell if a possibility of making more on another investment presented itself. I realize all stocks are very high, but the trend seems still higher instead of lower.

We have your letter and in reply would say that the present seems to us a very poor time in which to sell Liberty Bonds and invest the money in stock. Stock prices, particularly those of industrial stocks, are now at very high levels and it is reasonable to expect that within the next year or so the market may suffer a considerable decline and that within the next two or three years we may have a business depression at which time one could switch from Liberty Bonds into high grade stocks at prices that would give very much higher permanent returns than can be secured therefrom to-day. We would suggest therefore that you wait until such an opportunity presents itself before entering into anything like speculative operations in stocks.

$500 Bonds

Thank you indeed for your very kind and helpful note of the 14th. I hope I shall not be imposing upon you to write you about one more little matter. Can you suggest some good, very safe bond or bonds, $500 or $1,000, with a fair yield? I much appreciate your courtesy.

We think you would not make a mistake to buy any of the following bonds all of which are available in $500 pieces:

Pacific Gas and Electric 1st and ref. 6s, due 1941
Great Northern genl. mtg. 7s, 1936
Liggett & Myers Tobacco 5s, 1951
State of Queensland 6s, 1947

Good Investments

I have $2,800 invested in prior preferred capital stock of the United Light and Railways Company, which is nearly all my savings. Do you consider this a safe investment? For the small investor would not bonds be safer?

In reply to your inquiry, the United Light and Railways prior preferred stock ranks well among securities of its kind and class, and we think you have no cause for worry regarding the money now invested in it. However, diversification means greater safety and when investing future savings we think it would be well for you to select issues from other fields—railroad, industrial, foreign government, and some real estate mortgage bonds, such as you will find advertised in the investment advertising pages of THE GOLDEN BOOK. When you are ready to make further purchases, if you care to write us, we shall be pleased to assist you with suggestions of issues that seem suitable in view of the securities you might then be holding.

Not Speculative Advisers

Although not a subscriber to THE GOLDEN BOOK, I am a regular reader and wish your advice and help with my investments. I have 150 shares Corn Products bought at 41¼. Should I sell them now?

We are not qualified to give advice on speculative matters and therefore cannot say whether you should sell your Corn Products stock at its present price or not. This company has shown remarkable improvement in earnings since the war but in the first nine months of 1925 it earned only $1.56 a share on the common stock as compared with $2.62 the corresponding period of 1924. This does not indicate that an increase in dividend payments, which are now at the rate of $2.00 a share a year, can be made. Therefore it seems to us that a price of more than $40 a share for the stock is hardly justified. Industrial stocks in general are selling at very high levels in the market and although as yet there is no clear indication that the upward movement in prices is over, it seems logical to expect that it will not continue for a great length of time; therefore, it would seem, on general principles, that it might be well to get out of this stock before long.

Attractive Investment Fields

I read that you are offering, free of charge, to readers of THE GOLDEN BOOK magazine, help with regard to investments. As I have $500, perhaps $1,000 to invest, I would be glad to know what bonds or stocks etc. to buy and what would be a reliable investment house. My aim in investing would be good security and good return.

We are glad to say that the most attractive investments to-day seem to us to be in the foreign government field and

(*Continued on page 22*)

Your investments may become a widow's fortune

A BEWILDERED widow sent for a Compton representative.

"All that I have left," she said, "is my home and my husband's insurance. My lawyer advised me to deposit my money in a savings bank. I did, but the income is too low to let me maintain my present home. I must either sacrifice my home or find a better investment. What safe investment will give me a better income?"

The Compton salesman could have helped her improve her financial position by selling her almost any high-grade security. Yet, before he made *any* recommendation, he obtained a financial statement of the savings bank where his widow's fortune was deposited. Then he recommended for her investment the same kind and character of securities in which her money would have been invested if she had left it in the bank.

He went further than that. He selected bonds with coupon dates that would make her income come in almost equal monthly amounts.

William R. Compton Company will go a long way to establish and hold your confidence. Remember that some day your investments may become a widow's fortune. Let this thirty-nine-year-old investment house prove to you that its policy is right—to serve you first and profit afterward. And *now* is the time.

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(*Continued from page 20*)

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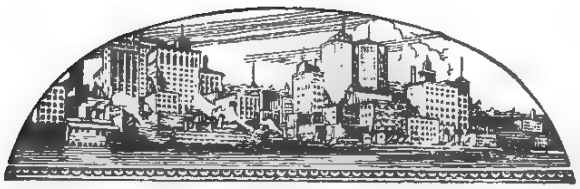

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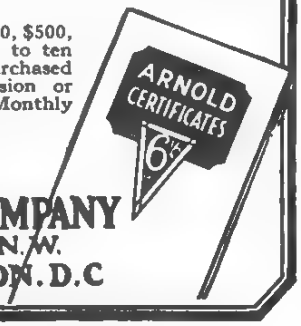

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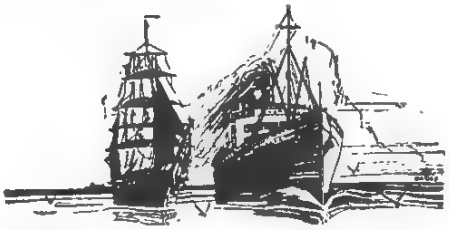

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1. What You Should Know About Real Estate Mortgage Bonds—Adair Realty & Trust Co.
2. Buying Bonds by Mail—A. C. Allyn and Company.
3. Arnold 6½% Certificates—Arnold & Co.
4. Building and Estate—Caldwell & Co.
5. The Way to Wealth—William R. Compton Company.
6. Fidelity First Mortgage Participation Certificates—Fidelity Mortgage Co.
7. How to Select Safe Bonds—George M. Forman & Co.
8. Investors' Guide—Greenebaum Sons Investment Co.
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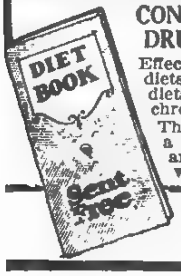

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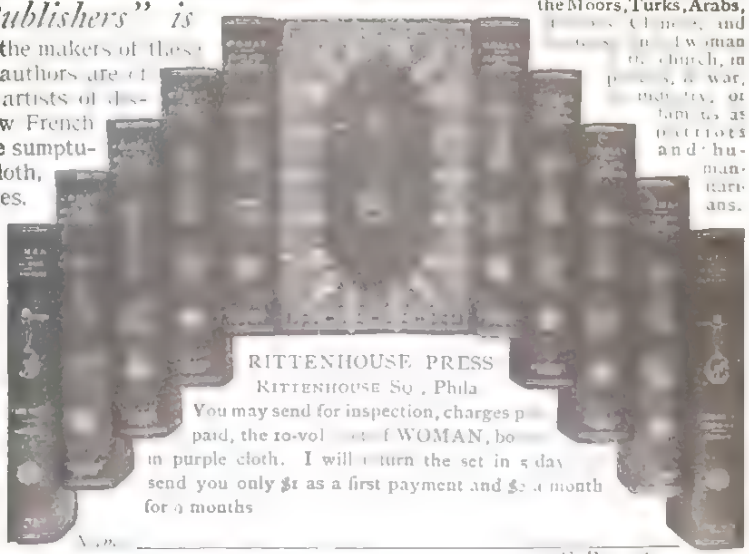
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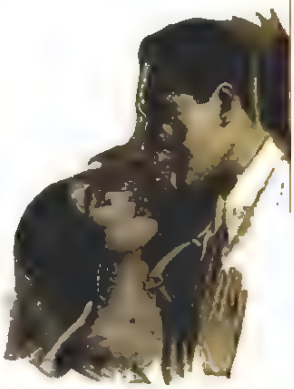

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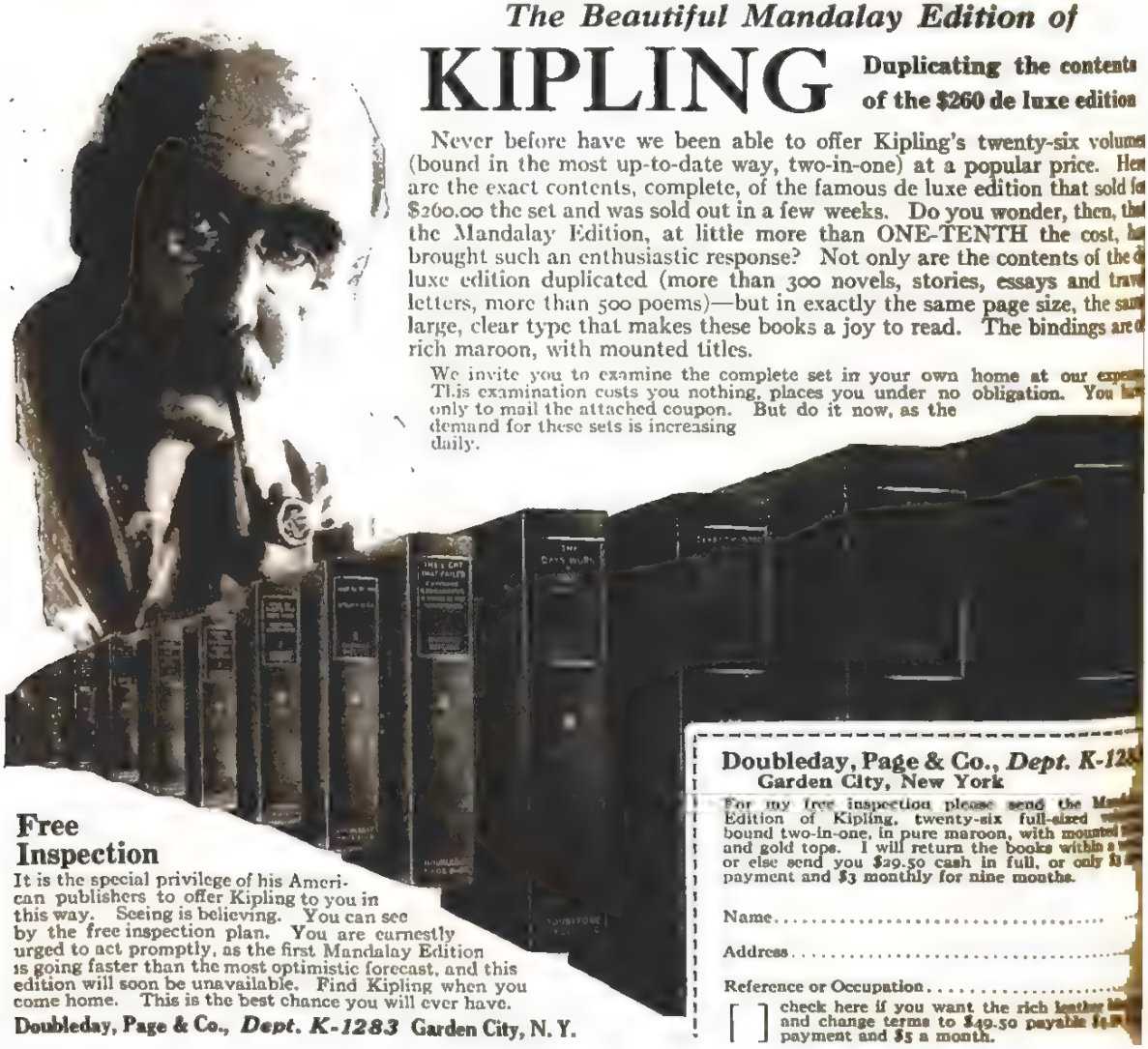

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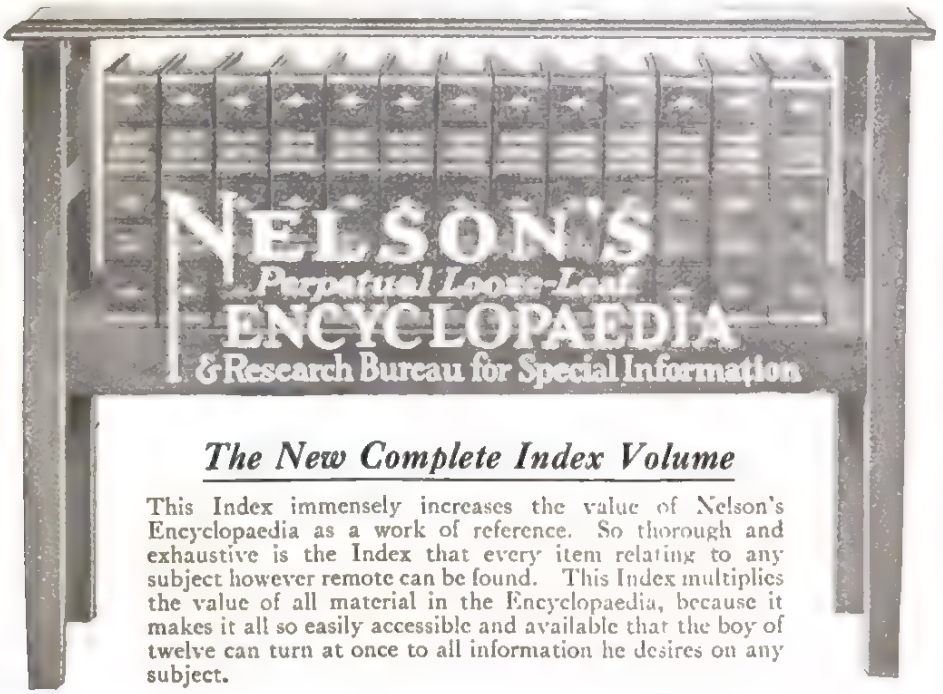

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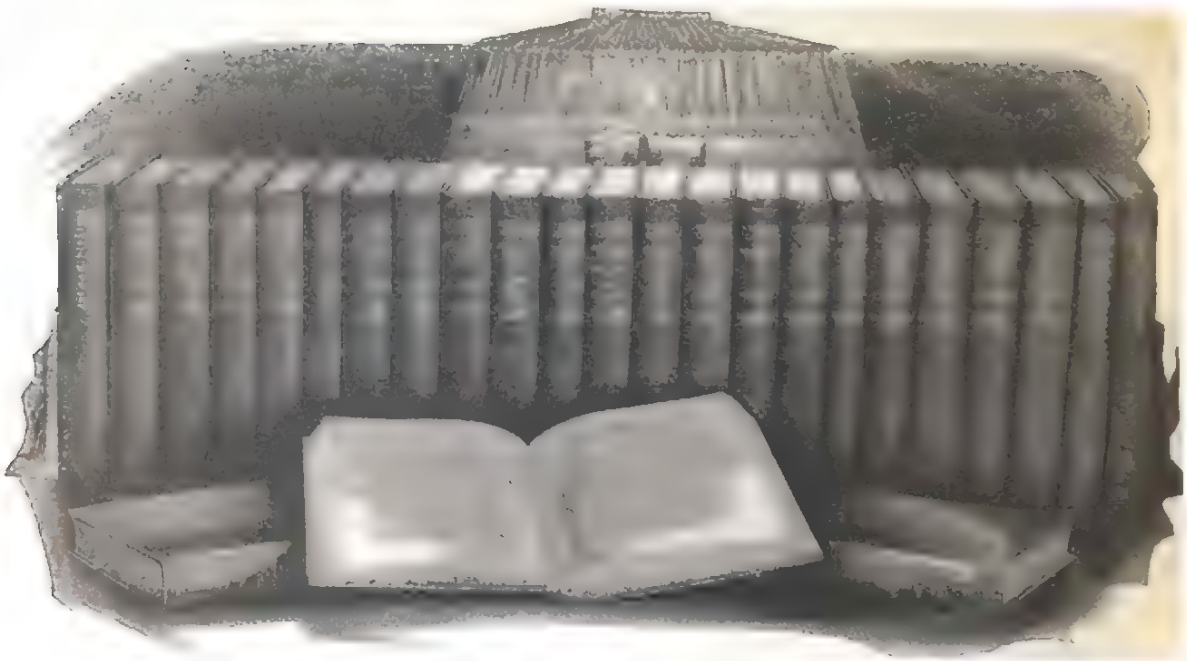

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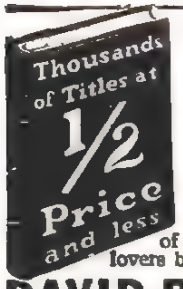

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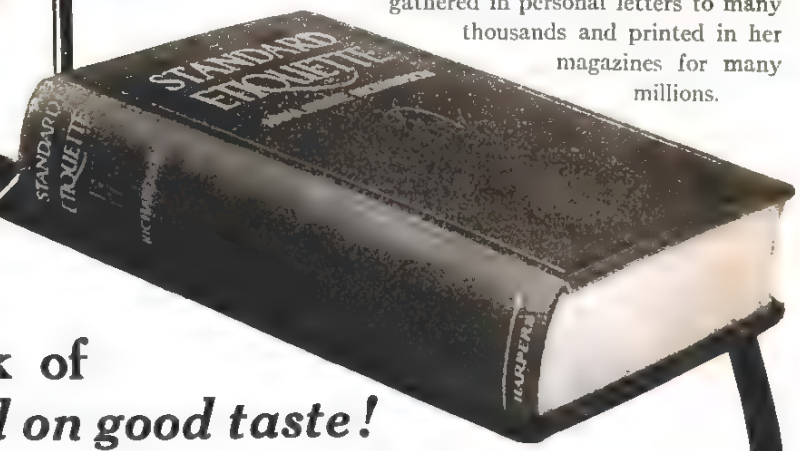

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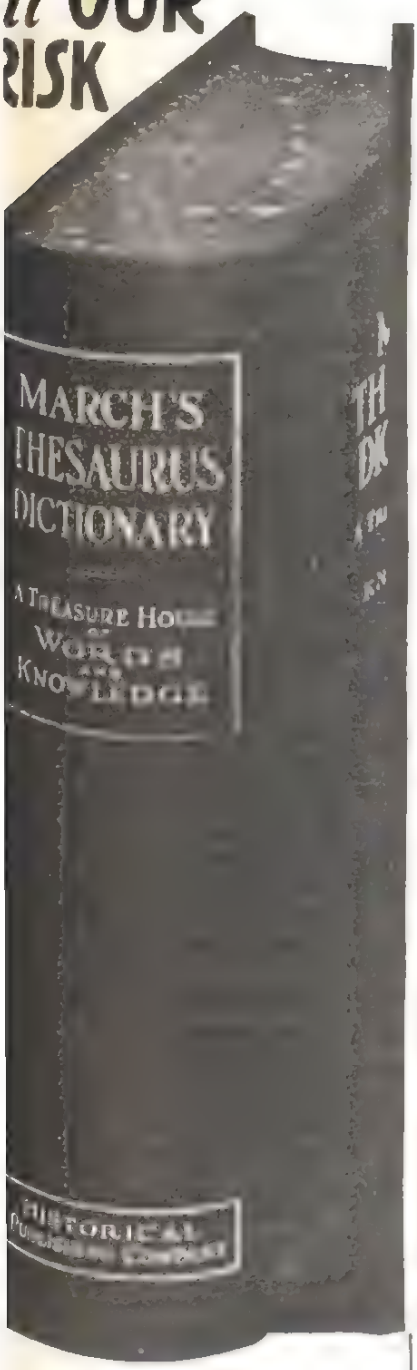

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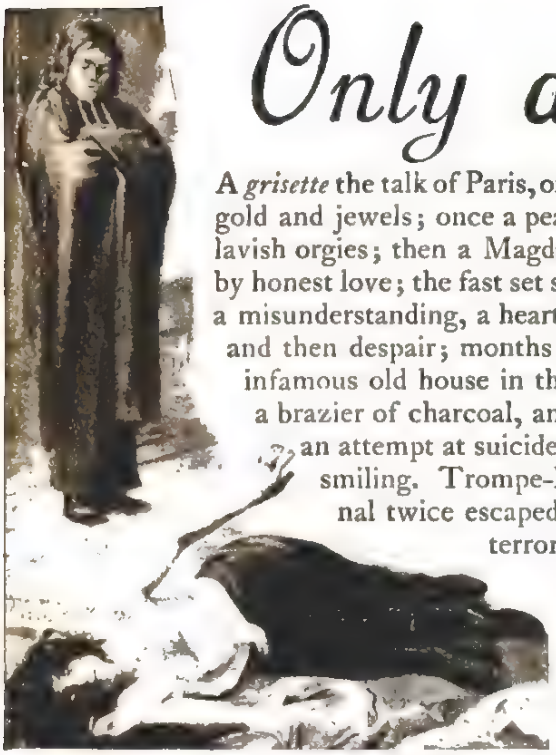

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A *grisette* the talk of Paris, on whom men had showered gold and jewels; once a peacock-queen reigning over lavish orgies; then a Magdalene purified and uplifted by honest love; the fast set scorned for true happiness; a misunderstanding, a heart broken by a single word, and then despair; months of hiding in a room of an infamous old house in the haunts of the unlawful; a brazier of charcoal, and the girl recovering from an attempt at suicide lies in a stupor, dazed but smiling. Trompe-la-Mort, the master criminal twice escaped from the galleys and the terror of the Paris secret police, disguised as a priest, enters—and the story begins. It is a strange story of one of the many mysterious undercurrents of life in Paris, but it is only one of over a score of infinite variety that are told in the fascinating

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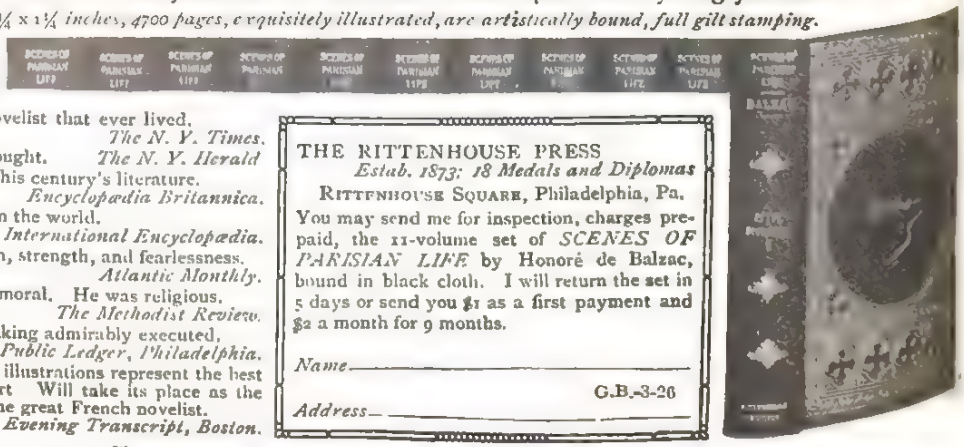

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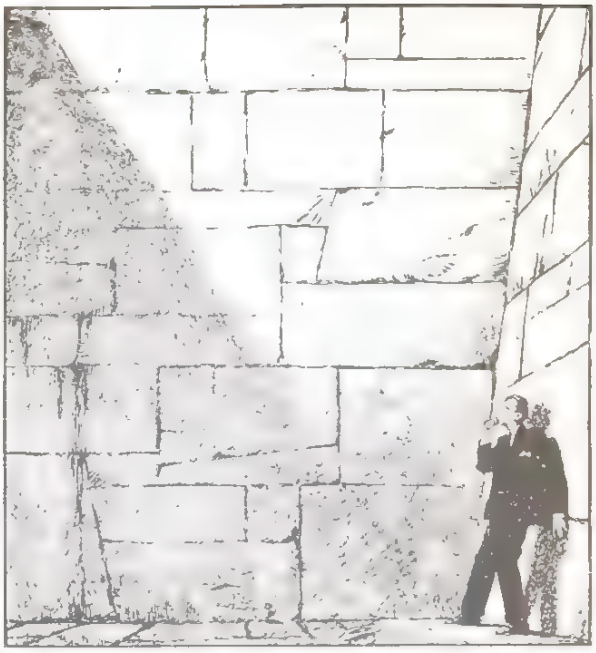
Up Against A Stone Wall

—and with no idea what he can do!
Do you see yourself in this picture?



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Then—what happened? Your youthful enthusiasm oozed . Your purpose for some reason became clouded. Instead ing forward, you found yourself UP AGAINST A STONE L.

Other men, aiming for the same goal as you, came up along- of you and passed you. And now, here at last you are—uraged, lost, PURPOSELESS.

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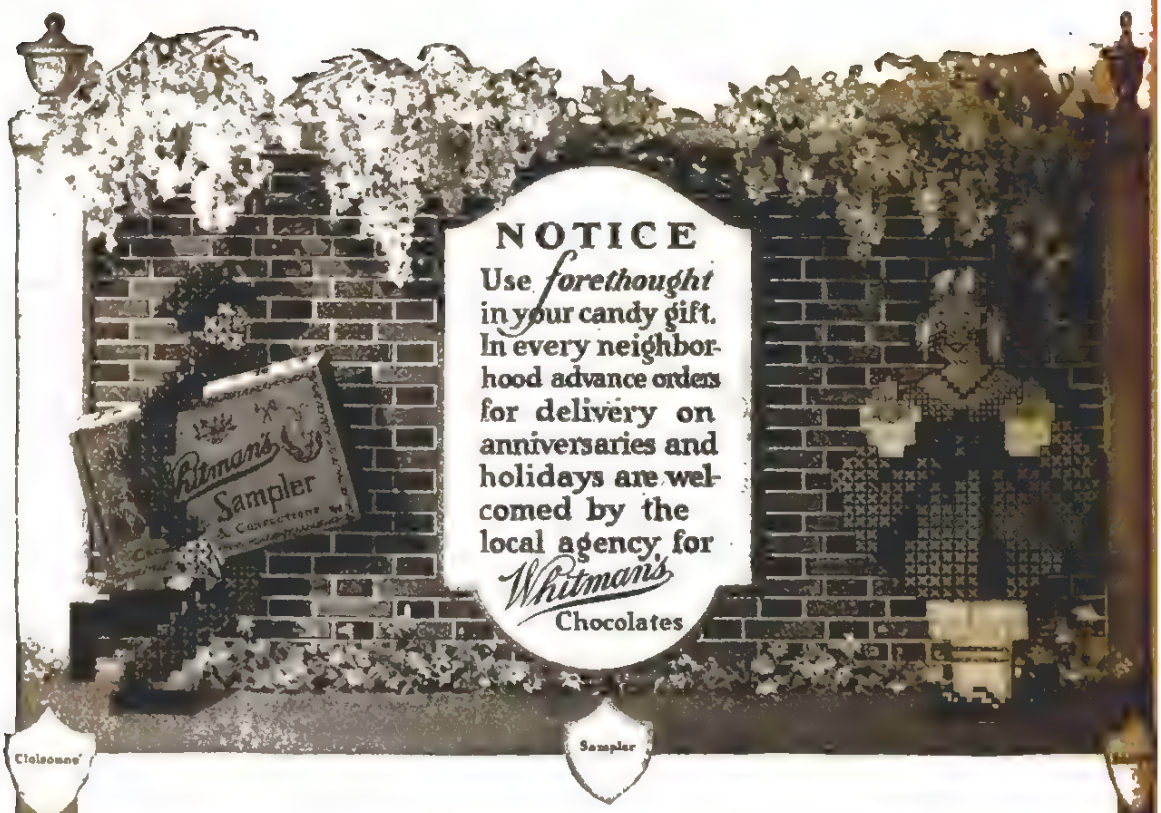

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"It Seems There Were Two Irishmen"

Sir Boyle Roche, the most celebrated and entertaining anti-grammarian in the Irish Parliament, was arguing for the *habeas corpus* suspension bill: "It would surely be better, Mr. Speaker," said he, "to give up not only a part, but if necessary even the whole, of our constitution, to preserve the remainder." SIR JONAH BARRINGTON.

"So you have married again, Mary?" said her parish priest to a peasant woman. "There was Tom Whelan and Mick Murphy, rest their souls, and now it's Tim Maloney."

"Och, yer riverence," said she, "it wasn't for the fun or the divarshion of it I married the third time, but I thought it would soften me poor ould cough, which I'm kilt wid ivery winther." MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

An Irish car-driver was wrapping himself up carefully before starting on a journey on a cold winter's day.

"You seem to be taking very good care of yourself," said the impatient fare.

"To be shure I am, sur," replied the driver. "What's all the wuruld to a man when his wife's a widow?"

"'Tis a wicked lie," said an Irish gentleman who was accused of making a regular practice of beating his wife. "Sure, I never lifted my hand against her one time that I had my boots on."

A lieutenant-colonel to one of the Irish regiments in the French service being despatched by the Duke of Berwick from Fort Kehl to the King of France with a complaint relating to some irregularities that had happened to the regiment, His Majesty with some emotion of mind told him, "that the Irish troops caused him more uneasiness than all his Forces besides." "Sir," says the officer, "all your enemies make the same complaint."

Joe Miller's Jests, 1739.

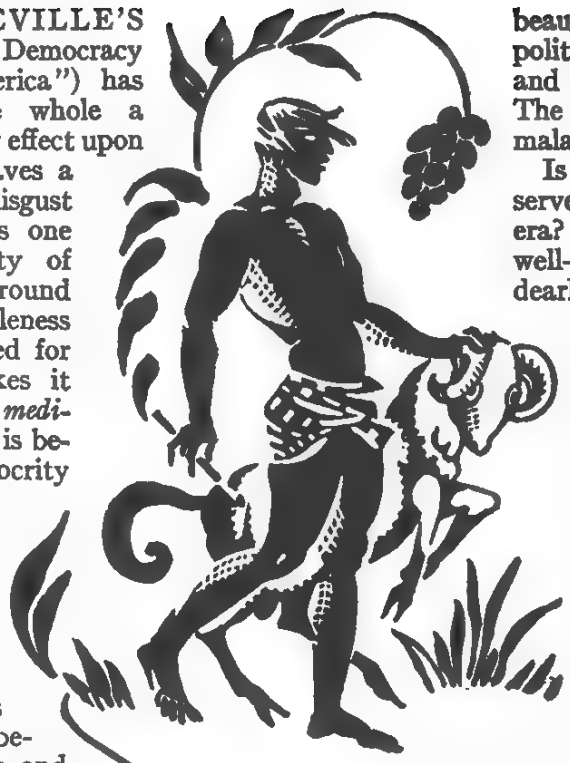
An Irish peasant was once asked whether he knew what an Irish "bull" was. "To be shure I do," he replied. "If you was dhrivin' along a high road and you seen three cows lyin' down in a field and wan ov thim's standin' up—that wan is an Irish bull."

MACDONAGH.

A priest arranged with a car-driver to call for him at the house of a friend after a dinner-party and drive him home. The jarvey was "fond of a drop," and manifestly had a quantity of drink taken when he called for his parish priest. "Drunk again, Jim," said Father Tom reprovingly, as he mounted the car. "Well, to tell ye the truth, yer riverence," replied Jim, "I'm a bit that way meself."

Dr. Magee, Archbishop of York, wrote in the visitor's book at a popular seashore hotel in England: "I came here for change and rest. The waiter has the change, the landlord the rest." *18th Century.*

TOCQUEVILLE'S book ("Democracy in America") has on the whole a calming effect upon the mind, but it leaves a certain sense of disgust behind. It makes one realize the necessity of what is happening around us and the inevitableness of the goal prepared for us; but it also makes it plain that the era of *mediocrity* in everything is beginning, and mediocrity freezes all desire. Equality engenders uniformity, and it is by sacrificing what is excellent, remarkable, and extraordinary that we get rid of what is bad. The whole becomes less barbarous, and at the same time more vulgar.



The age of great men is going; the epoch of the ant-hill, of life in multiplicity, is beginning. The century of individualism, if abstract equality triumphs, runs a great risk of seeing no more true individuals. By continued leveling and division of labour, society will become everything and man nothing.

As the floor of valleys is raised by the denudation and washing down of the mountains, what is average will rise at the expense of what is great. The exceptional will disappear. A plateau with fewer and fewer undulations, without contrasts and without oppositions, such will be the aspect of human society. The statistician will register a growing progress, and the moralist a gradual decline; on the one hand, a progress of things: on the other, a decline of souls. The useful will take the place of the beautiful, industry of art, political economy of religion, and arithmetic of poetry. The spleen will become the malady of a leveling age.

Is this indeed the fate reserved for the democratic era? May not the general well-being be purchased too dearly at such a price? The creative force which in the beginning we see foreordained tending to produce and multiply differences, will it afterward retrace its steps and obliterate them one by one? And equality, which in the dawn of existence is mere inertia, torpor, and death, is it to become at last the natural form of life? Or rather, above the economic and political equality to which the socialist and non-socialist democracy aspires, taking it too often for the term of its efforts, will there not arise

> a new kingdom of mind, a church of refuge, a republic of souls, in which, far beyond the region of mere right and sordid utility, beauty, devotion, holiness, heroism, enthusiasm, the extraordinary, the infinite, shall have a worship and an abiding city? Utilitarian materialism, barren well-being, the idolatry of the flesh and of the "I," of the temporal and of mammon, are they to be the goal of our efforts, the final recompense promised to the labours of our race? I do not believe it. The ideal of humanity is something different and higher.

HENRI-FRÉDÉRIC AMIEL (translated by Mrs. Humphry Ward) 1851.

1 *St. David's Day.*

FLUELLIN: Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please your Majesty, and your great-uncle, Edward the Black Prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France; . . . if your Majesty is remembered of it, the Welshmen did good service in a garden where leeks did grow; wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps, which your Majesty knows to this hour is an honourable padge of the service; and I do believe your Majesty takes no scorn to wear leek upon St. Tavy's Day. SHAKESPEARE.

2 There is a romance about all who are abroad in the black hours, and with something of a thrill we try to guess their business. STEVENSON.

3 The mists had gathered, as if to symbolize a great, brooding mass of human trouble, doubt, confusion, and chill indifference, between earth and the better regions. HAWTHORNE.

4 As much mud in the streets as if the waters had but newly retired from the face of the earth, and it would not be wonderful to meet a Megalosaurus, forty feet long or so, waddling like an elephantine lizard up Holborn Hill. DICKENS.

5 It is only the man whose intellect is clouded by his sexual impulse that could give the name of the fair sex to that undersized, narrow-shouldered, broad-hipped and short-legged race. SCHOPENHAUER.

6 God sends meat, but the devil sends cooks. *Old Whaling Proverb.*

7 The morn when first it thunders in March,
The eel in the pond gives a leap, they say! BROWNING.

8 "And Smith has made money?"
"O, no; that's a myth:
Smith never made money,
But money made Smith!"
JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

9 ADAGE, *n.* Boned wisdom for weak teeth. AMBROSE BIERCE.

10 Heard the phebe note of the chickadee to-day for the first time; I had at first heard their *day, day, day,* ungratefully. "Ah! you but carry my thoughts back to winter!" But anon I found that they, too, had become spring birds. They had changed their note. THOREAU.

11 Anger doth swell and puff up the countenance most indecently, and sends forth a yet more indecent and unpleasant voice. PLUTARCH.

12 New butter with a leaf of sage
Is good to purify the blood.
BEAUMONT.

13 But Nature whistled with all her winds
Did as she pleased and went her way.
EMERSON.

14 My wife and I fell out about my not being willing to have her gown laced, but could lay out the same money and more on a plain new one. At this she flounced away in a manner I never saw her nor which I could ever endure. So I away to the office, though she had dressed herself to go see my Lady Sandwich. She by and by in a rage follows me, and coming to me tells me in spiteful manner like a vixen and with a look full of rancour that she would go buy a new one and lace it and make me pay for it, and then let me burn it if I would after she had done it, and so went away in a fury. This vexed me cruelly, but being very busy I had not hand to give myself up to consult what to do in it, but anon, I suppose after she saw that I did not follow her, she came again to the office, where I made her stay, being busy with another, half an hour, and her stomach coming down we were presently friends. PEPYS.

15 There are winter days so full of sudden sunlight that they will cheat the wise crocus into squandering its gold before its time. OSCAR WILDE.

16 If, after you have dined well, you will eat five cabbage leaves, they will make you feel as if you had had nothing to drink, so that you can drink as much more as you wish. CATO.

17 The spring steps in so charmin',
So fresh and arch
In the middle of March,
Wid her hand St. Patrick's arm on.
GRAVES.

18 Mad March, with the wind in his wings outspread,
Leaps from heaven, and the deep dawn's arch
Hails re-risen again from the dead
Mad March. SWINBURNE.

19 Reasoning at every step he treads
Man yet mistakes his way,
While meaner things, whom instinct leads,
Are rarely known to stray. COWPER.

20 The press of one's foot to the earth springs a hundred affections.
WHITMAN.

21 We care not for the chilliness, for it is vernal, the cold of a young hand instead of an old one. LEIGH HUNT.

22 The hound some praise, and some the hawk;
Some, better pleased with private sport,
Use tennis; some a mistress court;
But these delights I neither wish
Nor envy, while I freely fish.
IZAAK WALTON.

23 Nightfall, which in the frost of winter comes as a fiend, and in the warmth of summer as a lover, came as a tranquilizer on this March day.
HARDY.

24 Repose upon nature, sleep in firm faith, and abide the seasons.
MEREDITH.

25 "IMPROVED PRESSES" (1847). Under this head a milliner in New York advertises a new kind of corsets, that "wind up with a windlass."
WALT WHITMAN.

26 Having sent forth streams of light, which ascended the blue firmament before him, as harbingers preceding his pomp, in the full blaze of his majesty rose the sun. FIELDING.

27 In spite of colds and chills
That usher in the early spring,
We have the daffodils.
KIKURIO.

28 If the wind strike thee through a hole,
Go make thy will and mend thy soul.
Old Proverb.

29 So then the year is repeating its old story again. We are come once more, thank God! to its most charming chapter. GOETHE.

30 Weep no more, faire weather is returned; the sunne is reconciled to mankind, and his heat hath made winter find his leggs, as benumb'd as they were. BERGERAC.

31 You far away—you know
That when the wine-cup reddens o'er the lake
I call to you a thousand leagues apart,
From the sheer confines of the world, and lo,
All golden for your sake,
Spring dimples through the doorways of my heart.
OU-YANG HSIU (CRANMER-BYNG).

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The Lost God

By JOHN RUSSELL

PROPHETS have cried out in print, no man regarding, and saints have been known to write their autobiographies, and even angels are credited now and then with revealing most curious matters in language quite plain and ungrammatical. But I have seen the diary of an authentic god who once went to and fro on the earth and in the waters underneath.

His record is the Book of Jim Albro, and he made it at Barange Bay, which is Papua, which is the end of the back of beyond and a bit farther yet; the great, dark, and smiling land that no white man has ever yet gripped as a conqueror, where anything can happen that you would care to believe and many things that you never would. He neglected to copyright it himself. The chances of his returning to claim it are apparently remote. And Jeckol says that fiction is stranger than truth anyhow, and pays better. So I shall feel quite safe in making free of that remarkable work, just as Jim Albro set it down with a leaden bullet on some strips of bark and left it for those who came after to find. . . .

In his very blackest hour Jim Albro must have known that somebody would come after him, some time. Somebody always did come after him, no matter how far and to what desperate chance his trail might lead. He was that kind. All his days he never lacked the friend to hunt him up and to pack him home when he was helpless, to pay his bills or to bail him out at need. One of those irresistible rascals born to a soft place near the world's heart, whose worst follies serve only to endear them, whose wildest errors are accepted as the manifestation of an engaging caprice, while they go on serenely drawing blank checks against destiny!

It is odd that he should have had to settle up in the end unaided, cut off from all help, completely isolated—and yet with the savour of popular admiration still rising about him, amid the continued applause of a multitude. . . .

"A chap like Albro can't simply drop out of sight, like you or me might," said Cap'n Bartlet, thoughtfully. "He's filled too much space and pulled through too many scrapes. He's had his way too

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often with men and devils—and women too."

We were strung along the rail on the after-deck of the little *Aurora Bird*, as she began to grope her passage through the barrier reef, a silent lot. Talk had been cheap enough on the long stretch up the Coral Sea, when every possible theory of Albro's fate, and the fate of his three white shipmates and their native crew, had been thrashed to weariness. But now suspense held us all by the throat, for we were come at last to Barange, the falling-off place.

And something else held us—I could call it a spell and not be so far wrong. The lazy airs offshore bore down to us the scent that is like nothing else in the world, of rotting jungle and teeming soil; of poisonous, lush green, and rare, sleepy blossoms, heavy with death and ardent with a fierce vitality. This is the breath of Papua, stirring warm on her lips, that none who has known between loathing and desire can ever forget. Many men have known it, traders, pearlers, recruiters, gold hunters, and eagerly have sought to know more and have died seeking. There she lies, the last enigma, guarding her secrets still behind her savage coasts and the fringe of her untracked forests—the black sphinx of the seas, lovely, vast, and cruel.

We had been watching the widening gap of the bay off our quarter, the palm-tufted threads of beach, the sullen hills aquiver in the heat haze and the nameless dim mountains beyond. For an hour or more the only sounds had been Bartlet's gruff orders to the Kanaka at the wheel, the gentle crush of foam overside, the musical cry of the leadsman and the tap-tap of reef points and creak of tackle as our sails slatted and filled again. Each one of us was intent for some sign of the disaster. Each one of us had a question pressing on his tongue—pretty much the same question, I judge—but nobody cared to voice it until the cap'n spoke. He had had, we knew, rather a special interest in Albro. . . . "Throw him how you like, he'd land on his feet," he said.

"Aye," confirmed Peters, the lank trader from Samarai. "Or if so be he couldn't stand, why the crowd would fairly fight for the privilege of proppin' him up and buying him the last drink in the house."

"You think he's alive?" piped Harris then.

"I think he's alive," said Bartlet, without turning his shaggy gray head. "He weren't made to finish hugger-mugger in no such hell-hole. I'm backing the luck of Jim Albro, that always had his way."

"Like as not," said Peters, and spun the cylinder of his big Webley revolver and chuckled a little; "like as not we'll find him sittin' on a stump all so lofty with the niggers squatted round in rows, addressin' of the congregation."

You will note—and a queer thing too—that this happened before we had learned the first sure detail of the affair at Barange Bay.

It was now the 20th of April. On the 2nd of November preceding, the pearling schooner *Timothy S.* had cleared from Cooktown on her lawful occasions for Joannet Harbor in the Louisiades. She had never reached Joannet. A month later she had been spoken by a Sydney steamer up among the Bismarck Group, where she had no ostensible business to be. And early in March some cannibal gossip of the West Coast, friendly or only boastful, had passed word to some missionary of a British schooner cut off at Barange. That was strictly all. It remained for certain friends and backers at Cooktown, with or without lawful occasion, to link up the vaguely rumoured outrage with the actual and private destination of the *Timothy S.*, and to send our search party go-look-see.

But Jeckol snorted. . . . You could hardly blame him, at that. Among the five of us he was the only man who had never crossed Jim Albro at one point or another in the career of that eccentric luminary. And, besides, it was Jeckol's business to snort. You must have read his clever bits in the "Bulletin"—those little running paragraphs that snap and fume like a pack of Chinese crackers? He had been loafing about Bananaland on vacation just before we started, and of course he got wind and wished himself along. Trust a press-man to know the necessary people and a chance for copy.

"I've heard a deal of talk of this Albro since we weighed anchor," he said. "What's all about him? He wasn't commanding the *Timothy S.*?"

"No," drawled Peters. "No—he didn't command. Mullhall was skipper."

"Did he launch the scheme then? Was he the discoverer of this wonderful virgin shell bed they were going to strip?"

"No," returned Peters. "No—you couldn't say he had any regular standin' in the expedition. . . . He shipped as a sort of supercargo—didn't he, Cap'n Bartlet?"

"Cabin boy, more likely," said Bartlet in his slow way. "Or bos'n's mate—or even midshipmite."

Jeckol eyed us all around, but nobody smiled.

"You're getting at me," he said. "Never mind. Only I'm going to write the yarn, you know. You'd much better help me pick the right hero. What's your famous Albro like?"

"The takingest chap that ever stood in shoe leather," cried young Harris with a rush. "Absolutely. I never saw him only twice, but I remember just how he looked and what he said. The first time he was drunk—but—but that was all right. He sang 'Mad Bess of Bedlam' to make your hair curl. And one night in Brisbane when he took on the Castlereagh Slasher for two rounds——"

"Six foot of mad Irishman," said Peters, "and about three inches of dreamy Spaniard atop of that—to put a head on the mixture, you might say. Blue-black wavy beard and an eye like a blue glass marble——"

"With the sunlight shining through!" Harris shot in.

"James O'Shaughnessy Albro." Peters lingered upon the name. "As to his luck, Cap'n Bartlet may be right, but I wouldn't call it so. He was born too late. He should ha' been a conquistador—d'y' call 'em?—and gone swaggerin' up and down in the old time holdin' pepper rajahs to ransom and carvin' out kingdoms. Whereas he was only Jim and anything you like between a navvy and a millionaire.

"Nobody knows what he'd done back home—prob'ly he got to bulgin' over too many boundaries and needed room. He blew into the Endeavor River one season with a tradin' schooner of his own—curly maple saloon, satin divans, silver-mounted gun racks—by Joe, you'd ha' thought he was goin' to trade with cherryubims for golden harps in the isles of paradise. And so he very nearly did, too, what with the daredevil chances he took, till he lost craft and all on a race back from Thursday Island."

"Wrecked?" asked Jeckol.

"Just gambled. Old man Tyler could lay his *Hawfinch* half a point nearer the wind than a chap has a right to expect from an archbishop. Jimmie paid over at the dock head and went weavin' his way up Charlotte Street a beggar, turned into a political barney they were havin' there, and made them a roarin' speech on somethin'—temperance prob'ly. And, by Joe, if they didn't elect him a divisional councilor the next day!"

"I've heard of that," proffered Harris with a grin. "Wasn't it the same winter he did a quick dash to the tin mines for his health? It seems there was a beauteous and wealthy widow. He couldn't have loved her half so well had he not loved her pretty underhousemaid more. So he started for Mount Romeo! . . . My word, he'd turn the worst scrape into a romance, that fellow! They say he made a big winning at Romeo—just to console himself."

"He made a dozen winnings. And I've helped him to a job as warehouse clerk at Samarai when he wore no shirt under his coat, and gunny bags for trousies. That's what the cap'n here means by his luck, I fancy, because you couldn't keep him down. Capitalist, miner, politician, stevedore—it was all one to Jimmie. Look how he brought up the *Creswick* that nobody else would touch when she went ashore on Turn-again Island, cleared two thou' off her by the nerviest kind of work and dropped it all on the next Melbourne Cup. Little he cared. He was havin' his own way with life—as you say, Cap'n Bartlet."

But Jeckol frowned and pursed his thin lips.

"He never saw the game that was too big for him," said Harris, "nor held back his smile nor his fist."

"Darlinghurst jail is full of the same sort," observed Jeckol dryly.

"You ask what he was like?" Cap'n Bartlet swung around beside the wheel. "I'll tell you. I'm married to a girl that was pretty chief with Jim Albro once. There's no living man dare stand and say a word agen my wife—the finest in Queensland, sir—but I knew all the talk when I married her. And yet you see me here."

"Ah? With an entirely friendly purpose?" queried Jeckol, peering at him. "Or to make sure he won't come back?"

I saw the color flood to Bartlet's rugged cheek and ebb again.

"In friendship," he answered simply.

Jeckol made a gesture like a salute, with a hint of mockery perhaps, but he said no more. And we others said rather less. Bartlet brought the schooner smartly about on her heel and laid her square through the gap and we turned again to that sinister bay, opening before us like the painted depth of a stage set, whereon we were now to discover and reconstruct our obscure tragedy.

We drew a quick curtain on it. Scarcely had we come abreast the near headland when one of the brown, breech-clouted sailors leaped up forward with a yell, and each startled eye swept past his darting finger to the wreck of the *Timothy S.* There could be no manner of doubt—a green hull with a black water line, bedded low and on her side, hatches awash, just behind a shallow jag of the shore well away to leeward. We needed no glasses to pick her name or to see that nothing remained of life or value about the battered shell. She lay in her last berth, in the final stage of naval decay, stripped to the shreds of rigging, her masts broken short and bare as bleached bones; and from her whitened rail rose up a flight of boobies that cried like shrill, mournful ghosts and vanished. . . .

"Aye—that's the end of their pearlin' cruise," said Peters grimly. "That's Mullhall's craft, sure enough. The southwest gales would drive her there. She must ha' been anchored just about where we're passin' now, and I shouldn't wonder."

"On the shell bank?" sniffed Jeckol, leaning to squint down into the sparkling blue.

"Fair under our keel, I'd say."

At a signal the leadsman had flown his pigeon again, though we were well past all reefs.

"Eleven fathom!" Harris echoed the cry. "That's diving! I heard it was a deep-water bed. D'you suppose they were at it when the niggers jumped 'em?"

"I figger they were," said Peters. "See that scrubby bit of island?—the point's not a hundred yards away. A dozen canoes could mass up there and never be noticed. By Joe, it's plain as paint. The ship snugged down for business—the diver below, like as not—pumps and tackle going'—all hands busy on board and the watch calculatin' profits to three decimals behind the windlass. Aye, there's your treasure hunter, every time! Then perhaps a slant of wind settin' around that point to give the raid a runnin' start—and——"

"Him finish," concluded Harris briefly. "All over in ten minutes. They'd hardly know what hit 'em. A black cloud—that's all. A black cloud."

And Peters was right—it was all too plain. None of us but had heard tales enough, and stark history enough, of these blood-stained barriers that hedge the true unknown continent. To our waiting minds his few phrases threw a sharp picture of the careless ship, the stalking death, and the swift horror that must have followed. There lay the wreck and there the empty bay. The rest we could fill in for ourselves, or just about.

"Then what are we doing here?" asked Jeckol at last.

Peters was already dealing out rifles and ammunition by the deck house, and Bartlet, looking drawn and old, did not seem to hear, but Harris jerked an answer over his shoulder with the flippancy of emotion. "Oh, you can't tell—we might find some smoked heads to bring away." . . .

A few minutes later the cap'n was giving his last instructions, while we of the shore party dropped to our places in the big whaleboat.

"You're not to follow us in whatever happens—mind that. If you sight more'n three canoes at a time, knock out the shackles and run for open sea. I'm leaving you Obadiah—he's a goodish shot—and four of the best boys."

The young mate nodded. He hated not coming with us, but Bartlet knew. This was Papua, where wise men take no chance and fools seldom live long enough to take a second.

We took none ourselves as we rowed slowly shoreward and sheered off out of spear throw, watching the wall of jungle. There is no beach inside Barange, only the mangrove roots that writhe down to the water's edge like tangled pythons through the oozy bank of salt marsh. It was very still and very clear in the afternoon sunlight, though the heat pouring out over us seemed the exhalation of a great steam bath, choked with stewing vegetation. Now and then our crew of clean-limbed Tonga boys rested on their oars, with timid, limpid gaze turned askance. We heard their quick breathing and the drip from the oar blades—nothing else. At such times we floated in a mirage where each leaf and frond and webbed liana with its mirrored image had an unnatural brilliance and precision, like a laboured canvas or a view seen through a stereoscope.

And there stole upon us again the oppressive solicitation of the land, subtle and perilous. Behind the beauty and wonder of it, beyond those bright shores and the first low foot-hills of the range—what? Nobody knows, that is the charm and the lure. Peoples, religions, empires untouched since the birth of time—fabulous wealth,

mountains of gold, cliffs of ruby, "cataracts of adamant," any marvel that fantasy still dares to dream in a prosaic century. They may be; no man has ever drawn the map to deny them. They must be: why else should the sphinx smile? . . .

"I suppose a hundred woolly-heads are spying on us now," whispered Jeckol suddenly. "Why don't they do something?" He fiddled nervously with his rifle and sniffed. "What a place! This air is deadly—rotten with fever. Faugh! It's animal. It's like—it's like a tiger's throat!"

I blinked at the little chap and with the same glance was aware of Peters standing up in the bow. The trader was just lighting a short-fused stick of dynamite from his cigar. Before I could cry murder he had lobbed it in and shot the bush.

It struck with the smash of all calamity in that utter quiet. The trees sprang toward us and the roar rolled back from angry rocks. Like a multi-coloured dust of the explosion burst a myriad of screaming birds, lories, parakeets, kingfishers, flashing motes of green and blue and scarlet in the sunshine. But they dwindled and passed. The echoes died. The smoke drifted away and the green wall closed up without a scar; the silence engulfed us once more, floating there, futile invaders who assaulted its immense riddle with a squib. . . .

"They don't seem to care much," giggled Jeckol.

But Bartlet raised a finger.

Far away in the wood something stirred. It drew nearer, with long pauses, pressing on and at last charging recklessly through the undergrowth. We had the spot covered from half a dozen rifles as there broke out at the verge a creature that leaped and clung among the creepers.

"Mahrster!" it cried, imploring. "Mahrster!"

A man—though more like a naked, starving ape with his knobby joints and the bones in a rack under his black skin—and shaken now by the ecstasy of terror! Not at us. He faced the guns without wincing. His beady eyes kept coasting behind him the way he had come as if he looked to see a dreadful hand reach from the thicket and pluck him back. The jungle, the land, was what he feared——

"Mahrster," he gasped, "you take'm me that fella boat along you! One fella ship-boy me—good fella too much!"

"What name?" challenged Peters. "What fella ship?"

From the chattered reply we caught a startling word.

"By Joe—he's one of their boys! Give way, cap'n." . . .

We edged in until Peters could yank the quaking bundle aboard and pulled again to safety from the mangrove shadow while the fugitive stammered his story in broken *bêche de mer*.

It was true: we had found a survivor from the lost *Timothy S.* Kakwe, he called himself, and he had come to Barange "long time before altogether." Two months, at least, we judged. In the attack on the schooner he had escaped by swimming. Himself a Papuan, of a different tribe and region, he had taken to the tree tops after the fashion of his own people, the painted monkey folk of Princess Marianne Straits—a facility to which he owed his life, it appeared, for he had since lived on fruits and nuts among the cockatoos, undiscovered.

This much we gathered from his gabble before Peters caught him up.

"But the others—them white fella?"

"All finish," said Kakwe bluntly.

"How?" cried Peters.

"No savee, me. Too much fright—walk along salt water—get to hell along beach, along tree. Me fright like hell!"

His account tallied with our own theory of the massacre, but he had seen no bodies brought ashore, could not identify the murderers, could not say where the native village lay or how to reach it, would not guide any one into that bush on any consideration. For the rest—this was a "good fella place" to get away from quickly.

"Ah," said Jeckol, sympathizing. "And that's a true word."

So indeed it seemed, and it is odd to think how close we were to giving up then. Aye, we were that close. We drifted out toward the anchorage and looked helplessly around us. The place was so huge, so baffling. Hopeless to search further among empty swamps and forests, to grope at large in this hushed wilderness, to coerce a jungle. The cruisers that have bombarded these same coasts on many a punitive expedition have learned how hopeless—against Papua, who keeps her secrets.

We must have been halfway back to the *Aurora Bird* when Bartlet, sitting thoughtful in the stern, made the sign that brought us up all sharp.

"He's lying," he said quietly.

Jeckol's nerves jumped in protest.

"Eh—what? The black? He's only scared half to death. You wouldn't blame him for wanting to get out of this trap, would you? I do myself."

"He couldn't have lived overhead the whole nest o' them all this time without learning something," declared Bartlet.

"Why should he lie?"

But Peters had risen to snatch around that weazened face, blank as a mummy's—his own was alight. "By Joe, and a timely reminder. When you've got to ask why a Papuan nigger should lie you've gone pretty wide! As for scare—what d'y' suppose he must ha' seen to scare him so?"

Here he bent our monkey man over a thwart and introduced him affectionately to the Webley. . . .

"You fella Kakwe," he said, "my survivin' jewel—I forgot your breed. I should ha' begun by bang'm black head b'long you. Now don't stop to gammon Whatever you're holdin' back you *show*—savee? S'pose you no show'm straight me finish 'long you close up altogether!"

And Kakwe showed. Dominated by superior wickedness, with all the black man's docility under the instant threat, he collapsed quite simply at the touch of steel, and he showed—the nook where a tiny, hidden creek flowed down among the mangroves, the winding course that led by the swamp's edge through dank and darksome channels to a trodden mud bank and Barange village itself, tucked away there like a huddle of giant hives in a back lot. This time we paused for no maneuvering. Even Jeckol grabbed a boat hook and we pushed through, eager to strike on a definite lead at last——

Though we might have saved our energy, for the wild had its surprise in waiting. The village was silent, deserted, tenantless.

We landed at the square, to call it so, a rude clearing on which the few houses faced, those sprawling, spacious communal dwellings—palaces among huts—that sometimes amaze the explorer along the West Coast. None opposed us. Nothing moved, not so much as a curl of smoke. An insect hummed in the sun like a bullet, and I take no shame to say I ducked. But that was all. And when the groveling Kakwe led us to a wide platform that ran breast high across the front of the largest house we stood with rifles propped and quickened pulses, staring stupidly at the thing we had come this far to find.

Only a box, lying on the middle of the platform, under the shadow of the lofty thatch—a small, brass-bound chest such as sailormen love and ships carry everywhere! "Loot!" snorted Jeckol. "Well——?"

But Cap'n Bartlet had laid hold of another trove, a coil of ringed rubber tubing, neatly disposed about the chest. "What's there?"

"A diver's air pipe," stated the cap'n.

"What about it?"

"It's been cut—top and bottom."

We crowded for a look, and I saw his tanned fist tremble ever so slightly.

"A diver's pipe," he repeated. "A diver, d'you see? They had a diver, and—according to your notions, Peters—" He drew a slow breath. "What—what if that there diver *did* happen to be overboard at the minute the rush came?"

And then came the voice of Peters, cool and drawling: "Some one's left a message on the box."

As we spun around he turned it over atilt, so that all might see the bold letters, scarred in lead, of that laconic legend—all but Bartlet, who fumbled for his spectacles. "Writ with a Snider bullet, I take it," continued the trader. "One of them soft-nosed kind as supplied to heathen parts for a blessin' of civilization."

"Read it, can't you?" begged the cap'n.

And this was the notice Jeckol read:

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The Crew of the Schooner *Timothy S.* of Cooktown that tried a cast with fortune and turned a deuce. Barange Bay, Jan. 22, 19—

J MULLHALL, *master* — BAMBA, KOMO
B. SMYTHE, *mate* — KAKWE, JACK-JACK
HENRY NEW — MENOMI, FRANK

Hic finis fandi

+

Cap'n Bartlet removed his hat and wiped away a steam of sweat with deliberate care and a red-barred kerchief. "Sounds natural," he observed, clearing his throat. "Though I never did make much of that 'hic' language."

"It means 'here ended the talk,' or something of the kind," explained Jeckol. "But still," he added, quite seriously, "the list isn't complete, you know. Where's your friend Albro?"

Peters rolled the white of an eye on him. "Is it your fancy," he inquired, "that the niggers run much to writin' epitaphs? Or books——?"

He held up to our gaze the object he had found on lifting the lid of the box—a

packet of thin bark strips covered with coarse markings and bound with a twist of fiber which next he unknotted, to run the leaves over in his hand. "I knew he was alive," said Cap'n Bartlett simply. . . .

And that was the way we won to the story of James O'Shaughnessy Albro. Even now I can recall each tone and gesture of its telling, each detail of the group we made there in empty Barange village; the trader's drawl and check as he read a line or turned to Kakwe with a question or flung in some vivid comment of his own; the strained attention on Bartlet's earnest face; the incredulous sniff and squint of little Jeckol, still unsubdued, fidgeting about; the statued bronze figures of our Tonga boys as they stood leaning patiently on their rifles, awaiting the master's next whim; the massed ring of the jungle; the odd, high-peaked houses with their cavernous fronts like gaping and grinning listeners; the lances of sunlight that began to splinter and fall out among lengthening shadows across the open; and through all and over all the heat and the smell and the brooding, ominous, inscrutable mystery of Papua!

Seeking wealth I found glory. I went below as an amateur diver and I came up a professional god. But I wish I could find which son of a nighthawk it was that cut my pipe. I'd excommunicate him on the altar.

This is a page from the Book of Jim Albro, and it shows him as he lived. Later entries are not so clear, not by any means so sprightly, and some are pitiful enough in all truth. It must have been set down in the early hours of his reign, while he was still in the flush of his stupendous adventure, before he had begun to understand what lay ahead. But here was the man "with an eye like a blue glass marble," that "never held his fist or his smile." No other could have written it after the events he had survived.

Just as Peters inferred to have been the case, the attack on the *Timothy S.* caught the whole crew of pearl hunters unready. They had seen no natives at Barange, they kept no lookout, and when Albro stepped off the ladder that morning of January 22 he left his shipmates contentedly employed on deck. He never saw any of them again, or—what might have been a different matter—any part of them. He went down to the shell bed, and while he was there the black raiders made their sweep of the schooner.

It is likely the savages took the diving lines for an extra mooring—it is certain they knew nothing whatever about the apparatus—and Albro's first warning was the cutting of that air pipe, when he found his pressure gone and water trickling through the inlet valve. Fortunately, he was just preparing to ascend and had tightened his outlet to inflate the suit. Fortunately, too, his helmet was furnished with an adjustable inlet and he was able hastily to close both valves.

He tugged at his life line, but it drew loose in his hand. He turned over on his side to look upward, but he could see nothing—only the vague blue twilight through which the slack coils of his severed air pipe came sagging. Then he knew that he had been cut off, and the hideous fear that lies in wait for every diver, amid the perils and loneliness of the sea bottom seized upon him. He might have popped to the surface by throwing off his forty-pound weight, but he was aware that no chance accident could have served him so, and his impulse was to get away, from schooner and all, to shore. Under water he had some few minutes to live, perhaps four or five, as long as the inclosed air should last him. Frantically he began to struggle toward the beach, yielding to a moment's panic that was to cost him dear. . . . While trying blindly to slash free the useless pipe he lost his diver's knife.

The rotten coral burst and sank under footing. Clogging weeds enwreathed and held him back with evil embrace. A tridacna spread its jaws before his steps so that he nearly plunged into the deadly spring-trap of the deep. But he kept on up the slope; his keen spirit rallied and bore him through, and he came surging from the waves at last on a point of rocks outside the bay where he could cling and open the emergency cock in the helmet. The suit deflated and he breathed new life. But here he suffered his second immediate mishap, for as he scrambled to his feet a dizziness took him and he slipped and pitched forward heavily, and with a great clang of armour the god fell fainting at the very threshold of his world.

Broke left arm getting ashore. Walking the beach when I met the niggers. They dropped on their faces, and I saw I was elected.

These are the words with which Jim Albro chooses to make his note of a scene that can scarcely have had its parallel in human experience. With two dozen words,

no more. You figure him there, I hope, that muffled colossus with his huge copper helm flashing red and his monstrous cyclopean eye agleam, striding along the strip of white beach against the hostile green hills of Papua. You see him break, an incredible apparition of power and majesty, upon the view of the dusky cannibal folk and stand towering over their stricken ranks, triumphant—a glimpse as through the flick of a shutter that passes and leaves the beholder dazzled and unsatisfied! But the whole record is only a series of such glimpses, some focused with startling lucidity, some clouded and confused, and all too brief.

One other bit remains to fix the picture—an inimitable splash of color, flung at the end of a perplexing page. . . .

I picked out the chief devil-devil doctor, and raised him to honour. Old Gum-eye. Friend of mine.

Mark the spirit of the man. Whole chapters could supply no clearer tribute to his resilience and entire adequacy. Unerringly he took the right course to enforce the rôle thus amazingly thrust upon him and to establish his godhead. Already he had caught up the situation, had put its shock behind him. The inscription on the box remains his only reference to the loss of the schooner and her crew. And while this might seem to argue a certain lack of sensibility, I cannot feel it was so with Albro. His was a nature essentially episodic, prompt to the play of circumstance. The thing was done and past crying over; the blacks had acted by their lights, and he had very swiftly to act by his. They had given him his cue. How well he filled the part we can guess. By evening he had been installed in some kind of temple or devil house as an accredited deity to the Barange tribes. . . .

Here ends the first part of the Book, so far as its unnumbered and fugitive entries can be arranged—the first part and the only part quite comprehensible, before the haze of distress and anxiety has dimmed our image of that strange god, whose mortality was all too real. He began its composition that same night, picking up the Snider cartridge and the bark strips while still he had some measure of liberty. Perhaps he foresaw that he would want to leave the record. Perhaps he merely sought distraction, and he had need of it.

Squatting above his own altar, he prepared his own epistle. Around his sanctuary slept a guard of devil doctors, priests, sorcerers—he uses all three terms. No sleep for Albro. But while he wrestled there alone through long hours he found the pluck to jot those early notes by the flare of a guttering torch, beguiling the pain of his broken arm and the new terror that was now rapidly closing upon him.

Like a glint of lightning from a cloud comes the following spurted item, written the next day:

Forty hours of this. Am growing weaker. My arm—[word scratched out]. Had to give up trying to start the glass in my helmet. Can't budge it. . . . .

Soon afterward occurs another passage in the same startling altered key:

Tried to get away this [morning], but the priests too suspicious. I wanted to try smashing the glass on a rock. Likely would have burst my ear drums anyway——

And further:

If I could get hold of a knife for three minutes. Bamboo stick [part illegible here]—can't tear vulcanized canvas. No use. . . .

When Peters read those lines aloud and looked up he confronted a sickly ring of auditors.

"Good God!" breathed Bartlet. "*He couldn't get out!*"

The knowledge of Albro's actual plight crashed upon us all in just that phrase, and I leave you to gauge its impact. We had had no hint of it. Here was the diary before us. We were only waiting to learn the present address of the diarist. Indeed our whole attitude toward the singular discovery we were making had been quite cheerful, even exultant, like that of children who follow the tribulations of some favorite hero, secure of the happy solution.

"Couldn't get *out?*" squeaked Jeckol. "How do you mean—he couldn't?"

"He was locked up in that blasted diving dress!"

"Locked up?" . . .

"Sewed up—sacked up," said Peters heavily. "Did you ever see the damn' stuff? He calls it canvas, which it ain't, but tanned twill—two-ply—with rubber between. He can't tear his way out with a stick, he says. And small wonder. Talk about strait-jackets!"

"But—but why doesn't he take off the helmet?"

Peters stared unseeing at the packet in his hand, and his face was saturnine.

"By Joe, what a mess!" he murmured. "What a beau-ti-ful mess! Look here—

d'y' know a diver's outfit? First he wears a solid breastplate—see?—that sets about his shoulders. Then the helmet fits on that with segmental neck rings and screws hard down with a quarter turn to a catch. Aye, there's a catch to snap it home. . . . And where is that catch? Why at the *back!* No diver was ever intended to take off his own helmet!"

We could only blink at him dumbly.

"Albro couldn't reach it. Of course, if he should manage to rip away the cloth from the eyelets he'd be all right—he'd simply shift the whole upper works. But them eyelets, now, they lock down all around through a vulcanized collar. He couldn't reach more'n two of them either."

"There's the glass—"

Peters offered the diary.

"What does he say himself? There's only one removable glass to a helmet and that's in front—an inch thick and screws tight in a gun-metal socket. It's guarded with a gridiron of bars—same as the two side glasses. He wants to break it, but he can't. He wants to unscrew it, but he can't. He wants to cut himself loose, but he has no knife. Do you see him—by Joe!—do you see him twistin' and writhin' and fightin' for his life in there—*with one good arm?*"

"Why—" cried Jeckol, in sudden appalled perception. "He couldn't even eat. He's starving inside that suit!"

"Starving?" echoed Bartlet, from colourless lips. "God—if that was all! He's dying of thirst by inches!" . . .

I do not know how it struck Jeckol, but is seemed to me as if a blackness came in upon the sun.

"Go on," urged Bartlet. "Go on!"

But it was not so easy to go on. Peters found whole pages of the Book impossible to decipher. At places it lapsed to a mere jumble of sprawling characters. Again the soft lead was hopelessly blurred over, where the pages had been often thumbed, or perhaps crumbled and thrown aside. He shuffled them hastily and we hung upon his search.

. . . uneasy god. They got me tied up now to keep me safe [words missing] joke, to pass out here like a rat under a bell jar. Not me. I don't mean to. . . .

Curious. When Peters resumed the thread, when he read that eloquent line, those of us who had known Jim Albro nodded solemnly, one to another, as if sharing a profound and secret thrill. For this was the man's real triumph—and we felt it then, regardless of the outcome—that alone, beyond any conceivable aid for the first time in his life, speechless, helpless, at the end of all those amiable arts which had given him his way so often with men and devils, and women, too, Jim Albro was still the Jim Albro "that you couldn't keep down."

His body was consuming and shriveling with its own heat. He had to scheme for each scant breath he drew, spreading the dress and collapsing it at short intervals to renew the foul air. He had to view the tempting tribute laid out before the altar: juicy mangoes and figs and sugar cane, wild berries and young drinking coconuts freshly opened, with the new, cool milk frothing up at the brim. He had to receive the homage of a people, and to count by the wheeling sun how many hours of torment were left him. Worse than all, he had to withstand the pitiless irony of it, the derisive grin of fate that drives men mad. He did these things, and he would not yield. He did not mean to. And lest you should think the phrase a mere flourish—observe the testimony of the Book. . . .

The tribes flocked in that second day to do him honour. There was a great gathering in the square. Some vivid pantomime was displayed before the high seat. Some unusual rites were enacted before the temple, when the bamboo pipes and drums were going and the doctors wore their vermilion mop wigs and masks of ceremony and chains of naked dancers were stamping and circling to the chant. Jim Albro watched and noted it all behind his solid inch of plate glass; not passively, not indifferently, but with close attention and the very liveliest interest. Aye, this god took an interest in the welfare of his people!

Heaven knows what he saw in the Papuans of Barange. By all accounts they are a plum-black race of rather superior ferocity—six feet is their medium stature and their favourite dish a human ear, nicely broiled. So the old traders report, and never an explorer has improved the description. It required some one who could sit down among them without losing his head—quite literally—to learn more. Albro filled the bill. He had nothing to do but to sit. And while he sat he busied himself with the thoughts that have made the strangest, and blindest, reading in the diary.

A prime lot of raw material. Why [do?] people always lie about niggers? Unspoiled [part illegible]

the makings. Their orators told me in dumb show [words missing] behind the hills [lines missing]. . . . Wonderful!

Wonderful, he says. Wonderful what? Chances, perhaps. Opportunities. Possibilities. Certainly nobody else ever had such as lay before Jim Albro if he could have won free to take them, as a conqueror, as a god. Was he dreaming even then of empire? Had he had a glimpse into the meaning of Papua that struck fire to his roving and restless soul? Had he fallen enamoured of the sphinx, and had she drawn the veil for him? It may be. The fact stands that, fevered and tortured as he was, burning with thirst and pain, he discovered something capable of rousing that cry from him. We hear the cry, and that is all we hear—nearly.

. . . suppose I should take a hand at this dumb show myself. I could do it. I know I could. Am going to trust old Gum-eye. And afterward. . . .

Peters looked up from the last page.

"Well?" said Jeckol impatiently.

"That's the end," announced Peters.

I cannot say what the breathless group of us had been expecting. Possibly the first-hand memoir of a miracle would have satisfied us, or the harrowing confessions and last wishes of the moribund. But so natural and unfanciful a thing as a full stop to the tension left us stupefied. We felt aggrieved, too, as if the author should have postponed his business long enough to let us know whether he was dead or not.

"It can't be!" cried Jeckol, all abroad. "How could it end there? What happened to him? Where is he?"

Peters swung his gaze around the vacant clearing and the impenetrable palisade of the forest.

"This was written three months ago, remember," he said.

"But he had a plan," insisted Jeckol. "He surely had a plan. He says he was going to do something. He'd found a friend he could trust. What next?"

"That friend must ha' failed him."

Cap'n Bartlet shook himself like one awaking. "No friend would have failed him," he said deliberately. "And—you're forgetting that ship boy again."

Once more, with a rattled oath, Peters pounced on the unfortunate Kakwe, quailing beside him. Once more he brought to bear the persuasion he best knew how to use; and once more the black boy submitted, wholly, and showed. He had nothing to tell. He could throw no light on events. But he had seen from the trees where the "white fella mahrster him diver" forgathered with all the fiends of the pit, whereat he was "too much fright," and he showed us this time up the platform of the identical wide-thatched house by which we had been standing. We crept in through the low entrance and across a floor of sagging bamboo mats and found ourselves before a curtain of pandanus that hung midway. We were long past astonishment, but Jeckol, arresting a gesture, dropped his hand.

"I daren't," he whimpered.

It was Bartlet who put the curtain aside. And there, in the twilight of the place, we saw the god as he had appeared in his recent earthly phase. His great copper head gleamed at the back of a shallow niche, made fast against the wall. The muffled, stiff clumsiness of his diving dress revealed a heroic figure, still disposed in the attitude of a sitting Buddha, with the leaden soled diving shoes thrust out by either knee. His single huge eye glared down at us balefully from over the altar as we stood, overwhelmed in the presence. "And so he did—pass out," said Jeckol.

Something had caught the quick eye of Peters. Horrified, we saw him step forward and lay a vigorous and sacrilegious hold on that high divinity, saw the shape start and tremble as with life, saw it shake and flutter like a bundle of rags in the wind, and flap—emptily. . . .

"Yes," said Peters. "He's passed out, right enough. Leastways from here. Passed out, and on. And quite easy too. Look at these slits—would you?"

The diving suit had been laid open like a stripped pelt with long cuts of a keen blade, one down the middle of the back, one across the shoulders, and others connected along the inside of each limb to the wrists and ankles.

"Gone!"

"Gone," confirmed Peters. "Whether the niggers dug him from it piece by piece like the kernel from a nut or whether that friend of his helped him to shed complete—you can take your choice. In either case he's gone—and gone this time to stay."

"There's no—no blood!" gasped Jeckol. "Anyhow!"

Cap'n Bartlet had removed his hat to polish his shiny forehead with the colourful kerchief, and he was looking out of the door

over the tops of the trees to the far blue and nameless mountains of Papua, with an eye at peace.

"You could always bank on the luck of James O'Shaughnessy Albro," he said simply. "I knew he was alive."

But Jeckol was still reeling.

"I shan't write this yarn," he assured us earnestly.

"It's too—it's too—and besides, there's no end to it." . . .

"*Hic finis fandi*," suggested Peters.

The Superman

By FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

THE Superman is the meaning of the earth. Let your will say: The Superman *shall be* the meaning of the earth!

I conjure you, my brethren, *remain true to the earth*, and believe not those who speak unto you of super-earthly hopes! Poisoners are they, whether they know it or not.

Despisers of life are they, decaying ones and poisoned ones themselves, of whom the earth is weary: so away with them!

Once blasphemy against God was the greatest blasphemy; but God died, and therewith also those blasphemers. To blaspheme the earth is now the dreadfulest sin, and to rate the heart of the unknowable higher than the meaning of the earth!

Once the soul looked contemptuously on the body, and then that contempt was the supreme thing:—the soul wished the body meagre, ghastly, and famished. Thus it thought to escape from the body and the earth.

Oh, that soul was itself meagre, ghastly, and famished; and cruelty was the delight of that soul!

But ye, also, my brethren, tell me: What doth your body say about your soul? Is your soul not poverty and pollution and wretched self-complacency?

Verily, a polluted stream is man. One must be a sea, to receive a polluted stream without becoming impure.

Lo, I teach you the Superman: he is that sea; in him can your great contempt be submerged.

What is the greatest thing ye can experience? It is the hour of great contempt. The hour in which even your happiness becometh loathsome unto you, and so also your reason and virtue.

The hour when ye say: "What good is my happiness! It is poverty and pollution and wretched self-complacency. But my happiness should justify existence itself!"

The hour when ye say: "What good is my reason! Doth it long for knowledge as the lion for his food? It is poverty and pollution and wretched self-complacency!"

The hour when ye say: "What good is my virtue! As yet it hath not made me passionate. How weary I am of my good and my bad! It is all poverty and pollution and wretched self-complacency!"

The hour when ye say: "What good is my justice! I do not see that I am fervour and fuel! The just, however, are fervour and fuel!"

The hour when we say: "What good is my pity! Is not pity the cross on which he is nailed who loveth man? But my pity is not a crucifixion."

Have ye ever spoken thus? Have ye ever cried thus? Ah! would that I had heard you crying thus!

It is not your sin—it is your self-satisfaction that crieth unto heaven; your very sparingness in sin crieth unto heaven!

Where is the lightning to lick you with its tongue? Where is the frenzy with which ye should be inoculated?

Lo, I teach you the Superman: he is that lightning, he is that frenzy!—

When Zarathustra had thus spoken, one of the people called out: "We have now heard enough of the rope-dancer; it is time now for us to see him!" And all the people laughed at Zarathustra. But the rope-dancer, who thought the words applied to him, began his performance.

Honours Easy

By C. E. MONTAGUE

C. E. Montague

I

WHEN Colin March, a younger son of the famous diplomatist, played in a British Embassy garden abroad his foreign nurse gave him a tortoise. "A useful beast," she explained: "it devours cockroaches; they are its passion."

Colin wanted to see this beneficent passion at work. So he captured one of the embassy's many cockroaches and put it down in front of the tortoise's nose, like an early Christian presented to a lion. The tortoise eyed the offered feast, and mused deeply. The cockroach did not muse. It was a cockroach of action. Without any apparent need for reflection it bolted for cover, like a flash of blackness, right into the tortoise's shell, and hid itself in that profounder thinker's armpit.

The cadet of a dynasty of ambassadors was charmed with the cockroach's wit. He filed the whole affair in a pigeonhole of his 'cute little mind. As he grew up he would often chuckle to think of it. Piquant parallels would occur to him. For a fox to go to earth under the kennels, for landsmen to put out to sea to escape from a press-gang, for cannon-fodder to hide at the back of the cannon—this was the wisdom of life put into a kind of practical epigram, salt and impudent. He adored it.

When Colin was twenty the war came. "*C'est beau, ça,*" he said, when he saw what was done on the spot by most of the young men that he knew. He was a connoisseur. He could tell a fine gesture. "It makes fools," he said, "of us scoffers. It is as if God had broken loose out of the churches. Little new peers like my dear cousin Grax are becoming patrician. The rich are fairly jumping through the needle's eye—flocks of 'em—sheep at a gap."

Colin was not to be carried off his own feet by any rush to take arms. He made no holy excuses about the omission: his sense of humour saved him from that. The only kind of humbug that it would allow him to practise was humbug conscious and gleeful—not Pecksniff's humbug; only Sganarelle's. It was a vital interest to him, he demurely said, not to be dead. And how could a ruling class rule from the tomb? Might not one honestly praise Father Damien without rushing off to nurse lepers? Besides, his elder brother was badly wounded already; life, he pointed out, might at any moment become vastly more worth living than ever.

And yet the war, and the way that his caste thought about it, were not to be easily talked out of his path. Like lions, they straddled across it; like tortoises, they impended over our quick-witted cockroach. Perhaps he remembered. He seemed to. For one day he spoke to his father, his father spoke to the proper person, and Colin was given a temporary commission for "special employment" in France. From war he thus found refuge in the army. The cockroach was safe in the tortoise's armpit.

There were many strange "special employments" in France. One special employee wrote tracts upon the duty of desertion, for airmen to drop on the enemy's lines. Another kept a country house for visiting magnates to stay at. Another met dying officers' wives at the boat, and whisked them away in fleet cars to the death-beds. All these had something to do. And there were others, who may have done little harm; Colin was one of them: "G.H.Q., Fifth Echelon," was his army address. By day he sat in a tin hut, properly warmed. His casement opened on the Channel's foam. A sergeant-major brought him forms to sign, and said, "The place, sir, for the name is 'ere." He had a telephone soon—a great help in crying off dinner engagements whenever a more amusing one came. He made the right faces when any one

called. He was always game for a round of golf with the brigadier at Le Touquet. For these duties his qualifications were excellent French and Italian. He may not have borne any physical part in the great westward retreat. But how could he? What good would it do to wade into the sea?

II

For three months Colin had led a life of rude health, brightened by spirited tiffs with other saviours of the country. Ruder disputes going on elsewhere formed a dim, distinguished background for these engaging figures: battles and sieges, the Marne and the Aisne, the fall of Antwerp, the First Battle of Ypres. Colin was highly aware of the value of all this forest distance of tapestried gloom against which his own foreground figure was planted. He knew what was what. All this was romance, like the whining of winds that have blown over deserts of snow when they sniff at night round the house where a person, who knows what is what, lies in bed, with the firelight leaping or musing.

Then came the Deluge. Or, rather, one of the Deluges. Colin would say: "Poor old G.H.Q. was made to be inundated and reinundated, like Holland, on proper occasions. Or it's like England, with Picts and Brythons and Angles and Normans all rushing it in their turns. All of us here are ex-conquerors, layer on layer of us. First to charge in were the War Office braves, the old hands, the mighty hunters of good jobs before the Lord. I came as a sutler with them. I'm the *jeune premier arriviste.* Then, after three months of the war, the notes of a distant recessional march strike our ears, a thunderous tramping is heard in the east, and there burst in upon us the pick of the old Regulars from the front—oh, not all of them, only those who had found that it was not the right sort of war, and that they had the right sort of friends. Approaching, they took a short run, and fairly butted and rammed their way into shelter, with all their mothers and uncles pushing them hard from behind—fell right in on top of us here with their cavalry spurs and their Guards knickerbockers and buttons and swashing and martial outsides. They were like the saints taking the Kingdom of Heaven by storm. We tried to be nice to them; sat as close as we could to make room; cut our work in two and gave them half, like St. Martins; talked to them kindly and wittily. They only stared. Then I knew them—the poor old Army Class worthies at school. Look at Claude, *par exemple*—his eyes! 'There is no speculation in those eyes.'"

Claude Barbason's brain, it may be, was not all air and fire. And Colin was yoked to him now. They bit wooden penholders in the same hut, and perfected a dislike of each other that they had roughed out in peace-time in London. "Ever see," Colin would pleasantly ask you, "such a good German as Claude? *Tout ce qu'il y a de Boche, absolument!*" Claude's face, indeed, with its pink-and-white gravity, heavy blue eyes and straw hair, did call up visions of some German officer prisoners. No doubt he had, through his ancestors, sojourned in England a good thirteen hundred years. Still, you could fancy him, that long ago, full of home thoughts of West Saxony, marching Londonward from the sea, mopping the sweat from pink cheeks and shaking the yellow hair away from China-blue eyes, to see for the first time, from the Kentish chalk downs, the Thames shining below through the trees.

Claude would take his own part, without positive sparkle, in this commerce in compliments. Colin to him was "the mountebank," with his "bounding cleverness" and his "beastly quotations." Colin, he said, dirtied everything that he touched; he seemed to like rolling himself and everyone else in the mud; he called the scarlet staff tabs—which they were both seeking—the Red Badge of Funk; he said the Job Lot Mess, where they and other odds-and-ends ate, ought to hang out a sign on a board, "*Au Ravitaillement des Embusqués*"; he called Fifth Echelon "Chelsea" and "Greenwich"—because, as he idiotically said, it gave a secure and honoured old age to so many young men; he was always dragging in rotten gobbets of verse, with foul under-meanings: "Soldier, rest, thy warfare o'er"; "Keep thou still when clans are arming"; "His tin hat now shall be a hive for bees"—oh, there was no end to his loathsomeness!

"Speak for yourself," Claude often wanted to say. Let the fellow befoul his own nest, and not decent people's. What could an amateur soldier like that know about what a real soldier must feel? Yet Claude's scorching retorts did not get themselves uttered—only something dry and austere, like "I suppose we all get our orders and have to obey them," or, "Well, if you don't mind, I'll get on with my work. There's a war on," said with a reproving

stiffness. Then Claude would bite his penholder pretty severely.

III

I FANCY it was in the gloom following one of these indecisive engagements with Colin that Claude's eyes were suddenly opened, like Adam's and Eve's, and he saw that, for the high purpose of conflict with Colin, he, Claude, was little better than naked. If, now, he had a ribbon or two on his bosom, all the darts of Colin's flashy, trashy wit would be deflected; Claude would be armour-plated, like capital ships; like generals, he would be able to score without saying a word, just by sitting behind the front of his tunic and letting it tell.

Somebody said in his hearing that night that the King of Alania—we'll call it Alania—was soon to visit our front. Claude listened. After dinner he cast a long, passionate look at a framed thing that hung on the anteroom wall. It looked from afar like a coloured plate of the full solar spectrum, but it was labeled, "The Ribbons of all the World's Orders of Honour." Yes, an Alanian ribbon was there—a blue one, a beauty! Fie, thought Claude, upon this quiet life in a hut, yoked with an unbeliever. Swiftly he wrote to three uncles of his—wrote as he had not written since the days when he first perceived that the trenches were no place for him.

The uncles were loyal; Claude, if a babe in some ways, was no Babe in the Wood. And they were soldiers, and well placed for doing good deeds to a nephew. One of the three was in actual charge of the plans for giving this Alanian King a good time, *vice* somebody else who was ill.

The King duly came. He was reverentially motored about from meal to meal, well in the rear of our front. And who but Claude sat in state beside the chauffeur, except when he—Claude, not the chauffeur—leapt down to open the door! In this great office Claude bore himself meekly through three dusty midsummer days. On the third evening the King and his British guides, nurses, and gillies of every degree stood somewhat self-consciously grouped at Amiens on one of that city's desolate lengths of low railway platform. The guest was going away. Abruptly the fountain of honour was turned full on, and it played in the twilight.

Nervous and kind, wishful to do the right thing by Britain, but not to keep one of France's trains waiting, the King dealt out Stars of Alania with shy expedition to all the British officers who had done anything for him. An A.D.C. stood beside him and fed the blue-ribboned trinkets into the gracious hand. Claude went in last. But even when he was bestarred three stars were visibly left over. The King held one of them, ready to shed. The A.D.C. was still holding an unmistakable brace. Somebody must have miscounted. Or else, as Claude came to believe later, the Devil was in it. The fountain of honour looked like slopping over the edge of its basin.

A little way off, in the gathering dusk, three British officers, not attached to the King's party, were standing—perhaps awaiting the train, perhaps not. The Alanian A.D.C. cast a look toward them. Then he looked at the King and drew the King's eyes toward the trio. The King nodded. "There iss," he said sweetly, "no British officer who iss not worthy." The red-eyed train for Paris was now clanking out of the tunnel into the station. "Quick, please!" said the King, in Alanian.

The three unpremeditated vessels of the royal grace were informed. And the angel of this annunciation was Claude. To his unaffected distaste he found, on approach, that one of the three was Colin. Still, Claude's not to reason why, at any rate until later. He delivered royalty's summons. In three minutes the three remaining Stars had settled into their new, fortuitous homes, the King had peace in the quickening train, and Claude had briefly let himself go on the question of unearned increment, and was hearing a little from Colin about the divine super-equity of the ruling that he who had borne the burden and heat of three full days' work in the vineyard should not receive more than he who had wrought for one hour only.

"An hour!" objected the literal Claude. "Why, you only paraded for pay!"

"Absolutely," said Colin. But he was too modest. That dramatic scene at the station had really taken some skill and pains to bring off. Drama, they say, is the art of preparation.

Claude simmered and fumed. "Anyhow," Colin said like an angel, "it has all ended happily."

"Not that I wanted," Colin explained to me later, "this acrid Alanian blue blob. Red is the only wear, to my mind, on this obscene khaki. Still, one has to take life as it comes. So I went to the station. I even took other trouble. Why should I have

to, though? Why should Claude have to eat dust all over the Pas de Calais before he can stick what he likes on his coat? Let's have Free Trade in all ribbons. Then they'd give real distinction. A man would write himself down just what he is by the things he'd put on. All the born base-wallahs would put up three rows on the spot, if they'd not got them now. The Samurai at the front would take care to wear nothing—they'd be like the patriciate we're getting in England at last, the fellows who won't take the peerages. I should wear dozens, but I'd be an artist about it. I'd paint like a Rubens and wear my own picture. I'd start from that deep Russian red with the bottomless luster—the Cross of St. George, or what is it?—and fight it out in that key all the summer. Oh, I see red; I can hear it—whole chords of red, peals of it. Isn't any Grand Duke ever coming this way?"

IV

None came. But some bird of the air must soon have carried to Colin the news that a mission of British officers, heroes of Mons and the Marne, was about to visit the Russian front. For Colin wrote, swiftly and well, to the proper person in London. He had heard that for this mission ten hard-bitten fighters were needed: they had to have manners, know French, and be able to carry their wine. Colin answered the call of his country the moment he got it to come to him. It was, he saw, no case for delay. Empires perish. Before such another call came, the Russians might have a republic, and no decorations about, like the poor Yanks, and then—too late, the saddest words in life, too late. Plenty of time, later on, for Colin to prosecute his conquests in France. He took his stand now with the nine other courteous and capacious linguists.

In holy Russia the primitive virtue of hospitality was so ardently practised that Colin came back crying out for a separate peace. Only a cure at Marienbad, he declared, could patch up his old body for heaven. No mere London season, he vowed, had ever made such demands upon the digestive force of the celebrants as this Muscovite joy-ride. Still, that profoundly lustrous red ribbon was his.

He brought back, besides, a lot of good stories. One was about a Japanese colonel, another guest of the Tsar's. In a Russian trench this child of the sunrise had strayed from the side of his guides and fallen in with four Russian privates. They were good lads from the country, simple but careful. They were not sure whether the war was still the old one with Japan or another. Anyhow, they considered it safer to kill a loose Jap. The faithful souls did it, and Colin declared that the consequent Russian apologies to Japan were a classic for young attachés to study, apart from their primary worth as light fiction. Richer still in comedy was the Japanese Government's plight. For, by way of good manners, it had to pretend to believe that the murder was not got up by the Tsar. And to keep up this pose, a Russian staff captain, the guide who had not succeeded in keeping the Japanese colonel alive, had to be given a Japanese Order.

"That gaud," said Colin to the Job Lot Mess, "was a treasure, a sovereign prince of enamels. We ought to make more of the Japs. We ought to shift the whole war farther East. We might hold all the gorgeous East in fee. Churchill is right."

V

Claude did not hear this address upon strategy. Claude, too, had gone East, though less far. When left alone in the hut he had thought deeply about A.D.C.'s. Peace, perfect peace, was their lot in this war. They toiled not, neither did they fight: yet honour found them; beauty fell, as it were, from the air, and was caught upon their tunics. Claude, as the New World says, figured upon it. Then he acted. Nature may not have made him expressly for action: rather, perhaps for the contemplation of himself in some becoming light. But Colin's own devout self was not surer than Claude of the efficacy of prayer, directed to the right quarter. Had not he, too, seen the Red Sea cut in two, for his safety, and passed across dry? And now the right quarter was clear. It was that bachelor uncle of Claude's who had lately got the command of a Corps. "Claude is descended," Colin explained, "from a long line of bachelor uncles. All Barbasons are. That's why they're so rich."

On the second day of the Battle of Loos Claude rallied round this beneficent uncle. The new A.D.C. took the place of a wild young peer who had gone mad and swindled and lied his way back to the head of an equally wild Irish platoon, then diminishing in the lost battle. The uncle told Claude about this eccentric: "Damn little fool!

I'd just been thinking of putting him up for an M.C. I hope *you'll* know when you're well off." Claude did. Like Issachar, he "saw that rest was good." And the Corps headquarters were pleasant. There would he see no enemy but winter and rough weather; and these are not lethal in well-built châteaux. "Fritz has got a new gun," I was once told by an infantry private in that Corps, "as will carry thirty-eight miles." "Goowan," another put in, "that ain't nothing. He's got a gun would hit our Corps H.Q." The Corps, as a whole, felt sure its commander was safe.

To this essential of safety a nephew's love added several subsidiary blessings. Claude laboured, as in God's sight, to get the general's coffee milk really boiled and not just heated—a test of capacity which the general knew to be crucial. "If a man," as he said, "can't get a little thing like that right, he'll never win battles." Neither did Claude disdain to make sure that the general's boots were done just as he liked them. Of myrrh and frankincense less material Claude offered unstintingly all that his talents allowed. He was not as many A.D.C.'s are. Some of the most contumacious of men are those who do little personal things for the great valets to emperors, ushers to Solons, batmen to heroes—too often nothing is great to such men, and nobody either. Nearly all the most mutinous blasphemy that was talked during the war was talked in the A.D.C. rooms of the mighty. But Claude revered his chief. To him his uncle was one in whom the soul of "the real army" lived on, pestered indeed but still nobly unswamped by the ragtag and bobtail of Kitcheners and Territorials. Claude could feel for the Corps commander. Had not he too, for long months, endured the manners of Çolin, the New Army man, in the wilderness?

To those who knew what most people did not the uncle was known as The Derby Winner, or, more succinctly, The Crook. He had come out to France in command of a division. The first time it went into action his genius miscarried and lost a mile of ground and half his men. It was only then that the general showed his full speed. Some said he had leapt into a waiting aeroplane the moment the battle was lost. Anyway, he was in London incredibly soon, and seeing the proper person about a mark of distinction so signal that, when the bad news came in, it would look silly to turn round and give him a post on the shelf. Still, the news came, in the end; some of these things will get out, whatever you do. Clearly, The Crook was not born to command divisions. So he was given a Corps to command, and the Corps was now in the line, in a pretty hot corner, expiating this stroke of humour in high places. The Crook, however, cannot have been a wholly bad man. He must have had some natural affection. Claude had not served him a month when the uncle sent up his name for a Military Cross. "You'll get it, too," he told him. "Whenever these lists of recommendations look a bit long to the people upstairs they start lopping off names from the tailend, and work up. So I've wedged yours in near the middle, well up."

Claude knocked off work for the day, he was so moved. He went to lie on his bed, to get at more leisure the feel of the full warmth of Fortune's benediction upon him. All things were well. Through the tall window, across the bejewelled dewy grass of the park, he could see a white road and troops on it: a New Army battalion—he could tell that; they had no smartness—marching up to the front, to go into the line, the undersized men bending under their packs, to ease the cut of their straps on the shoulder, and chorusing one of their contumacious songs of mock-funk—

> Oh my! I don't want to die;
> I want to go home.

Then the road was vacant and white for a time, till a wailing of bagpipes arose, and a kilted battalion, dwarfed to the size of a company, hove into sight, marching the opposite way: four little companies like platoons, and few officers anywhere; the pipes skirling some fearful lament, almost animal, like a moaning or keening of primitive women over their dead; the men with a stiff, savage gait of somber defiance—scorn of the enemy they had smashed, of the staff that had thrown Scottish valour away, of the non-Scottish troops that had failed on a flank, of the non-Scottish commander-in-chief that had loosed the fool battle.

Claude was no great hand at reading that sort of print. Still, he did make out something. War was the great game; he saw that more clearly than ever; he saw, too, how great beyond all other wars was this war, how much more important a business to shine in. And, gosh! what a facer this M.C. would be for the Mountebank!

VI

It was "at the front," of all places, that this blow fell upon Colin: not quite at the place where the smell of rotting meat hung, all that autumn, but still pretty near it—at a brigade headquarters. It counted all right for his purpose.

After his travels in Russia, Colin had felt it was time he became a full G.S.O., a staff officer proper. Base was the slave who remained forever merely "attached to" the staff. But so many Colins had felt this before, and had carried their point so completely, that scandal was feared. To avert it, a ruling had gone forth that all G.S.O.'s appointed thenceforth must have had some trench service. Poor Colin, to compass his end, had to take kit for a whole fortnight's stay in a new brigade commander's charmless dugout, and to listen in candlelit frowst to the banalities talked by the brigadier, brigade-major, staff-captain, and some odds-and-ends of medicine, signals, and the church. Each of these, he found, had some two things to say about life, and three jokes, so that the conversation of each was a sort of recurring decimal of five places. Each of them watched, with bitter foreknowledge, the countless revolutions of the others' antique decimals. One day, however, Colin heard a new thing.

A major, an acting battalion commander, had come in to tea. He knew the brigadier well, and, like a good soldier, he was blaspheming the great for the sweat that they will often give you for nothing. "Hardly a fortnight ago, sir," he said to his host, "just before you came to us, a Corps order came round to say some foreign devils—the Japs, I believe—had sent a wad of their 'Crosses for Valour'—sort of V.C.'s—one for the absolute ace—any rank—in each British Corps. Every C.O. was to pick out the hottest man-eater he'd got, for the Corps to select the tip-topper. I took days at the job, worried my officers, ricked my own brain with being judgmatic. I sent in a beauty at last—a sergeant. He'd got cut off in a post with five men and had held up the Boches for two days, till we got him away. He'd had a broken arm all the time—a great fellow! All the other C.O.'s in the Corps ran their prize tigers too, for all they were worth. No good. It was all waste of time. The Cross never got past the Corps. An A.D.C. got it, a fellow just up from the base—Barton, Brabazon, Brasner—some name like that."

"The ribbon was—what colour, sir?" Colin asked.

"Mouldy bluish, I heard," said the major, "like Stilton."

"I think the name," Colin said, "must be Barbason."

"That's right," said the major, suddenly interested in Colin. "You know him?"

"I thought everyone did," said Colin, the man from the center of things, almost severely. Ignorance seems, at times, as if it must almost be affectation.

"We're pretty provincial out in these parts," said the brigadier, softly. Colin laughed, and looked at the brigadier with new respect. Colin could take with good humour any rebuke that had wit.

"What has this beggar done?" the major vindictively asked him.

"He doesn't exactly *do* things," said Colin. "He *wears* them. Like me. Only he goes in for blue. He has just got an M.C. That's three different blues on his coat—a whole Blue Ribbon Army. No, an arrangement in blue, like a Whistler, but more chaste and natty—a glove fit of the blues. He's Little Boy Blue, and he blows his own horn." Where other people get cross, Colin becomes a few degrees more copiously vivacious.

The two seniors looked at each other. The dull plum ribbon of the Victoria Cross was the only one on the brigadier's tunic. The major had fought well in three battles, and he had not even one. The brigadier pointed to where a bar of ruddy Oriental radiance, that no Western loom could have made, glowed on Colin's breast, next to the lustrous Russian crimson. "That's pretty," the brigadier said.

"It should be," said Colin, "it's old, and Chinese. I won it by running away."

"Now, now—" The brigadier, as a colonel, had often had to curb the plunging modesty of subalterns.

"No idle boast, sir," said Colin. "Some Chinese Moltke came to G.H.Q. I was told to 'take the old euchre-player away out of this—anywhere—up to the front and get him shot over.' So we set off in a car for the front. The Far East didn't like the idea. Nor did the West. But pride ruled our will. We got down four miles from the front and walked on, up a road that felt naked and cocked up right into the air. Then the trouble came. There was a sort of *emeute* going on in the air. A flock of white puff-balls was straying about the blue sky, always advancing by having a new puff break out on ahead of it. Then some-

thing venomous fell into the road, six feet away, and hissed in a puddle—a thing like a bolt, or a nut, from the blue."

The brigadier put in a note: "A chip from one of our own Archie shells."

"No doubt, sir," said Colin. "I did not examine. I fell back. So did my lovely charge. Let nobody say a Chinese cannot run. The man who could beat me that day, to the car, must have been an Achilles. As we sped home my companion gave thanks, and made promises: first to God, then to me for my lead. He was a faithful fellow! *Ecce signum!*" Colin touched the beautiful new ribbon on his bosom.

An orderly came in for his kit. His trench service was over. When he had gone, the two elder officers stared at each other. Simple souls abounded on our front, and near it. Else, how could we have won?

VII

Honours, as old-fashioned whist-players say, were now easy—three all. But March had the pull in one way. For he was first to be back at the base, the honoriferous seaboard, washed by such tides as a man may take at the flood and be led on to fortune. "Always stick to the base in a war," a fatherly regular on the Q. side once advised him; "don't be led away by love of excitement. Most of the good things go to the base at the end of a war, and most of the big chances come to it now." But Colin needed no man's help to see a church by daylight.

Colin's prestige at the seats of the mighty was rising. The Chinese hero had lauded, in august ears, Colin's daring and skill as a guide to the front. But the next call on his gifts was to be for a virtue more distinctively Christian. Appendicitis had suddenly smitten another illustrious guest of our army, a Spanish-American marshal, a neutral, and therefore more to be cherished than any ally. While he lay sick unto death in an inn at Bruay, the British officer who had led him about in the time of his health, and who hated the sight of natural deaths, was telephoning all day to beg that some bedside mannerist might be sent up to carry on smoothing the pillow, *vice* himself. "The Dago only wants," he said, "a sort of Angel in the House."

Colin was offered this errand of mercy. He pondered. A long time ago he had tried for some days to learn Spanish; he might find he could talk it a little now, if he tried. And that Russian story showed how from the pure and unpolluted flesh of deceased foreign officers violet and other beautiful colours may spring. Possibly red. Red, he hoped. He looked carefully into the same coloured plate on the ante-room wall at which Claude had once tenderly gazed. Yes, both the Aureate Harvest (with Swords) and the Bleeding Heart (with Swords, too) had red ribbons. The sick must be visited. Colin accepted.

He was back at the sea in eight days, better thought of than ever. His choice of official wreaths to put on the coffin, his turning of phrases on those little cards that are tied to the wreaths, were felt to have aided the cause. Spanish-America, too, must have felt he had done the thing well. For in due time the Aureate Harvest came in as the other kindly fruits of the earth do for the use of her Colins.

"A somewhat ghoulish business," said Claude, when this just award was gazetted. Claude, at the time, was just back from the Corps. The uncle's drafts upon Britain's man power had grown so exacting that he was transferred to a more august job, where any diminutions he made in the population of these islands would be less violently observable. Colin said he was changed from a fatal accident into an obscure mortal disease. Anyhow, he had no use for Claude any longer; nor had Claude for him. Restored to the coast, Claude was working out a new way of fighting the Germans, a quite new engine of war. It was to have a great vogue, this new weapon. It could be used almost anywhere, except in a regiment. It was called "the reorganization of the establishment" of the department or unit of which the reorganizing person had charge.

Even in those early days, the G.H.Q. heaven was one that had many mansions. They were of all sizes, and growing like melons—so fast that in some of them little time could be found for any work except settling where everybody should sit. Officers in command of departments, sub-departments, and sections and sub-sections of sub-departments would draft and redraft plans for the further sub-division of each into two or more parts, according to the earliest and best biological precedents, each of the new parts to be as important as the existing whole; each, therefore, to be commanded by an officer of as high rank as the existing commander of the whole; with the natural corollary that the existing commander should get a step of promotion in order to have proper author-

ity over these branch subordinates, all of whose labours he would have to superintend if the draft should be approved. Claude, now a captain, was senior officer at the Sink, as his and Colin's little department was called by its irreverent neighbours. At first the Sink had been Colin; then Colin and Claude; six officers, doers of miscellaneous odd jobs, now reposed within it; there were a score of attendant orderlies, clerks, and chauffeurs. Why not cut it in two and house the two portions apart, with Claude to coordinate the exertions of both, as a G.S.O. 2 and a major? Claude fell to work on a draft, fortified with a kind of geneaological tree to establish the lawful descent of disciplinary power over each of his expected twins, all the way down from the commander-in-chief. While he was writing the draft and drawing the tree he sometimes felt more apt to the sword than to the pen. But he stuck to the pen gamely.

VIII

Something, I think, must have made Colin suspicious. Perhaps he saw Claude writing with an abnormal fluency. Or of course he may just have had a pricking in his thumbs. Anyhow, like the intelligent dog whom God has taught to scent in good time his master's intention to drown him, Colin took himself off before Claude's draft was approved by the proper person. My next letter from Colin was from a ducal, delectable house in Mayfair:

> You see, they have combed me out of the trenches. Is it that I am seconded, or what is the term used by you militarists? *Tout court*, England hath need of me here. I work in this weatherproof house, the new Ministry of Liaison. No, I am not the Minister—only his eyes and ears, or a portion of these, and of his understanding. A *raison d'être* for the Ministry is being prepared. Meanwhile it offers asylum to young men of quality fleeing from Military Tribunals. Rods of the houses of signatories to Magna Charta rush in daily and cling to the horns of the altar. It is a dock-leaf planted by merciful nature where the nettles grow.
>
> It seems that some gifted Scottish statesman, out of a job at the time, had been going up and down with a dirk, as it were, in his stocking, till all the statesmen in office wanted to find him something nice to play with, lest he should stick the knife into one of their wames. To save life in this way the Ministry of Liaison was founded, and this man of mettle was placed at its head. The Ministry was "to co-ordinate the functions of various administrative departments."

Colin wrote to me later:

> My reverence for this foundation grows. In this kicked ant-heap of a Europe it must be about the last abode of peace on earth and of goodwill toward men, all men.
>
> Nae German lays his scaith to us,
> We ne'er did ony harm.
>
> To us the harried Anglo-German flies, and we make him a confidential clerk or an interpreter. Here he spends happy days of Government time in writing letters to London newspapers, mostly to "show up the Hun in our midst." Like mediæval monasteries, we cherish through a dark and bloody age the endangered graces of life. Here, in the best types of chair, sleep the brave; here knit or crochet the fair, or, within seemly limits, carry on with the brave.
>
> Liaison our name;
> And I will not deny,
> In respect to the same,
> What that name might imply.
>
> A free gallant life. To take me to the club, to lunch, my country has a car like Tennyson's full tide that "moving, seems a sleep." Not a speck in the sky, except passing thoughts of what Claude may be up to. Are we not members one of another, and, if aught befall him, shall I not feel?

Under that peaceful surface considerable forces were stirring. For nearly three years our Napoleons, Alexanders, and Cæsars had been collecting merited marks of distinction. The skill of collectors had almost outgrown the supply of colligible matter. The most skilful were wearing about every ribbon there was; they had gained the whole world, and unless the world were enlarged they might as well bid an early farewell to the neighing steed and the shrill trump and go home. To keep their ardour from going the way of the former warmth of the moon, as well as for other good reasons, the O.B.E. was invented.

The new species of laurel was sent, very justly, in bulk to the Ministry of Liaison, to show how well the sender had done in creating a Ministry so worthy of reward. But Colin, through some unfortunate slip, was not on the list of those whom the King, on first thoughts, delighted to honour. He wrote to me:

> They must have put me down third reserve only. The stones that these builders reject! Still, I was jammed in, head of a corner, later. Three high-stomached civilians, who work with us here, rejected the bauble, with a slight wave of the hand. I commend, I can even envy them. A civilian is free; he may guard his own honour. But to us soldiers, you know, an order's an order: mine not to make reply. In I went, third wicket down. With canine loyalty I wagged an unoffended tail, and accepted my one-third of the crumbs that had fallen from the table of the proud.

You see, Colin, to my mind, had no real humbug about him, as I understand humbug. He had not the lie in his soul. He did not tell lies to himself, nor really very many to any one else. Humbug was Claude's special subject, not his. Colin's

special subject was reds, and for that plummy red of the O.B.E. ribbon there was a place ready in his heart, or about a couple of inches above it.

The danger of being saddled with some undesirable job, as a vicegerent of Claude's, had now had time to blow over, and Colin began to hear the great wars and the tented or hutted field call him again. One month of tactful importunacy in the right place and he was gone, now in the full rosy red of a G.S.O., with the red and blue brassard of G.H.Q. too—with every guarantee, in fact, of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. To begin with, he traveled from London in the uncrowded staff train, after his luncheon, instead of rising at six in the morning to catch the common, crammed leave train, like the ruck of regimental officers. These, on their way back to be killed, were carried off early to cool their heels for half a day at Folkestone till the staff train should arrive at the pier and its occupants have time to dig themselves in on all the best sites on the boat. "A kindly precaution," said Colin that night in the new mess, at Bligny, to which he found himself carried away by the car that awaited him on the quay at Boulogne: "one of the many kindly precautions we take to set the moribund free from too much love of living."

Colin found Claude commanding at Bligny. Such a find might not seem elating. But it inspired Colin at dinner that night with a fine mischievous brightness. Taking a quick look at Claude now and then, to see how the stimulant worked, Colin rattled on about that slouching file of *condamnés*, the infantry and artillery subalterns coming back from their leave, trailing up the steep gangway at Folkestone on to the deck, with all their lumpish kits on their backs, and their eternal pipes and mud-sick uniforms, and looking awkwardly round them, shy among all the seated staff people, for some solid object to sit on.

Claude rose to the fly: his face lit up a little when Colin played on his sense of the "New Army bounders'" social deficiencies. Yes, he had noticed those fellows—any one would—when he last went on leave. "Appalling crowd of navvies!" He felt himself, for the moment, in quite warm agreement with Colin—with what he took to be Colin. Colin described to me later this tender reunion. "You should have heard him!" said Colin. "Claude is simply so much natural, born prey for irony. He is like one of the little guinea-pigs that they give to the snakes at the Zoo. A plain shirker like me is almost decent beside him. I only deny Christ right out—I frankly skulk by the fire while He's getting crucified. Claude would sneer at the cut of the clothes that Christ wore on the Cross. We're the two thieves, but Claude is the one that sniggered. 'Bill Sikeses in Sam Brownes'—that's what the little rodent calls the fellows that he and I have deserted. 'Really rather awful,' he says—'these new officers. Quite five-sixths of them the sort of people you'd expect to touch their caps to you in civil life.' Imagine the lice on one of our Tommies finding fault with the Tommy's pedigree! Then he remembered that he was an acting major, and also the only Regular there, so he quenched his familiar smile, like the ass in the play, with an austere regard of control."

I had never seen Colin angry before. Any common vexation only made him more gaily ironical. He may be cutting jokes in heaven yet, when Claude lies howling.

IX

So far our two heroes had had to work, if only an hour, for all they had got. The next thing to come in was, as Colin vulgarly said, a bit of a war bonus.

For months our gallant London Press had felt a painful dearth of "hero stunts" and "sob stories." Lord Jellicoe had meanly preferred the continued existence of his fleet to the proper provision of good matter for "scare heads." Heroic editors began to shake their heads over Sir Douglas Haig's want of "snap," "go," and "punch" in maintaining the daily ration of thrills for bald men in armchairs at home. Pending the proper measures for "gingering up" these commanders, there might be some market still for a little emotionalizing about the old stunt of "the heroes of Mons." Just to fill up the gap, why not a "whirlwind campaign" for giving a special medal or star to the few living men who had stemmed the German rush upon Paris in 1914?

It was rather a daring piece of stopgappery. Legends of Mons were wilting already under the first rays of the higher criticism. Irreverent people at home were comparing the casualties of 1914 with the rates at which a gifted old Regular staff had since extinguished so many New Army battalions. It had leaked out that in that

infant war of 1914 there had been no bombardments that would not now seem like seasons of relative rest and release from the true, high-pressure hells of the later dispensation. Heartless rationalists had begun to reflect that perhaps it was not really so much more meritorious to join the army in times of deep peace, to get off the streets or to escape harder and grimier work, than it was to join it when joining meant embracing, almost at once, the fairest chance of an early death that had ever smiled on British recruits; that to the old Regular officers, in especial, the war had not brought the surrender of worldly good things, of beloved work or the plans and hopes of their lives, but a suddenly opened prospect of these happinesses—more pay, quicker promotion, a paradise of professional opportunity, and, after the one great toss-up with death in 1914, safety and ease in the odour of certified glory for most of those who had not lost the toss.

Still, it was a cheap "stunt." It needed no telegraphing: it could be "done in the office." And there was no risk of actions for libel and of "exemplary damages," as in "stunts" of detraction against great generals and admirals and ministers and leaders of industry who failed in their several ways to act up to the needs of stunt presses. So the stunt Press took courage, and ranted and gushed, boomed and bleated and shrilled. And. the War Office having no courage to take, the Mons Star was invented when nearly all the men who might have deserved it were dead. Thus do the Colins and Claudes of this world build better than they know. They fight with their backs to the walls of good bedrooms, against every foe that would take a job from them, and at the close of the long day, or earlier, some unsought meed is added unto them, besides all that they seek.

Alike in gaining this guerdon, our two pretty men were not alike in the emotions raised by its possession. Colin crowed with frank joy at the scandal. Scandals, he said, were too few in these colourless times. Scandal was only a reverberation of adventure, the fuming of timid mobs when taller spirits hustled and pushed their way through. Wherever a high plume had stirred in the world, and big throws had been made and the costly unreason of romance had been properly prized, scandal had smoked up to heaven like dust from winning chariot-wheels. This wisdom of life he imparted to Claude, adjuring him also not to misuse the new ribbon. Blue at one end and red at the other, and all shaded, watered, transitional, and connective—why, it was clearly sent by Heaven for purposes of liaison, to hitch on the garden of gentians, forget-me-nots, heliotrope, and cornflower that had first bloomed on Claude's tunic to any later sallies he might meditate in red, green, even black. Only let Claude beware of minding the foolish orders issued by poker-fed generals, men blind to the arts, as to the order in which ribbons should be arranged on the martial bosom. Imagine Velasquez or Tintoret laying his colours on in obedience to General Routine Orders! "No; blue to blue, red to red, each after its kind arrange we them."

Claude hated all such talk. Raffish gammon, only fit for a Radical hairdresser! If the King thought it good enough to honour a man, what loyal soldier would jeer or belittle? Claude had the Old Army's fine sense of relative values well lodged in his soul. Gazetted awards were no mere measures of worth: they were worth itself, crystallized, capitalized. "Perhaps it isn't easy," he said to Colin, with solemn concessiveness, "for other people to understand what these things mean to a soldier."

Somehow, Colin did not seem so confounded by this as he ought to be. Instead, he only looked at Claude as if Claude were a curious exhibit in a museum, and this wounded afresh Claude's soldierly consciousness of his own irreproachable normality. Claude felt at these times an intense and burning wish that Colin were not the son of a peer. The craving was almost physically painful, like retching. If Colin were scrubby by birth, somehow the world would seem more coherent.

But all this was an interlude. Back now to the grim realities of the war.

X

War hath her triumphs of company-floating no less deserving renown than peace's. Claude had drafted and drawn to some purpose. With help from on high the Sink had become thrice itself, not merely twice, and one of these three Sinks alone was more capacious than the great original. Unhappily, Claude had not secured command of the whole trinity. Some more majestic bird of prey, a G.H.Q. colonel, had dropped like a stone out of the upper sky, somewhere close to the sun, and stuck his claws firmly into Claude's kill. But, subject always to this depreda-

tor, Claude received the fattest of the three distinct commands which owed him their being.

At Bligny he could not quite say what most of his six officers did. He felt surer about the chauffeurs. One of the officers he suspected of plans for salvaging solder from old bully-beef tins—a low job. He fancied another to be the minute early embryo of a demobilization unit. A third was in unmistakable travail, writing a novel. A fourth seemed to have something to do with some of the army's visitors from abroad. A fifth moved obscurely about in a dim borderland between letters and war; rumour said that he "smuggled the dope" into papers at Amsterdam and Madrid —"a Wolff in sheep's clothing, you know," Colin told me. The sixth was said to be sure that if only the war went on long enough we should end it decisively at last by feeding all the outer world's "movies" with the right stuff, and to this happy issue it was hoped that he was making some larger contribution than any one saw. Anyhow, they all kept moving. Cars were there for all, and petrol failed not. How was Claude to check the things they did, or left undone? He walked, unpolluted by such inquisitive cares, among the mysteries of his command.

The place itself had amenity. It was a white, classical, pre-Revolution château in a hollow between two chalk downs and beside a trout-steam. G.H.Q., with its possibly critical eyes, was safely far off. No one at G.H.Q. cared about Bligny. It was a mere trousers-button, a thing to be put out of mind until it should, hang it, come off. Claude "ran his own show"; and as it and everything in it were things without precedent there was no binding routine; he might fashion the show after his own image. And, in the course of nature, some honour accrued to every head of a show in the course of a year, and where would Colin be then?

Colin, also, asked himself that. No specific job had been given him yet. He had only been dumped on Bligny because there was no valid reason for dumping him anywhere else. There he lay down to sleep of a night and rose up of a morning to ring for a car and roll off to visit some proper person and bring to his mind the parable of the Importunate Woman. This time he had quite a long run in the rôle of that excellent female. And, like her, he got there at last. He prayed himself into a job—not, he felt, one that was quite what it should be; still, it was not at Bligny; it was at G.H.Q. proper, near the heart of the rose. And so Colin rolled off for good, as it seemed.

He left Claude sitting rather moodily in his "office"— the absent Comtesse de Bligny's boudoir. Claude always sat there for several hours a day. It was the bridge of his ship, and a captain looks best on the bridge. He was moody, because in these last weeks he had found that, however little a captain may do on his bridge, he may still make some sort of a mess. Two or three times he had almost had to act in some way or other, to take an absolute plunge, adopting one course and rejecting another. That was the trouble; alternatives were like horses: he couldn't guess which was a winner. So Claude had tried hard each time to take either both courses or none, and now some captious god in the G.H.Q. heaven was not taking this so well as he might. Rumours of grand muddles at Bligny began to circulate in Olympus. "Silly little devil!" Colin was soon to hear a dangerous brigadier-general say of Claude. "Of two evils, choose both—that's his idea."

In giving the Bligny billet to Claude the proper person concerned had not entertained extravagant hopes. Barbason, he had said at the time, wasn't a flyer; still, he was clearly fed up with the job he had had before. And the new Bligny show was too much of a pearl to cast before any New Army swine. So the proper person had hoped as hard as he could about Claude, and then had looked the other way as hard as he could, hoping no harm would come. But Claude made a truly wonderful mess of it all. What made things worse was the way that opportunities for making messes were growing. The show itself grew, as everything grew in that tropical army. More and more officers came after Colin had gone. The work of some of these had all sorts of civilian connections. Visitors came, British and foreign, some of them famous, some subterraneanly powerful, some open-eyed and quick-witted. They went away, all over the earth, telling funny stories of croppers that Claude had come in his kingdom. Colin heard some of them. Faint but disturbing echoes of horrid laughter found their way round, even to Claude. He grew angry, first, at all this vulgar demand for the unsoldierly cleverness that fools called efficiency. But he grew anxious, too, for G.H.Q. had been weak before now in the face of the howling

of beasts; men had been thrown to the wolves. To be safe, he supposed he must get in some brainy bounder as an assistant at Bligny.

With mingled pride and embarrassment, Claude found, on reflection, how few brainy bounders he knew. Colin was much the brainiest of the few—a beast, but a clever beast. And Colin, he fancied, was only marking time just at present. Claude gallantly fought down his natural aversion, went to see Colin, and found him sparkling with health and good-humour after three hours' squash racquets. Claude set forth his proposition frankly. The trout-fishing at Bligny was not surpassing, but it was good. There was some work, it was true, but no coolie work of routine to be done on the nail, as at G.H.Q. proper, and no office hours. No generals came blowing in to inspect. And all the great people from London, who ran things, came through the place sooner or later. Colin would meet them at Bligny. A clever devil like him would put it all over them, so as to do himself no end of good.

There was certainly something in that, Colin thought. He thought a good deal. The tall ship of his warlike career had lately been lying becalmed, and heaven knew how much longer these doldrums might last. He knew that Claude had been slipping up, with good comic effect. He might slip up more, and then—yes, there were good troubled waters at Bligny; there might be a little good fishing, besides that for the trout. He temporized, and prepared.

While, for some weeks, he continued to do so, things went no better at Bligny. G.H.Q. rocked with mirth at Claude's misadventures. Pedantic precisians began to ask how this entertainment helped to beat Germany. Comic paragraphs crept into London and Paris newspapers. Somebody asked a sarcastic question in Parliament. Then at last it was felt that Claude had to go. But some of the great and the wise were sorry for Claude. They felt he had his points. Nosing civilians had hounded him out of his job. The like might happen to any one. So the wise and the great said he should stay for a month more, and meanwhile be given a little something to make him feel better. Claude's D.S.O. was the most piquant thing in the next list of rewards for special gallantry and devotion. A month after this piece of justice appeared in the *Gazette* Claude got his orders to hand over the Bligny command—yea, to hand it over to the forethoughtful Colin.

"You know why I'm unstuck?" Claude said to his officers when the blow fell. "Because March is a New Army man. Some ticks in the press have been blowing hot air about the 'Regular Army trade union'—saying it corners all the good jobs—that sort of bilge. So some New Army man has got to be jumped into something—any old job—just to have him ready to show. All very well if there weren't a war on. But how're we to win if they're always taking the heart out of the backbone of the army?" Claude, you see, was no great commander of metaphors, either. "I know one thing," he continued: "I'm not taking any hand in this ramp."

To keep this vow not to touch pitch, Claude, strictly speaking, did not "hand over" to Colin at all. He never explained to Colin the work of the place, the lie of the land, the things that had to be seen to. A stand had to be made against all this handing over to the unworthy, so Claude felt and went out for the day in his car. He did this every day of the week during which he was to "hand over," Colin and he being both in the house. He breakfasted early so as not to see Colin. Toward the end of one of these last breakfasts some tactless officer let fall a hint that a few tips about the routine of the show might help the commander to vanquish the Germans.

"No! let him rip," said Claude, with an air of stern virtue. "If he slips up, all the better—show that wars are not won by sham soldiers."

Colin came in at the moment, and Claude left it at that, and finished his coffee inflexibly. Already his car stood at the door: another long day's service to the petrol trade had dawned. He gone, Colin frankly commended his love of the road and of his kinsfolk. "It's time he hopped round," Colin said to the rest of the table, "and talked to those uncles." No "reserve" or "discretion" for Colin. War, he said, was quite enough of a morgue anyhow, without that.

XI

For the next two months Colin was kept pretty busy. The chase engaged him by day. He rode a great many partridges down on the swelling chalk-hills, where the air and turf were divine. A sterner task was teaching an Irish retriever how to course hares. At night, any time he could spare from French billiards and bridge, he employed in making up war arrears of

light reading. Unto his officers he did as he would that his superiors should do unto him. "*Continuez, mes enfants,*" he would benignantly say to them, whatsoever they did. After a Claude, he said, the land ought to have rest for some years. As to the men, he quoted distinguished authorities on the subject of "trusting the lads." He owned that he desired his command to have the charms of an ancient and untended garden, diverse and engaging with wayward self-sowing flowers, unmarred by the desolate militarist symmetries and uniformities of geometric "carpet" flowerbeds. In short, even as Claude had trusted Colin "ripped."

He ripped so visibly and audibly that, long before the next harvest of decorations had time to come in, he was, even in G.H.Q.'s clement eyes, "ripe for booting," as Claude elatedly said. And booted he was, in his turn. But to boot Colin was like booting a large polygonal stone. It might hurt. Not for nothing had Colin practised all his social charms at Bligny for the last two months. Many visitors—editors, politicians, miscellaneous powers of light or of darkness—had gone back to England enslaved by Colin's little ways. One enamoured magnate had said before going away: "If any old fool in the army tries to get in your way, let me know." Colin had formed a Prætorian Guard, upside down—a little band of lusty civilians ready to hustle an army.

At Colin's cry for help his trusty bravoes fell to work like firemen. They pulled long wires, spread sinister rumours, warned proper persons, and made incipient booming sounds through certain megaphones of the Press which were known to be capable of giving forth, when in full blast, the most horrific bellowings. Nervous superior officers sought to appease Colin with long leave at home. He only used it to prime his redoubtable backers with nastier facts and more vitriolic suggestions.

You see, he was in quite a strong position: he had no regiment to be bundled back to; his unit was "General List"; so he might win, but he could not be smashed—he was dormy. He took up high ground—that the "Old Army Gang" had pushed him out by jade's tricks; that, if he had to go back to civil life now with a black mark to his name, some of those wanglers must howl for it. Then he would moderate slightly this rhadamanthine tone, and would temper justice with mercy; if they had the sense to rub out the black mark, he would not be vindictive. But he must have something done to prove to the world that he had done his duty and not been turned down in disgrace.

"Oh, give him his blasted M.C. and be done with it," somebody said at last, looking up from an office table at somebody else.

"Afraid we can't, sir," said somebody else. "This new rule, you know, sir—about keeping M.C.'s for things done in action."

"Oh, damn! D.S.O. then."

"Very good, sir."

So Colin left with a new red and blue stain on his coat, and none at all on his character as a soldier. He bore no grudge against his persecutors. He was too deeply amused. What tickled him most was that he was the very last, he believed, of all the old-world D.S.O.'s, the men to whom the gaud came, like the Garter, with "no damned merit about it." A rule came into force, almost immediately after, that D.S.O.'s were not to be given any longer for telephoning or clerking, or any other mode of escape from the Germans; they were all to be for the mere hack-work of fighting.

"I'm like the last Groom of the Posset," said Colin, "or Clerk of the Royal Backstairs. I'm the Last British Wolf. I ought to be stuffed, when I die, and bought for the nation, and put up on the Horse Guards Parade. It has a kind of brain, you know, the dear old Regular Army: its madness has method. For three years of war all of it gorges itself with these D.S.O.'s—I mean, all of it that is not busy fighting. Meanwhile it invents the M.C., and settles on that also, till every unconscientious objector in France has got one or both. Then it sees all the Vandals and Goths of the New Army approaching the sanctuaries; so up goes this rule. It hath a twofold operation, like old Falstaff's drinks—keeps out any future staff crowd, and runs up the stock for the crowd who got in on the ground-floor. Look at my own little investment. Every new D.S.O. from this day forth will only prove more and more what a terrible fellow I was in the trenches."

I found that Claude, too, gave the new regulation his blessing. We met and dined, on my own way back from a leave, at the splendid new G.H.Q. Officers' Club at Montreuil. Presently the benign operation of Louis Roederer 1906 slightly unlaced and unbottoned the fine Prussian greatcoat and boots of Claude's mind. "I seriously think," he seriously said, "that at least a large proportion of these decorations ought

to be given for purely physical acts of valour. Otherwise they may lose caste, as it were, in the sight of the public. You may say to me, 'Why not just do our duty and let the public be damned?' Still, the public is there, and it's only fair to ourselves to mind, in some slight degree, what it thinks. When I got my own D.S.O. and M.C. I knew myself, and I think my friends knew, that I earned them. But how is the public to know, or even to guess? All you can do to help it, and make the most hard earned distinctions worth having, is to keep them connected, in people's minds, with the more obvious sorts of good work—front-line stunts and so on—the only things, I suppose, that the man in the street can understand about soldiering."

I tried to work this clear in my mind, assisted by the illuminating radiance of the H.A.C. band, the foaming grape of Eastern France, and the beautiful W.A.A.C. waitresses dressed as comic-opera gitanas—all rendered curiously intoxicant by the sound of the rain on the roof and the imminence of my return to a little wet home in the earth of the salient. "So the bread of the children," I construed, thinking aloud, "ought to be sometimes—rather often—given to dogs, because somehow its being half-eaten by dogs makes it still more nice for the children?"

"I don't call those brave fellows in the trenches dogs," said Claude somewhat distantly. He had a way of talking about the trenches, to us who lived in them, that made us feel it must only be in some incomplete, unreal sense that we lived there at all: whereas in a spiritually higher and more valid sense he, the authentically rugged soldier, abode there himself, so that, in the sight of heaven, his were war's thorns and ours her roses.

"Nor I," said I, "really," somewhat discomfited. I scarcely ever touch irony without getting into some mess and showing up badly.

Claude, still severe, said, "And I wouldn't exactly call the staff children."

"Nor I," said I, feeling I must have been rude.

"Then I don't see your point," Claude austerely pursued.

"No?" said I, still believing that somewhere or other I had one, but not feeling quite sure. And how could one waste in ill-humour the last night of music and light, the shine of clean glasses and white tablecloths?

XII

I NEXT heard of Claude from Colin, in London. A portion of me had gone the way of all flesh in the salient, and Colin came to liven me up in a desolate Belgravian palace used as a hospital. Colin never grudged the War Office's time to any work of goodnature. Some men took it all for themselves.

"You've not heard about Claude?" he answered my question. "Why, Claude has entered into his kingdom. Claude has done the impossible, the unthinkable—found a new seam, a very Bonanza, where the most piercing eyes in the army had only seen level sand. You know how all the princes and counsellors of the earth go out to visit Douglas Haig. D.H. believes they must all be longing to get sniped and bombarded, just because he likes it himself. So, in pure kindness of heart, he puts them into a car and packs them off for long days at the front. But Claude really knoweth man's heart. He has found them a way of escape—some sort of 'safety-first' apparatus, no one quite knows what—whether it's a quiet shebeen in the wilds of the Somme where they can lie *perdus* all day till it's time to go home, or a whole dummy battlefield, well out of harm's way, with old German helmets and rifles lying about for the visitors to absorb as war souvenirs. Some brainwave like that."

Perhaps I looked puzzled. How could a mere acting-major have so happy a thought, and no colonel or general knock him down and take it away and use it himself?

"Oh, Claude worked the flotation all right," Colin assured me. "Claude knew his chief, Blunt, was a fool—with a temper. So he unfolded his little idea at nine on a morning when old Blunt was looking his cheapest and blackest.

"'Think it a good idea, do you?'" said Blunt. 'Well, I think it a damn bad idea, so you shall work it out yourself—and don't come whining to me when you've failed.' Can't you imagine him saying it?"

Yes, I knew that dodge of drowning newborn reformers like kittens, in bucketfuls of detail.

"Of course," Colin said sagely, "Blunt was right in a way. If you're a downy old serpent, you don't want any infant Hercules kicking about. And yet Blunt was a fool. Claude had got him on the ground hop, just as he'd planned. For then he was able to go right on with his plan of the funk-hole. He did, and now this contraption

of his is the envy of all G.H.Q. They say the proud and the great of this world are tumbling over each other to get in at the door. I hear that unless you're of royal blood, or a premier, Claude becomes short and dry with you. Once he had two live kings and two queens in the place, all at once—all the court cards in one hand—the sort of thing people write to the *Field* about. When he comes home from the wars he'll sell his visitors' book and buy land and live on his rents. When the august go away they always give him an order apiece before stepping into the car. His Legion of Honour is said to be lost in the crush. It's thought the ribbons will soon go all round his back, like a gym belt, in a broad band. I fear it can't last, though."

"Why?" said I. "Are there not enough kings in the world?"

"When a rather small hen," said Colin, "finds a large hunch of bread in the run, is a welter-weight cock to look on unmoved? Is Blunt, because he has been a fool once, to be a fool always? Believe me, he suffers remorse for his harshness to Claude. He will say, 'I have sinned.' He will undo the past. He will reorganize the establishment. Claude will be in the outer darkness, and Blunt will feed all the auriferous geese out of his own lily hand."

XIII

Then Colin talked about himself. He always had frankness, almost to the point of disease. He was, he said, eaten by care, because he had never yet failed to overtrump little Claude, and now little Claude had played such a whacking big trump. Colin said he had known an old woman once, in the country, who died of lying awake at night fearing the patchwork quilt of the old woman next door was getting on faster than hers. Colin avowed he was hag-ridden too, with the thought of that textile mosaic on Claude's bosom expanding swiftly and inexorably. Things, he said, must be thought out, lest he should die.

With Colin, to think was to talk; his thoughts worked best along a kind of paper-chase track of vivid words laid for the pursuing intellect by the forerunning tongue. So there he sat, by my bed, and made more picturesquely clear, to himself as well as to me, the thing that had struck him most in all his war travels across Northern France between the coast and our front—how, as he went east, the ribbons on passing men's breasts seemed always to die down and wither just as the corn and the roses did, by the road, till on the wastes of thistle and poppies where the shell-fire began you would seldom see a decorated man. He thought, aloud, of that Brigade H.Q. where he had slept for a resonant fortnight—his nearest point of approach to the firing line. That thrice-wounded major there had not had a ribbon at all. None of the officers and men who had come in to that place from the actual front had had any. Colour had only begun to break forth again where, on Colin's way back to the sea, he had passed a Divisional H.Q. five miles farther west—"first streaks of auroral rose breaking out," Colin said, "only—not in the east. No stars in the east; precious little day-spring to visit it—

> "'In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
> But westward, look, the land is bright!'

"And then it was only at Corps head-quarters, twenty miles farther away from the fight, that the real noon came, all the flora of valour well out, the 'high mid-summer pomp' and so forth, fully on. The Army H.Q. again, when I got there, seemed like the tropics. I've worked it out that on the average the number of ribbons a British officer gets in this war varies in direct proportion to the square of his distance from the front. It's a 'law,' like the laws about heat and the conservation of energy."

I knew he hadn't worked it out before: he was only doing it now, led on by his own talk, that wildly intuitive advance-guard of his marching mind. And then, from ascertained facts, unquestionable laws, he went on visibly to speculate. Why should the working of any such law of nature as this—a law of the nature of man—be interrupted by any mere physical accident such as a sea? Was it not of the very nature of things that the London clays should be to the payable sands of Boulogne and the rich quartz rock of Montreuil as these soils were to the utter deserts of Ypres and La Bassée? All civilization, the great world movement had always been westward. Was not human experience now confirming this scientific hypothesis?—rain ribbons as it might in maritime France, it poured in Whitehall. That was the center of things there all the fountains of honour played most freshly and amply, unexhausted as yet with watering the thirsty fields of France.

Colin left me in rather a hurry at last

He had seen a great light. Things had come clear. He had to be off and withdraw his application for fresh employment in France. Not there, but on British soil, must Claude be outshone.

The job that Colin, under this new inspiration, sought from the proper person, and presently got, was, I fancy, that of a kind of occasional A.D.C., to be lent to august foreigners passing through town on their way to visit our front. Princes and premiers, marshals and admirals, Colin saw them safe through the great wicked city. Claude might draw on them later, but Colin tapped the stream nearer its source. He had his reward. When I caught sight of him next the thin red lines across his tunic had been—well, reinforced.

This narrative has to end without any climax. If it were fiction it might, no doubt, culminate in some one superlative masterpiece of acquisition by one or other of its heroes. But life does not work in that way: we constantly have to put up with the ineffectiveness of truth. The two seemed to pass out of my sight like two racing yachts on a day of light airs. First one of them would catch a little local breeze and skim away with a lead, and then would run into some patch of dead air while the other would pick up a puff and be carried ahead, to be then becalmed in his turn. I heard they looked most beautiful, with three full rows of ribbons apiece, like commanders-in-chief, and that people turned round to look at them in the street, marveling that men so young should have had time for so much valour.

The Birth of Saint Patrick

By SAMUEL LOVER

ON THE eighth day of March it was, some people say,
That Saint Pathrick at midnight he first saw the day;
While others declare 'twas the ninth he was born,
And 'twas all a mistake between midnight and morn;
For mistakes *will* occur in a hurry and shock,
And some blam'd the baby—and some blam'd the clock—
Till with all their cross-questions sure no one could know,
If the child was too fast—or the clock was too slow.

Now the first faction fight in ould Ireland, they say,
Was all on account of Saint Pathrick's birthday,
Some fought for the eighth—for the ninth more would die,
And who wouldn't see right, sure they blacken'd his eye!
At last, both the factions so positive grew,
That *each* kept a birthday, so Pat then had *two*,
Till Father Mulcahy, who showed them their sins,
Said, "No one could have two birthdays but a *twins*."

Says he, "Boys, don't be fightin' for eight or for nine,
Don't be always dividin'—but sometimes combine;
Combine eight with nine, and seventeen is the mark,
So let that be his birthday."—"Amen," says the clerk.
"If he wasn't a *twins*, sure our hist'ry will show—
That, at least, he's worth any *two* saints that we know!"
Then they all got blind dhrunk—which complated their bliss,
And we keep' up the practice from that day to this.

Said by John La Farge

(As Reported by Viola Roseboro')

OF HENRY ADAMS (IN THE SOUTH SEAS)

"We were sleeping in a native house, and I grew dimly conscious in the night of an endless scurrying and scrambling, the noise rustling back and forth and up and down over the native mats and hangings. If it stopped a moment it was only to begin again. I suffered in my sleep without waking up enough to recognize a rat's activities; but at last I said to myself, 'That is Adams's mind! It has gotten away from him, and how relieved he must be!' And I was sympathetically glad he should have such a chance to rest, even at my expense. But when I told him about it in the morning he was very unappreciative."

"Adams thought the South Sea church members were poor Christians, but I considered that they compared very well with any religious bodies we can show. They fall down at places in the road where doubtless we come to grief less often and less openly; but remember the text which is so sweeping, about the love of money being the root of all evil—and then think how little they love money!"

"It is like Adams, like an Adams, to spend the best of himself on a history of the war of 1812, the most uninteresting of wars, that no one knows or wants to know about."

THE GOVERNOR OF FIJI (MET DURING HIS TRAVELS WITH HENRY ADAMS IN THE SOUTH SEAS AND BEYOND)

"There were powerful interests behind various virtuous efforts to persuade him that the natives, for the good of their souls should be made to work, to grow cotton and other crops that would serve civilization, and vastly enrich the white gentlemen interested. But the Governor was callous to the evils of native idleness, and would not permit the smallest measure of enforced reformation. But twenty years before he had ended head-hunting by an expedition against the tribe guilty of the last of such gaieties, his men slaying every adult male found."

MRS. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON; AND HIS VIEW OF SUGGESTION BEFORE MRS. EDDY OR COUÉ WERE KNOWN

"She is rheumatic, and yet she goes about barefooted out of doors and in the wet. If she did it as a hygienic measure, that might do very well; but no, she does it because she likes to, and it must be very bad for her."

AN INTERVIEW WITH AN EDITOR AS TO HIS PAPERS ON JAPAN

"He told me I must be more clear-cut and more gossipy and more decisive. I must come right out with what I had to say. He suffered from my gropings as to the esoteric mysteries of an oriental civilization. He was very kind. He told me just how to write to be forceful, and what to tell to be entertaining.

"I listened while he said it all, and then I listened while he said it all again; but when he had quite finished I said, 'There can be no possible objection, Mr. X, to your writing a book about Japan, but it is out of the question to expect me to sign it.'"

PAUL BOURGET

"The nicest thing about Bourget is his bearing to Madame Bourget.

"The French language discriminates many shades of marital intercourse, and he ver *tutoyers* her in public. She is very exquisite and special, a rare nature, and his man-rs properly mark it that he feels her his superior."

MADAME BOURGET

"It was a reception given for her, and as she turned from one person to another ou could hear . . . hear with the ear of the spirit . . . her little pantings as she tried o make a real adjustment to another personality, to enter into a sincere relation with it."

MRS. GROVER CLEVELAND IN THE FIRST YEARS OF HER MARRIAGE

"So-and-so brought her here and I liked her. It would have been so easy for her to e wrong in a place like this, full of many things she knew little about; but she was ust right. It was rather remarkable. I don't think it was or could have been tact. But ier simplicity was unspoiled and saw her through."

A BLUNTLY OUTSPOKEN LADY

"But in all these years I have never known her to fail to say the best there was to be said of any person or thing."

ANOTHER LADY

"She was a widow, she was nothing but a widow. She was a person of very few ideas, and it never seems to have been among them that her husband could die."

A CALAMITY—COME UPON HIMSELF

"One must have been very callous to the sufferings of others to be surprised at any misfortune."

OF HIS SON

"Grant has a very good head, a very good head. Since he was ten years old I have never heard Grant give a second-hand opinion except as such."

AN ILLNESS IN HIS YOUNG MANHOOD

"I was told I would die in a few hours. I was not in pain, and I asked for my Homer, he *Iliad*, and I would look at a few words once in a while. Yes, in the Greek. You hould learn Greek. It is never too late" (In answer to a question)—"I suppose I felt 'is was the manliest air I could draw in with those last breaths."

HENRY JAMES

"The trouble with Harry seems to be that he has learned to swim without ever going near the water."

[*And La Farge went on to speak of his own feelings when one of his children was near leath, as illustrating how values revealed themselves when one goes into the deep water.*]

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S DEPARTURE FOR THE SPANISH WAR

"I have known Theodore a long time, and this racketing off to Cuba is just like im, and rather engaging and very reprehensible. A husband and father should have outgrown such self-indulgence."

The Rajah's Diamond

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Robert Louis Stevenson

Story of the Young Man in Holy Orders

THE Reverend Mr. Simon Rolles had distinguished himself in the Moral Sciences, and was more than usually proficient in the study of Divinity. His essay "On the Christian Doctrine of the Social Obligations" obtained for him, at the moment of its production, a certain celebrity in the University of Oxford; and it was understood in clerical and learned circles that young Mr. Rolles had in contemplation a considerable work—a folio, it was said—on the authority of the Fathers of the Church. These attainments, these ambitious designs, however, were far from helping him to any preferment; and he was still in quest of his first curacy when a chance ramble in that part of London, the peaceful and rich aspect of the garden, a desire for solitude and study, and the cheapness of the lodging, led him to take up his abode with Mr. Raeburn, the nurseryman of Stockdove Lane.

It was his habit every afternoon, after he had worked seven or eight hours on St. Ambrose or St. Chrysostom, to walk for a while in meditation among the roses. And this was usually one of the most productive moments of his day. But even a sincere appetite for thought, and the excitement of grave problems awaiting solution, are not always sufficient to preserve the mind of the philosopher against the petty shocks and contacts of the world. And when Mr. Rolles found General Vandeleur's secretary, ragged and bleeding, in the company of his landlord; when he saw both change colour and seek to avoid his questions; and, above all, when the former denied his own identity with the most unmoved assurance, he speedily forgot the Saints and Fathers in the vulgar interest of curiosity.

"I cannot be mistaken," thought he. "That is Mr. Hartley beyond a doubt. How comes he in such a pickle? why does he deny his name? and what can be his business with that black-looking ruffian, my landlord?"

As he was thus reflecting, another peculiar circumstance attracted his attention. The face of Mr. Raeburn appeared at a low window next the door; and, as chance directed, his eyes met those of Mr. Rolles. The nurseryman seemed disconcerted, and even alarmed; and immediately after the blind of the apartment was pulled sharply down.

"This may all be very well," reflected Mr. Rolles; "it may be all excellently well; but I confess freely that I do not think so. Suspicious, underhand, untruthful, fearful of observation—I believe upon my soul," he thought, "the pair are plotting some disgraceful action."

The detective that there is in all of us awoke and became clamant in the bosom of Mr. Rolles; and with a brisk, eager step, that bore no resemblance to his usual gait, he proceeded to make the circuit of the garden. When he came to the scene of Harry's escalade, his eye was at once arrested by a broken rosebud and marks of trampling on the mole. He looked up, and saw scratches on the brick, and a ragged trouser floating from a broken bottle. This, then, was the mode of entrance chosen by Mr. Raeburn's particular friend! It was thus that General Vandeleur's secretary came to admire a flower-garden! The young clergyman whistled softly to himself as he stooped to examine the ground. He could make out where Harry had landed from his perilous leap; he recognized the flat foot of Mr. Raeburn where it had sunk deeply in the soil as he pulled up the Secretary by the collar; nay, on a closer inspec-

tion, he seemed to distinguish the marks of groping fingers, as though something had been spilt abroad and eagerly collected.

"Upon my word," he thought, "the thing grows vastly interesting."

And just then he caught sight of something almost entirely buried in the earth. In an instant he had disinterred a dainty morocco case, ornamented and clasped in gilt. It had been trodden heavily under foot, and thus escaped the hurried search of Mr. Raeburn. Mr. Rolles opened the case, and drew a long breath of almost horrified astonishment; for there lay before him, in a cradle of green velvet, a diamond of prodigious magnitude and of the finest water. It was of the bigness of a duck's egg; beautifully shaped, and without a flaw; and as the sun shone upon it, it gave forth a lustre like that of electricity, and seemed to burn in his hand with a thousand internal fires.

He knew little of precious stones; but the Rajah's Diamond was a wonder that explained itself; a village child, if he found it, would run screaming for the nearest cottage; and a savage would prostrate himself in adoration before so imposing a fetish. The beauty of the stone flattered the young clergyman's eyes; the thought of its incalculable value overpowered his intellect. He knew that what he held in his hand was worth more than many years' purchase of an archiepiscopal see; that it would build cathedrals more stately than Ely or Cologne; that he who possessed it was set free forever from the primal curse, and might follow his own inclinations without concern or hurry, without let or hindrance. And as he suddenly turned it, the rays leaped forth again with renewed brilliancy, and seemed to pierce his very heart.

Decisive actions are often taken in a moment and without any conscious deliverance from the rational parts of man. So it was now with Mr. Rolles. He glanced hurriedly round; beheld, like Mr. Raeburn before him, nothing but the sunlit flower-garden, the tall tree-tops, and the house with blinded windows; and in a trice he had shut the case, thrust it into his pocket, and was hastening to his study with the speed of guilt.

The Reverend Simon Rolles had stolen the Rajah's Diamond.

Early in the afternoon the police arrived with Harry Hartley. The nurseryman, who was beside himself with terror, readily discovered his hoard; and the jewels were identified and inventoried in the presence of the secretary. As for Mr. Rolles, he showed himself in a most obliging temper, communicated what he knew with freedom, and professed regret that he could do no more to help the officers in their duty.

"Still," he added, "I suppose your business is nearly at an end."

"By no means," replied the man from Scotland Yard; and he narrated the second robbery of which Harry had been the immediate victim, and gave the young clergyman a description of the more important jewels that were still not found, dilating particularly on the Rajah's Diamond.

"It must be worth a fortune," observed Mr. Rolles.

"Ten fortunes—twenty fortunes," cried the officer.

"The more it is worth," remarked Simon, shrewdly, "the more difficult it must be to sell. Such a thing has a physiognomy not to be disguised, and I should fancy a man might as easily negotiate St. Paul's Cathedral."

"Oh, truly!" said the officer; "but if the thief be a man of any intelligence, he will cut it into three or four, and there will be still enough to make him rich."

"Thank you," said the clergyman. "You cannot imagine how much your conversation interests me."

Whereupon the functionary admitted that they knew many strange things in his profession, and immediately after took his leave.

Mr. Rolles regained his apartment. It seemed smaller and barer than usual; the materials for his great work had never presented so little interest; and he looked upon his library with the eye of scorn. He took down, volume by volume, several Fathers of the Church, and glanced them through; but they contained nothing to his purpose.

"These old gentlemen," thought he, "are no doubt very valuable writers, but they seem to me conspicuously ignorant of life. Here am I, with learning enough to be a Bishop, and I positively do not know how to dispose of a stolen diamond. I glean a hint from a common policeman, and, with all my folios, I cannot so much as put it into execution. This inspires me with very low ideas of University training."

Herewith he kicked over his book-shelf and, putting on his hat, hastened from the house to the club of which he was a member. In such a place of mundane resort he hoped to find some man of good counsel and a shrewd experience in life. In the reading-

room he saw many of the country clergy and an Archdeacon; there were three journalists and a writer upon the Higher Metaphysic, playing pool; and at dinner only the raff of ordinary club frequenters showed their commonplace and obliterated countenances. None of these, thought Mr. Rolles, would know more on dangerous topics than he knew himself; none of them were fit to give him guidance in his present strait. At length, in the smoking-room, up many weary stairs, he hit upon a gentleman of somewhat portly build and dressed with conspicuous plainness. He was smoking a cigar and reading the *Fortnightly Review;* his face was singularly free from all sign of preoccupation or fatigue; and there was something in his air which seemed to invite confidence and to expect submission. The more the young clergyman scrutinized his features, the more he was convinced that he had fallen on one capable of giving pertinent advice.

"Sir," said he, "you will excuse my abruptness; but I judge you from your appearance to be pre-eminently a man of the world."

"I have indeed considerable claims to that distinction," replied the stranger, laying aside his magazine with a look of mingled amusement and surprise.

"I, sir," continued the Curate, "am a recluse, a student, a creature of ink-bottles and patristic folios. A recent event has brought my folly vividly before my eyes, and I desire to instruct myself in life. By life," he added, "I do not mean Thackeray's novels; but the crimes and secret possibilities of our society, and the principles of wise conduct among exceptional events. I am a patient reader; can the thing be learnt in books?"

"You put me in a difficulty," said the stranger. "I confess I have no great notion of the use of books, except to amuse a railway journey; although, I believe, there are some very exact treatises on astronomy, the use of the globes, agriculture, and the art of making paper flowers. Upon the less apparent provinces of life I fear you will find nothing truthful. Yet stay," he added, "have you read Gaboriau?"

Mr. Rolles admitted he had never even heard the name.

"You may gather some notions from Gaboriau," resumed the stranger. "He is at least suggestive; and as he is an author much studied by Prince Bismarck, you will, at the worst, lose your time in good society."

"Sir," said the Curate, "I am infinitely obliged by your politeness."

"You have already more than repaid me," returned the other.

"How?" inquired Simon.

"By the novelty of your request," replied the gentleman; and with a polite gesture, as though to ask permission, he resumed the study of the *Fortnightly Review.*

On his way home Mr. Rolles purchased a work on precious stones and several of Gaboriau's novels. These last he eagerly skimmed until an advanced hour in the morning; but although they introduced him to many new ideas, he could nowhere discover what to do with a stolen diamond. He was annoyed, moreover, to find the information scattered amongst romantic story-telling, instead of soberly set forth after the manner of a manual; and he concluded that, even if the writer had thought much upon these subjects, he was totally lacking in educational method. For the character and attainments of Lecoq, however, he was unable to contain his admiration.

"He was truly a great creature," ruminated Mr. Rolles. "He knew the world as I know Paley's Evidences. There was nothing that he could not carry to a termination with his own hand, and against the largest odds. Heavens!" he broke out suddenly, "is not this the lesson? Must I not learn to cut diamonds for myself?"

It seemed to him as if he had sailed at once out of his perplexities; he remembered that he knew a jeweler, one B. Macculloch, in Edinburgh, who would be glad to put him in the way of the necessary training; a few months, perhaps a few years, of sordid toil, and he would be sufficiently expert to divide and sufficiently cunning to dispose with advantage of the Rajah's Diamond. That done, he might return to pursue his researches at leisure, a wealthy and luxurious student, envied and respected by all. Golden visions attended him through his slumber, and he awoke refreshed and lighthearted with the morning sun.

Mr. Raeburn's house was on that day to be closed by the police, and this afforded a pretext for his departure. He cheerfully prepared his baggage, transported it to King's Cross, where he left it in the cloakroom, and returned to the club to while away the afternoon and dine.

"If you dine here today, Rolles," observed an acquaintance, "you may see two of the most remarkable men in England—Prince Florizel of Bohemia, and old Jack Vandeleur."

"I have heard of the Prince," replied Mr. Rolles; "and General Vandeleur I have even met in society."

"General Vandeleur is an ass!" returned the other. "This is his brother John, the biggest adventurer, the best judge of precious stones, and one of the most acute diplomatists in Europe. Have you never heard of his duel with the Duc de Val d' Orge? of his exploits and atrocities when he was Dictator of Paraguay? of his dexterity in recovering Sir Samuel Levy's jewelry? nor of his services in the Indian Mutiny—services by which the Government profited, but which the Government dared not recognize? You make me wonder what we mean by fame, or even by infamy; for Jack Vandeleur has prodigious claims to both. Run down stairs," he continued, "take a table near them, and keep your ears open. You will hear some strange talk, or I am much misled."

"But how shall I know them?" inquired the clergyman.

"Know them!" cried his friend; "why, the Prince is the finest gentleman in Europe, the only living creature who looks like a king; and as for Jack Vandeleur, if you can imagine Ulysses at seventy years of age, and with a sabre-cut across his face, you have the man before you! Know them, indeed! Why, you could pick either of them out of a Derby day!"

Rolles eagerly hurried to the dining-room. It was as his friend had asserted; it was impossible to mistake the pair in question. Old John Vandeleur was of remarkable force of body, and obviously broken to the most difficult exercises. He had neither the carriage of a swordsman, nor of sailor, nor yet of one much inured to the saddle; but something made up of all these, and the result and expression of many different habits and dexterities. His features were bold and aquiline; his expression arrogant and predatory; his whole appearance that of a swift, violent, unscrupulous man of action; and his copious white hair and the deep sabre-cut that traversed his nose and temple added a note of savagery to a head already remarkable and menacing in itself.

In his companion, the Prince of Bohemia, Mr. Rolles was astonished to recognize the gentleman who had recommended him the study of Gaboriau. Doubtless Prince Florizel, who rarely visited the club, of which, as of most others, he was an honorary member, had been waiting for John Vandeleur when Simon accosted him on the previous evening.

The other diners had modestly retired into the angles of the room, and left the distinguished pair in a certain isolation, but the young clergyman was unrestrained by any sentiment of awe, and, marching up, took his place at the nearest table.

The conversation was, indeed, new to the student's ears. The ex-Dictator of Paraguay stated many extraordinary experiences in different quarters of the world; and the Prince supplied a commentary which, to a man of thought, was even more interesting than the events themselves. Two forms of experience were thus brought together and laid before the young clergyman; and he did not know which to admire the most—the desperate actor or the skilled expert in life; the man who spoke boldly of his own deeds and perils, or the man who seemed, like a god, to know all things and to have suffered nothing. The manner of each aptly fitted with his part in the discourse. The Dictator indulged in brutalities alike of speech and gesture; his hand opened and shut and fell roughly on the table; and his voice was loud and heady. The Prince, on the other hand, seemed the very type of urbane docility and quiet; the least movement, the least inflection, had with him a weightier significance than all the shouts and pantomime of his companion; and if ever, as must frequently have been the case, he described some experience personal to himself, it was so aptly dissimulated as to pass unnoticed with the rest.

At length the talk wandered on to the late robberies and the Rajah's Diamond.

"That diamond would be better in the sea," observed Prince Florizel.

"As a Vandeleur," replied the Dictator, "your Highness may imagine my dissent."

"I speak on grounds of public policy," pursued the Prince. "Jewels so valuable should be reserved for the collection of a Prince or the treasury of a great nation. To hand them about among the common sort of men is to set a price on Virtue's head; and if the Rajah of Kashgar—a Prince, I understand, of great enlightenment—desired vengeance upon the men of Europe, he could hardly have gone more efficaciously about his purpose than by sending us this apple of discord. There is no honesty too robust for such a trial. I myself, who have many duties and privileges of my own—I myself, Mr. Vandeleur, could scarcely handle the intoxicating crystal and be safe. As for you, who are a diamond-hunter by taste and profession, I do not believe there is a crime in the calendar you

would not perpetrate—I do not believe you have a friend in the world whom you would not eagerly betray—I do not know if you have a family, but if you have I declare you would sacrifice your children—and all this for what? Not to be richer, nor to have more comforts or more respect, but simply to call this diamond yours for a year or two until you die, and now and again to open a safe and look at it as one looks at a picture."

"It is true," replied Vandeleur. "I have hunted most things, from men and women down to mosquitoes; I have dived for coral; I have followed both whales and tigers; and a diamond is the tallest quarry of the lot. It has beauty and worth; it alone can properly reward the ardours of the chase. At this moment, as your Highness may fancy, I am upon the trail; I have a sure knack, a wide experience; I know every stone of price in my brother's collection as a shepherd knows his sheep; and I wish I may die if I do not recover them every one!"

"Sir Thomas Vandeleur will have great cause to thank you," said the Prince.

"I am not so sure," returned the Dictator, with a laugh. "One of the Vandeleurs will. Thomas or John—Peter or Paul—we are all apostles."

"I did not catch your observation," said the Prince with some disgust.

And at the same moment the waiter informed Mr. Vandeleur that his cab was at the door.

Mr. Rolles glanced at the clock, and saw that he also must be moving; and the coincidence struck him sharply and unpleasantly, for he desired to see no more of the diamond hunter.

Much study having somewhat shaken the young man's nerves, he was in the habit of traveling in the most luxurious manner; and for the present journey he had taken a sofa in the sleeping carriage.

"You will be very comfortable," said the guard; "there is no one in your compartment, and only one old gentleman in the other end."

It was close upon the hour, and the tickets were being examined, when Mr. Rolles beheld this other fellow-passenger ushered by several porters into his place; certainly, there was not another man in the world whom he would not have preferred—for it was old John Vandeleur, the ex-Dictator.

The sleeping carriages on the Great Northern line were divided into three compartments—one at each end for travelers, and one in the center fitted with the conveniences of a lavatory. A door running in grooves separated each of the others from the lavatory; but as there were neither bolts nor locks, the whole suite was practically common ground.

When Mr. Rolles had studied his position, he perceived himself without defence. If the Dictator chose to pay him a visit in the course of the night, he could do no less than receive it; he had no means of fortification, and lay open to attack as if he had been lying in the fields. This situation caused him some agony of mind. He recalled with alarm the boastful statements of his fellow-traveler across the dining-table, and the professions of immorality which he had heard him offering to the disgusted Prince. Some persons, he remembered to have read, are endowed with a singular quickness of perception for the neighbourhood of precious metals; through walls and even at considerable distances they are said to divine the presence of gold. Might it not be the same with diamonds? he wondered: and if so, who was more likely to enjoy this transcendental sense than the person who gloried in the appellation of the Diamond Hunter? From such a man he recognized that he had everything to fear, and longed eagerly for the arrival of the day.

In the meantime he neglected no precaution, concealed his diamond in the most internal pocket of a system of great coats, and devoutly recommended himself to the care of Providence.

The train pursued its usual even and rapid course; and nearly half the journey had been accomplished before slumber began to triumph over uneasiness in the breast of Mr. Rolles. For some time he resisted its influence; but it grew upon him more and more, and a little before York he was fain to stretch himself upon one of the couches and suffer his eyes to close; and almost at the same instant consciousness deserted the young clergyman. His last thought was of his terrifying neighbour.

When he awoke it was still pitch dark, except for the flicker of the veiled lamp; and the continual roaring and oscillation testified to the unrelaxed velocity of the train. He sat upright in a panic, for he had been tormented by the most uneasy dreams; it was some seconds before he recovered his self-command; and even after he had resumed a recumbent attitude sleep continued to flee him, and he lay awake with his brain in a state of violent agitation, and his eyes fixed upon the lavatory door.

He pulled his clerical felt hat over his brow still farther to shield him from the light; and he adopted the usual expedients, such as counting a thousand or banishing thought, by which experienced invalids are accustomed to woo the approach of sleep. In the case of Mr. Rolles they proved one and all vain; he was harassed by a dozen different anxieties—the old man in the other end of the carriage haunted him in the most alarming shapes; and in whatever attitude he chose to lie the diamond in his pocket occasioned him a sensible physical distress. It burned, it was too large, it bruised his ribs; and there were infinitesimal fractions of a second in which he had half a mind to throw it from the window.

While he was thus lying, a strange incident took place.

The sliding-door into the lavatory stirred a little, and then a little more, and was finally drawn back for the space of about twenty inches. The lamp in the lavatory was unshaded, and in the lighted aperture thus disclosed, Mr. Rolles could see the head of Mr. Vandeleur in an attitude of deep attention. He was conscious that the gaze of the Dictator rested intently on his own face; and the instinct of self-preservation moved him to hold his breath, to refrain from the least movement, and keeping his eyes lowered, to watch his visitor from underneath the lashes. After about a moment, the head was withdrawn and the door of the lavatory replaced.

The Dictator had not come to attack, but to observe; his action was not that of a man threatening another, but that of a man who was himself threatened; if Mr. Rolles was afraid of him, it appeared that he, in his turn, was not quite easy on the score of Mr. Rolles. He had come, it would seem, to make sure that his only fellow-traveler was asleep; and, when satisfied on that point, he had at once withdrawn.

The clergyman leaped to his feet. The extreme of terror had given place to a reaction of foolhardy daring. He reflected that the rattle of the flying train concealed all other sounds, and determined, come what might, to return the visit he had just received. Divesting himself of his cloak, which might have interfered with the freedom of his action, he entered the lavatory and paused to listen. As he had expected, there was nothing to be heard above the roar of the train's progress; and laying his hand on the door at the farther side, he proceeded cautiously to draw it back for about six inches. Then he stopped, and could not contain an ejaculation of surprise.

John Vandeleur wore a fur traveling cap with lappets to protect his ears; and this may have combined with the sound of the express to keep him in ignorance of what was going forward. It is certain, at least, that he did not raise his head, but continued without interruption to pursue his strange employment. Between his feet stood an open hat-box; in one hand he held the sleeve of his sealskin great-coat; in the other a formidable knife, with which he had just slit up the lining of the sleeve. Mr. Rolles had read of persons carrying money in a belt; and as he had no acquaintance with any but cricket-belts, he had never been able rightly to conceive how this was managed. But here was a stranger thing before his eyes; for John Vandeleur, it appeared, carried diamonds in the lining of his sleeve; and even as the young clergyman gazed, he could see one glittering brilliant drop after another into the hat-box.

He stood riveted to the spot, following this unusual business with his eyes. The diamonds were, for the most part, small, and not easily distinguishable either in shape or fire. Suddenly the Dictator appeared to find a difficulty; he employed both hands and stooped over his task; but it was not until after considerable manœuvring that he extricated a large tiara of diamonds from the lining, and held it up for some seconds' examination before he placed it with the others in the hat-box. The tiara was a ray of light to Mr. Rolles; he immediately recognized it for a part of the treasure stolen from Harry Hartley by the loiterer. There was no room for mistake; it was exactly as the detective had described it; there were the ruby stars, with a great emerald in the center; there were the interlacing crescents; and there were the pear-shaped pendants, each a single stone, which gave a special value to Lady Vandeleur's tiara.

Mr. Rolles was hugely relieved. The Dictator was as deeply in the affair as he was; neither could tell tales upon the other. In the first glow of happiness, the clergyman suffered a deep sigh to escape him; and as his bosom had become choked and his throat dry during his previous suspense, the sigh was followed by a cough.

Mr. Vandeleur looked up; his face contracted with the blackest and most deadly passion; his eyes opened widely, and his under jaw dropped in an astonishment that was upon the brink of fury. By an in-

stinctive movement he had covered the hat-box with the coat. For half a minute the two men stared upon each other in silence. It was not a long interval, but it sufficed for Mr. Rolles; he was one of those who think swiftly on dangerous occasions; he decided on a course of action of a singularly daring nature; and although he felt he was setting his life upon the hazard, he was the first to break silence.

"I beg your pardon," said he.

The Dictator shivered slightly, and when he spoke his voice was hoarse.

"What do you want here?" he asked.

"I take a particular interest in diamonds," replied Mr. Rolles, with an air of perfect self-possession. "Two connoisseurs should be acquainted. I have here a trifle of my own which may perhaps serve for an introduction."

And so saying, he quietly took the case from his pocket, showed the Rajah's Diamond to the Dictator for an instant, and replaced it in security.

"It was once your brother's," he added.

John Vandeleur continued to regard him with a look of almost painful amazement; but he neither spoke nor moved.

"I was pleased to observe," resumed the young man, "that we have gems from the same collection."

The Dictator's surprise overpowered him.

"I beg your pardon," he said; "I begin to perceive that I am growing old! I am positively not prepared for little incidents like this. But set my mind at rest upon one point: do my eyes deceive me, or are you indeed a parson?"

"I am in holy orders," answered Mr. Rolles.

"Well," cried the other, "as long as I live I will never hear another word against the cloth!"

"You flatter me," said Mr. Rolles.

"Pardon me," replied Vandeleur; "pardon me, young man. You are no coward, but it still remains to be seen whether you are not the worst of fools. Perhaps," he continued, leaning back upon his seat, "perhaps you would oblige me with a few particulars. I must suppose you had some object in the stupefying impudence of your proceedings, and I confess I have a curiosity to know it."

"It is very simple," replied the clergyman; "it proceeds from my great inexperience of life."

"I shall be glad to be persuaded," answered Vandeleur.

Whereupon Mr. Rolles told him the whole story of his connection with the Rajah's Diamond, from the time he found it in Raeburn's garden to the time when he left London in the Flying Scotchman. He added a brief sketch of his feelings and thoughts during the journey, and concluded in these words:

"When I recognized the tiara I knew we were in the same attitude toward Society, and this inspired me with a hope, which I trust you will say was not ill-founded, that you might become in some sense my partner in the difficulties and, of course, the profits of my situation. To one of your special knowledge and obviously great experience the negotiation of the diamond would give but little trouble, while to me it was a matter of impossibility. On the other part, I judged that I might lose nearly as much by cutting the diamond, and that not improbably with an unskilful hand, as might enable me to pay you with proper generosity for your assistance. The subject was a delicate one to broach; and perhaps I fell short in delicacy. But I must ask you to remember that for me the situation was a new one, and I was entirely unacquainted with the etiquette in use. I believe without vanity that I could have married or baptized you in a very acceptable manner; but every man has his own aptitudes, and this sort of bargain was not among the list of my accomplishments."

"I do not wish to flatter you," replied Vandeleur; "but upon my word, you have an unusual disposition for a life of crime. You have more accomplishments than you imagine; and though I have encountered a number of rogues in different quarters of the world, I never met with one so unblushing as yourself. Cheer up, Mr. Rolles, you are in the right profession at last! As for helping you, you may command me as you will. I have only a day's business in Edinburgh on a little matter for my brother; and once that is concluded, I return to Paris, where I usually reside. If you please, you may accompany me thither. And before the end of a month I believe I shall have brought your little business to a satisfactory conclusion."

(*At this point, contrary to all the canons of his art, our Arabian Author breaks off the* STORY OF THE YOUNG MAN IN HOLY ORDERS. *I regret and condemn such practices; but I must follow my original, and refer the reader for the conclusion of Mr. Rolles's adventures to the next number of the cycle,* THE STORY OF THE HOUSE WITH THE GREEN BLINDS.)

Extra Dry

By OWEN WISTER

Owen Wister

MILE-HIGH in space circled a dark speck, a Mexican eagle, alone in the empty sky. He was looking down upon four hundred square miles of Arizona sand, called Repose Valley. He saw clots of cactus, thickets of mesquite, stunt oak bush, and white skeletons of cattle, but not a thing to eat. He also saw Aaron Tace, the shell-game man, in a Mexican hat. He saw also a man who, drifting lately to Tucson, had said his name was Belleville; but somebody in Tucson had pronounced this "Bellyful"; it was then vain to insist upon any other pronunciation.

Up in the sky sailed the eagle; along the desert road Aaron Tace was slowly riding; and on the ground lay Bellyful, near where the road forked to the mines. Aaron was going to Push Root. In that town a *fiesta* was being held; horses raced, liquors drunk, ladies courted, cards dealt, silver and gold lost by many and won by few, all to music. Bellyful was bound presently for Push Root, too. Now he lay off the road under some mesquite, thinking, while Aaron approached. Made of thorns, slender rods, and gauze foliage, Bellyful's bushes cast little more shade than mosquito nets, but they cast all the shade there was. He was resting his starved, weak horse, whose legs must somehow walk the five more miles to Push Root. He, himself, with scant breakfast inside, had led the horse to the thin shade. The poor beast stood over him now and then Bellyful reached up and stroked its nose. At sunrise the softened mountains had glowed like jewels, or ripe nectarines, or wine; cooling shadows had flowed from them upon the valley. Later morning had changed these peaks to gray, hot teeth, and the sand to a gray, hot floor. The horse rested, Aaron Tace was half a mile nearer, the eagle sailed, and Bellyful lay thinking of his luck.

He had known none in fifteen months. Misfortune bulged from the seams of his shirt and trousers and boots. Of his gold watch, his two pins, his ring, his sundry small possessions, only his gun remained: he could not pawn the seat of life. He had been earning and spending easily, when the first illness that he had ever known put him to bed, and almost in his grave. Coming back to strength, he found hard times. No one, no railroad, ranch, restaurant, saloon, stage company—nothing—had employment for him. He had sought it from San Marcial, over in New Mexico, westward to Yuma, hundred of miles. He had parted early with his real name. On a freight train at Bowie the conductor found him stealing a ride, and kicked him off, calling him a hobo. The epithet hurt worse than the kick. In fact, hiding on the brake-beam under another car (for in spite of the conductor he carried out his plan of riding free to Willcox) he shed tears, the bitter tears of pride departing; he *was* a hobo. By the time he reached Willcox, Belleville was his name. No tramp should be called what his mother had named him.

Such his life had been; dust, thirst, hunger, repulse—and onward to more. Existence shook her head at him with a changeless "No." Latterly, in Tucson, a pretty woman had shown him kindness which she should not, since he was not her husband and she had one. She fell in love with the April bloom of his years and with his hard luck—and this was the single instance of human interest in him which had touched his life in fifteen months. It lay light upon his roving conscience, was nothing but joy and pride to him; but his code forbade continued acceptance of her money that there seemed no chance to repay. Quitting Tucson, he took from her, as a final loan, enough to buy a wretched horse, with a trifle over. If none in Push Root would employ him, the mines were left; if these should fail, then he would have

knocked at the door of every trade in Arizona, except robbery, which was undoubtedly the territory's chief industry.

Bellyful slid down a hand to his pocket's bottom. One by one he fingered seven coins therein, his whole fortune, in fractional currency—it summed up to a dollar and four bits. He drew out the coins and attentively read their dates. These he already knew. He was not thinking of the coins, but of the Universe, and how successfully it resisted explanation. A voice stopped him; Aaron Tace was nearly opposite his clump of mesquite. The shell-game man was talking to himself.

"Remember, gentlemen, the hand is quicker than the eye." This he said over and over, while his hands were ceaselessly moving. Bellyful rose with astonishment, and stared. Aaron Tace could easily have seen him, but was too busy. He was making quick turns and passes, and talking the while.

"Remember, gentlemen, the hand is quicker than the eye." Nothing but that, while his hands paused, shuffled, and paused again.

"Remember, gentlemen—" It was like a player polishing his lines. Aaron rehearsed all the tones that express complete candour and friendly warning, with a touch of "dare you to try it!" thrown in. The reins hung on the horse's neck. Fitted to the saddle-horn (a very neat piece of work) was a smooth, wooden tray, and upon this three walnut shells in a line. These Aaron Tace would shift from right to left and back, or half back, exchanging their positions, sliding them among each other, lifting them up and setting them down—a pretty thing to see. Only one slip he made, due to a stumble of his horse. The little pebble, or pea, which the shifted shells concealed by turns to allure the bets of onlookers, rolled to the ground. Aaron sprang off limberly, found it, and was on again, busily rehearsing while his horse walked onward. He had now passed by, and a rock hid him from view; but for a long time still Bellyful could hear the rising and falling cadence of his "Remember, gentlemen, the hand is quicker than the eye," even after the syllables ceased to be distinguishable. Thus Aaron proceeded toward the Push Root *fiesta*, happy and busy, until his distant cadences died away.

"Well, I'll be damned," said Bellyful.

For perhaps an hour he lay, looking upward through the filmy mesquite, himself a piece of the vast silence. But this new light on the shell game helped little to render the Universe more susceptible of explanation. By and by he took his slow way along the road, and nothing living was left at the Forks. Far in the huge, blue, hot sky the eagle sailed, hunting his prey.

. . . . . .

Bellyful found the town of Push Root full of good nature. Indeed, there was more good nature than town; it spilled over the edges in strains of music, strains of language, and gentlemen overcome in the brush. But it was beyond the livery stable's good nature to trust any such looking owner of any such looking horse; Bellyful paid in advance. He inquired for employment at the stage office, the hardware store, the other store, the Palace Hotel, the other hotel, the Can-Can Restaurant, the Fashion Saloon, the four other saloons, and the three private houses. These were locked because their owners were out, practising good nature. That finished it; there was no employment here. The horse could never make the mines without two meals and a night's rest—paid for already. No duty now hindered Bellyful from being good-natured himself. He still had three coins of slight importance to do it with, and his absent-minded fingers rubbed them over in his pocket.

Push Root teemed with strangers from ranch and mine, wandering joyously between drinks in search of new games. Through the many sounds Aaron's voice held its own, and, reaching Bellyful, waked his brooding mind, which had long forgotten Aaron. Some games he knew about, but this one had hitherto not been closely studied by him. Was the eye always slower than the hand? Practice makes perfect, but—? With this dawn of scientific doubt Bellyful stood looking at the cluster of patrons which screened Aaron where he shuffled his three walnut shells and chanted his "Remember, gentlemen." A disordered-looking patron now emerged from the group, perceived Bellyful, lurched toward him, leaned against him confidingly, and remarked with tears:

"Say, are you married? I am. Some people are fools all the time. I am. All people are fools some of the time. I am. And when I get home I'll get hell." He untied an old horse and rode desolately out of town.

Through the air, like a call, came Aaron's jaunty voice. Bellyful joined the patrons at once. Aaron shot over him a traveled, measuring eye, of which the not untraveled

Bellyful took prompt note. He stood in the front row, staring with as simple an expression as he could command, slowly fumbling the poor little coins in his pocket. Soon the man next him won three dollars on a dime. Bellyful came near whistling, but repressed it in order to maintain his simple expression. Thirty to one! This game paid thirty to one! And the dawn of scientific doubt grew lighter.

"Try yourn." This suggestion somebody made to a youth of prosperous appearance, with an English neatness, and a cap and waistcoat of the horse-stable variety.

"Thanks, no, ye know. Seen it with thimbles at home, ye know."

None present was aware that this accent had been heard in no part of the British Isles at any time. Yet, after a look at him, Bellyful's scientific doubt dawned a trifle clearer.

"Win three dollars?" cried an astonished freighter.

"Remember, gentlemen, the hand is quicker than the eye," said Aaron, instantly.

He shuffled his shells. The freighter's hairy fist made a "jeans dive." This well-known reach for money in the "pants" is composed of two gestures: the hand shoots down into the pocket, while the head tilts skyward. It is common where hay grows, and often foretells that the owner and his money will soon be parted. Bellyful now forgot all about his empty stomach. The freighter touched a shell, put down five cents, and won a dollar and a half.

"Megod!" exclaimed British Isles. He risked a quarter, and lost.

"Aw, now!" he lamented. "Good-by, all."

They rallied him, chaffed him, told him to come back and be a man; so, not to shame old England in a foreign country (as he explained), he doubled his quarter, and lost again.

"Remember, gentlemen," chanted Aaron, "the hand is quicker than the eye."

He shuffled the shells straight at the freighter, as if he were making love to him. The freighter's eyes bulged; he dredged from his pocket a sort of bun of bills, greasy old rags pressed to a lump, gazed at them, touched them, smoothed them, and at last, amid general laughter, shoved them lingeringly back into his jeans. But his eyes seemed unrestful, and he mopped his brow.

"She's there!" bet British Isles, touching a shell.

"Take you," said Aaron.

British Isles put a dollar down. The pea was under the shell. Everybody saw the thirty dollars paid to British Isles. Aaron shuffled his shells anew.

"She's there!" thundered the freighter. His hand shot down, his head tilted up, and out came the bun again. A neighbour moved a gentle elbow against the freighter's ribs, and silently indicated another shell. In his excitement Bellyful now nearly forgot to keep looking innocent. The dawn of scientific doubt showed signs of sunrise; if this freighter should *lose*, all would be known to Bellyful but one last detail. If the freighter should *win*—why, then, a splendid theory went up in smoke.

The neighbour pushed a little harder with his elbow. This time the freighter felt it. He backed away from the neighbour with glaring indignation.

"Ho, no, young man!" he exclaimed loudly. "Keep your tips for greenhorns that ain't on to this game." He flayed twenty dollars off his bun. "She's under there," he declared, tapping his own shell again.

"Take you," said Aaron. He lifted the shell. No pea was there!

"Aw!" commented British Isles sympathetically. "Come again, sir. You'll be apt to swat him next time."

But the unhappy freighter stood still in an ox-like bewilderment, turning large, rueful eyes now upon the shuffling shells and now upon the neighbour, whose lip curled with a cold, wise smile.

Scientific doubt was rosy everywhere; full knowledge might break at any minute. Bellyful knew now that the freighter was too innocent to be true, that he was in it with Aaron, in it with British Isles, that the three of them had a united eye upon some fat quarry, and were playing a game to bag him. Who was it? Bellyful looked at every man.

"Are you on yet?" whispered the neighbour, edging up. While the bets and shuffling went on, he whispered wisdom behind his hand to Bellyful. Aaron won steadily in a small way till a lull in business came; this he cured by losing sixty well-timed dollars to British Isles. Small business picked up at once. Some people are fools all the time, all people are fools some of the time—but when was the fat quarry coming? Every little while the neighbour dropped more expert wisdom into Bellyful's ear. "A bad thing," he whispered, "ever to take your eye off the shells. While that hayseed freighter was looking at the sky,

just now, the shells had been changed round. Hard to prove it, too, even if you thought you saw it. Best way of all is keep your hand on the shell you bet on. Don't let him move it and talk, for even if the pea was under it he could get it away. He'd never let you win if he didn't want you to. Keep your hand on your shell."

"H'm," answered Bellyful.

"Here's the real trick," continued the expert neighbour. "He shuffles till he sees by your eye you've spotted a shell. Maybe he leads you on to spot a shell by playing awkward. And he claps down the shell."

"H'm," responded Bellyful again.

"No. I hadn't finished," explained the expert. "Of course the pea is not under that shell. Where is it? Nestling in his little right finger. Some of 'em is both-handed and can work two peas. So, when you bet, no pea is under any shell. You're bound to lose, see? And see how he holds his shells with them two end fingers crooked in and how he stoops over 'em close to the edge of the table now and then."

"H'm," unchangeably remarked Bellyful.

"Yes, but you ain't watching," complained the expert. "When he scrapes a shell close to the edge, that's when the pea's liable to tumble into his little finger. I'm going after him in a minute."

A flash came into Bellyful's eyes. He turned his head for one look at the expert. It satisfied him.

"I guess you're catching on now," said the expert. "There! The pea's in his finger. Watch me."

Bellyful watched.

The expert had gold pieces, plenty of them, all sizes. He put down five dollars. "I'll pick up," he said, "the two shells the pea's not under."

"Take you," said Aaron.

The expert quickly picked up two shells. But the pea was under one of them.

"You win," said Aaron instantly, and instantly caught up all three shells and shuffled them. One hundred and fifty dollars to the expert, though he had really lost! "See what that means?" he whispered to Bellyful. "He paid me not to expose him."

"H'm," replied Bellyful.

"Watch me again," urged the expert.

Indeed, Bellyful did. Scientific doubt was over; the full sun had risen.

Once more the shuffled shells came to rest, enticing bets, when violent voices arose off to the left. Aaron quite—oh, quite!—forgot, and looked away to see what the noise was. The freighter quickly lifted a shell. The pea was there. He clapped the shell down.

"Put your hand on that, young man," he commanded. "She's there," he shouted to Aaron, whose eye had now come back. The disturbance had been some brief trouble between British Isles and a man near him; it was quieted. The freighter bet the rest of his money—that large bun. The expert, with his hand on the shell, bet all his gold—it made several stacks.

"Take you," said Aaron.

The pea wasn't beneath the shell!

"Too bad, gentlemen," said Aaron, gathering promptly all the money and the shells, and shoving everything into his pockets. "Well, I told you the hand was quicker than the eye. Good-by! Better luck next time!" He nodded kindly, and was gone.

The game was done, the patrons dispersed. British Isles and the freighter no longer to be seen, everybody melted away among the wagons, the horses, the people, the sounds, the shows, the music of the general *fiesta*. On the deserted spot stood the expert and Bellyful, looking at each other.

"What are you trembling about?" demanded the expert, sharply.

"I don't know," said Bellyful. He didn't know.

"Five hundred and thirty-five dollars," muttered the expert, hoarsely. "That freighter got the pea out when he scraped that shell down."

"They were, all three, laying for you from the start," said Bellyful. He couldn't stop trembling. Perhaps it was want of food.

"Five hundred and thirty-five dollars," wailed the expert.

After that, he, too, melted away.

. . . . . .

Five miles out of Push Root, where the road forks to the mines, nothing had changed, except the name of the day. Repose Valley had not aged in twenty-four hours; it may be doubted if Repose Valley could have looked older in twenty-four million hours. Its sand was hot and gray, its mountains were hot and gray, its sunlight glared like a curse. No breeze, no water, no shade; gauze mesquite, stiff cactus, white cattle bones—four hundred square miles of this, quite as usual. It might just as well have been yesterday, but for its name. All the days of the week here might have sat for each other's photographs. Only the Creator could have told them apart. Up in the blue air sailed the eagle. Evidently he must find meals in

Repose Valley, else he wouldn't be here, sailing and watching. He saw the same horse and the same Bellyful resting beneath the same mesquite. He saw also, away off, the same Aaron riding slowly along the road toward the Forks—only, this morning, Aaron was coming from Push Root instead of going to it. This proved it wasn't yesterday. Aaron had out his practice-table, and his hands were industrious.

Again Bellyful lay thinking. His horse was better for the hay and corn and eighteen hours of rest; but the mines were further than Push Root, and he must get there, there was nowhere else left to get—except *out!* As he lay under the mesquite, Bellyful made one gesture—he shook his fist at the sky. They might put him out, but he wouldn't get out.

It might be said that the only difference between the Bellyful of yesterday and him of to-day was the difference of one dollar and four bits. He had nothing now in his pocket; those last coins had paid for what food they could buy him. But there was another difference. It had been wrought during the night hours, wrought while he lay in the stable, unable to sleep, possibly wrought also, even in the sleep he at length fell into just before daylight; for, while he slept, his heart went on beating, of course, and what was his soul doing?

After his single gesture he lay under the mesquite motionless, gazing up through the filmy branches, quiet as a stone, deep sunk in the heart of Repose Valley silence. Stretched so, still beneath the same mesquite, he looked as if he had been there since yesterday, as if in all the to-morrows he might be there, keeping the cattle bones company. But the whole boy—every inch of flesh and spirit—was alive, very much alive, not at all in a moderate, everyday fashion; in fact, Bellyful was a powder magazine, needing nothing but a match. Existence had shaken her head at him once too often.

He didn't suspect his own state until the match was applied. Aaron's approaching voice reached him. Even the eagle, a mile up in the air, stopped hunting to witness the sudden proceedings. Bellyful leaped to his feet, looked at the rock which blocked him and his horse from Aaron's view, moved the passive beast a few paces back, looked at the rock again, was satisfied, ran like wild game behind the rock, and waited. His pistol was always in excellent order, a clean-polished, incongruous gleam to flash forth from such a rusty scarecrow.

The talking Aaron came along, happy and busy. His head bent over his shuffled shells; the rise and fall of his cadences grew clearer, the sounds began to take to themselves syllables; first "hand" and "eye" came out distinct, then the links between filled in, and the whole sentence rang perfect through the unstirred air.

"Remember, gentlemen, the hand is quicker than the eye."

Such rehearsals as this must have helped many a monotonous journey to pass pleasantly for Aaron—not to speak of placing him in the foremost ranks of Art.

"Remember, gentlemen, the hand is quicker than the eye."

"Not this morning."

The shells smashed in Aaron's horrified grasp. The little pea rolled to the ground.

"Going to the mines?" pursued Bellyful. All his words were sweet and dreadful.

Then Aaron saw behind the pistol who it was.

"That kid a road-agent!" he thought. "Why didn't I spot him yesterday?" And he blamed his own blindness, miserably and quite unjustly, because how could he know that Bellyful had only become a road-agent in the last ten minutes?

"Strip," said Bellyful.

Aaron was slow about it.

A flash, a smoke, and a hole through Aaron's Mexican hat cleared every doubt.

"You're mature, I see," remarked Aaron, and offered his unbuckled pistol.

"The other one now," commanded Bellyful. This was a guess but a correct one. "Leave 'em both drop down."

Both dropped down.

"Go on strippin'."

The money followed, a good deal of it, and Aaron made a gesture of emptiness.

"That all?"

"Yes, indeed, young man."

"Then I want the rest of it."

"You've got the rest. You've got the whole. The game ain't what it used to be, and I have partners; they——"

"I'll partner you. Get down. Get down quick."

Evidently a compromise was the very most a poor shell-game man in this hapless crisis could hope for. Aaron got down and addressed the road-agent.

"See here, beau," he began, "you and me oughtn't to be hostile. In our trade we can't afford it. You and me's brothers."

"Don't you call me brother. I don't lie. I say 'hand it over' and folks ain't deceived. I'm an outlaw and, maybe, my life is forfeit.

But you pretend you're an honest man and that your dirty game is square. Throw it all down, or I'll tear it out of you."

Aaron threw it all down. Then he was allowed to go his ways, seeking more fools to cheat.

Up in the air the eagle sailed. He was still looking down upon clots of cactus, thickets of mesquite, and skeletons of cattle. He also saw a horseman going slowly one way, and a horseman going slowly the other. In time many miles lay between them, and the forks of the road were as silent and empty of motion as the rest of Repose Valley.

. . . . . .

To me listening, Scipio Le Moyne narrated the foregoing anecdote while he lay in hospital, badly crumpled up by a bad horse. Upon the day following I brought him my written version.

"Yes," he said musingly, when I had finished reading it to him, "that—happened—eight—years—ago. You've told it about correct—as to facts."

"What's wrong, then?"

"Oh—I ain't competent to pass on your language. The facts are correct. What are you lookin' at me about?"

"Well—the ending."

"Ending?"

"Well—I don't like the way Bellyful just went off and prospered and——"

"But he did."

"And never felt sorry or——"

"But he didn't."

"Well——"

"D'you claim he'd oughtn't? Think of him! Will y'u please to think of him after that shell game? He begging honest work and denied all over, everywhere, till his hat and his clothes and his boots were in holes, and his body was pretty near in holes—think of him, just a kind of hollo' vessel of hunger lying in that stable while the shell-game cheat goes off with his pockets full of gold." Scipio spoke with heat.

"Yes, I know. But, if Bellyful afterward could only feel sorry and try——"

"Are you figuring to fix that up?"—[illegible] was still hotter—"because I forbid you monkey with the truth. Because I [illegible] was sorry."

"*What?*"

"I was Bellyful," said Scipio, becoming quiet. "Yes, that was eight years ago." He mused still more, his eyes grew wistful. "I was nineteen then. God, what good times I have had!"

Red—By EUGENE FIELD

ANY colour, so long as it's red,
  Is the colour that suits me best,
Though I will allow there is much to be said
  For yellow and green and the rest;
But the feeble tints which some affect
  In the things they make or buy
Have never—I say it with all respect—
  Appealed to my critical eye.

There's that in red that warmeth the blood,
  And quickeneth a man within,
And bringeth to speedy and perfect bud
  The germs of original sin;
So, though I'm properly born and bred,
  I'll own, with a certain zest,
That any colour, so long as it's red,
  Is the colour that suits me best.

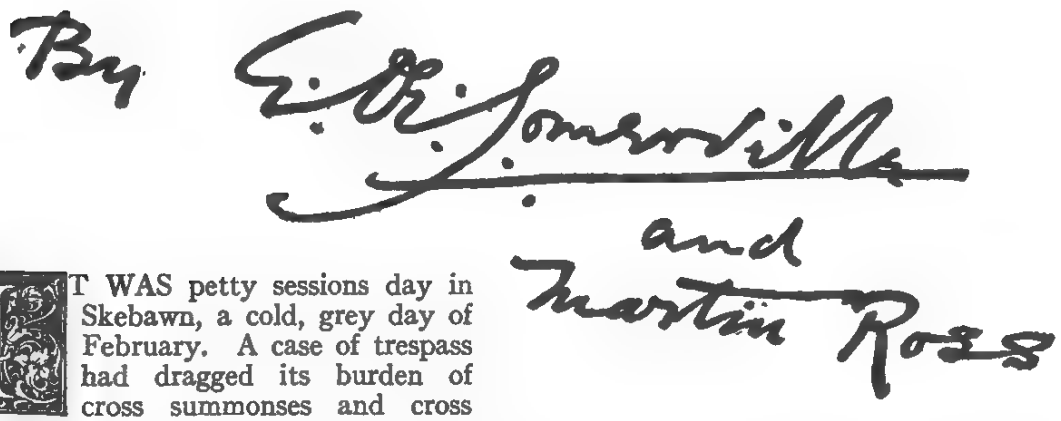
For where is the colour that can compare
  With the blush of a buxom lass;
Or where such warmth as of the hair
  Of the genuine white horse class?
And, lo! reflected within this cup
  Of cheery Bordeaux I see
What inspiration girdeth me up,—
  Yes, red is the colour for me!

Through acres and acres of art I've strayed
  In Italy, Germany, France;
On many a picture a master has made
  I've squandered a passing glance:
Marines I hate, madonnas and
  Those Dutch freaks I detest;
But the peerless daubs of my native land,—
  They're red, and I like them best.

'Tis little I care how folk deride,—
  I'm backed by the West at least;
And we're free to say that we can't abide
  The tastes that obtain down East;
And we're mighty proud to have it said
  That here in the versatile West
Most any colour, so long as it's red,
  Is the colour that suits us best.

Trinket's Colt

By E. Œ. SOMERVILLE and MARTIN ROSS



IT WAS petty sessions day in Skebawn, a cold, grey day of February. A case of trespass had dragged its burden of cross summonses and cross swearing far into the afternoon, and when I left the bench my head was singing from the bellowings of the attorneys, and the smell of their clients was heavy upon my palate.

The streets still testified to the fact that it was market day, and I evaded with difficulty the sinuous course of carts full of oddenly screwed people, and steered an equally devious one for myself among the groups anchored round the doors of the public-houses. Skebawn possesses, among its legion of public-houses, one establishment which timorously, and almost imperceptibly, proffers tea to the thirsty. I turned in there, as was my custom on court days, and found the little dingy den, known as the Ladies' Coffee-Room, in the occupancy of my friend Mr. Florence McCarthy Knox, who was drinking strong tea and eating buns with serious simplicity. It was a first and quite unexpected glimpse of that domesticity that has now become a marked feature in his character.

"You're the very man I wanted to see," I said as I sat down beside him at the oil-cloth-covered table; "a man I know in England who is not much of a judge of character has asked me to buy him a four-year-old down here, and as I should rather be stuck by a friend than a dealer, I wish you'd take over the job."

Flurry poured himself out another cup of tea, and dropped three lumps of sugar into it in silence.

Finally he said, "There isn't a four-year-old in this country that I'd be seen dead with at a pig fair."

This was discouraging, from the premier authority on horse-flesh in the district.

"But it isn't six weeks since you told me you had the finest filly in your stables that was ever foaled in the County Cork," I protested; "what's wrong with her?"

"Oh, is it that filly?" said Mr. Knox with a lenient smile; "she's gone these three weeks from me. I swapped her and £6 for a three-year-old Ironmonger colt, and after that I swapped the colt and £19 for that Bandon horse I rode last week at your place, and after that again I sold the Bandon horse for £75 to old Welply, and I had to give him back a couple of sovereigns luck-money. You see I did pretty well with the filly after all."

"Yes, yes—oh, rather," I assented, as one dizzily accepts the propositions of a bimetallist; "and you don't know of anything else——?"

The room in which we were seated was closely screened from the shop by a door with a muslin-curtained window in it; several of the panes were broken, and at this juncture two voices that had for some time carried on a discussion forced themselves upon our attention.

"Begging your pardon for contradicting you, ma'am," said the voice of Mrs. McDonald, proprietress of the tea-shop, and a leading light in Skebawn Dissenting circles, shrilly tremulous with indignation, "if the servants I recommend you won't

stop with you, it's no fault of mine. If respectable young girls are set picking grass out of your gravel, in place of their proper work, certainly they will give warning!"

The voice that replied struck me as being a notable one, well-bred and imperious.

"When I take a barefooted slut out of a cabin, I don't expect her to dictate to me what her duties are!"

Flurry jerked up his chin in a noiseless laugh. "It's my grandmother!" he whispered. "I bet you Mrs. McDonald don't get much change out of her!"

"If I set her to clean the pig-sty, I expect her to obey me," continued the voice in accents that would have made me clean forty pig-sties had she desired me to do so.

"Very well, ma'am," retorted Mrs. McDonald, "if that's the way you treat your servants, you needn't come here again looking for them. I consider your conduct is neither that of a lady nor a Christian!"

"Don't you, indeed?" replied Flurry's grandmother. "Well, your opinion doesn't greatly distress me, for, to tell you the truth, I don't think you're much of a judge."

"Didn't I tell you she'd score?" murmured Flurry, who was by this time applying his eye to a hole in the muslin curtain. "She's off," he went on, returning to his tea. "She's a great character! She's eighty-three if she's a day, and she's as sound on her legs as a three-year-old! Did you see that old shandrydan of hers in the street a while ago, and a fellow on the box with a red beard on him like Robinson Crusoe? That old mare that was on the near side—Trinket her name is—is mighty near clean bred. I can tell you her foals are worth a bit of money."

I had heard of old Mrs. Knox of Aussolas; indeed, I had seldom dined out in the neighbourhood without hearing some new story of her and her remarkable ménage, but it had not yet been my privilege to meet her.

"Well, now," went on Flurry in his slow voice, "I'll tell you a thing that's just come into my head. My grandmother promised me a foal of Trinket's the day I was one-and-twenty, and that's five years ago, and deuce a one I've got from her yet. You never were at Aussolas? No, you were not. Well, I tell you the place there is like a circus with horses. She has a couple of score of them running wild in the woods, like deer."

"Oh, come," I said, "I'm a bit of a liar myself——"

"Well, she has a dozen of them anyhow, rattling good colts too, some of them, but they might as well be donkeys for all the good they are to me or any one. It's not once in three years she sells one, and there she has them walking after her for bits of sugar, like a lot of dirty lapdogs," ended Flurry with disgust.

"Well, what's your plan? Do you want me to make her a bid for one of the lapdogs?"

"I was thinking," replied Flurry, with great deliberation, "that my birthday's this week, and maybe I could work a four-year-old colt of Trinket's she has out of her in honour of the occasion."

"And sell your grandmother's birthday present to me?"

"Just that, I suppose," answered Flurry with a slow wink.

A few days afterwards a letter from Mr. Knox informed me that he had "squared the old lady, and it would be all right about the colt." He further told me that Mrs. Knox had been good enough to offer me, with him, a day's snipe shooting on the celebrated Aussolas bogs, and he proposed to drive me there the following Monday, if convenient. Most people found it convenient to shoot the Aussolas snipe bog when they got the chance. Eight o'clock on the following Monday morning saw Flurry, myself, and a groom packed into a dog-cart, with portmanteaus, gun-cases, and two rampant red setters.

It was a long drive, twelve miles at least, and a very cold one. We passed through long tracts of pasture country, fraught, for Flurry, with memories of runs, which were recorded for me, fence by fence, in every one of which the biggest dog-fox in the country had gone to ground, with not two feet—measured accurately on the handle of the whip—between him and the leading hound; through bogs that imperceptibly melted into lakes, and finally down and down into a valley, where the fir-trees of Aussolas clustered darkly round a glittering lake, and all but hid the gray roofs and pointed gables of Aussolas Castle.

"There's a nice stretch of a demesne for you," remarked Flurry, pointing downwards with the whip, "and one little old woman holding it all in the heel of her fist. Well able to hold it she is, too, and always was, and she'll live twenty years yet, if it's only to spite the whole lot of us, and when all's said and done goodness knows how she'll leave it!"

"It strikes me you were lucky to keep her up to her promise about the colt," I said.

Flurry administered a composing kick to the ceaseless strivings of the red setters under the seat.

"I used to be rather a pet with her," he said, after a pause; "but mind you, I haven't got him yet, and if she gets any notion I want to sell him, I'll never get him, so say nothing about the business to her."

The tall gates of Aussolas shrieked on their hinges as they admitted us, and shut with a clang behind us, in the faces of an old mare and a couple of young horses, who, foiled in their break for the excitements of the outer world, turned and galloped defiantly on either side of us. Flurry's admirable cob hammered on, regardless of all things, save his duty.

"He's the only one I have that I'd trust myself here with," said his master, flicking him approvingly with the whip; "there are plenty of people afraid to come here at all, and when my grandmother goes out driving she has a boy on the box with a basket full of stones to peg at them. Talk of the dickens, here she is herself!"

A short, upright old woman was approaching, preceded by a white, woolly dog with sore eyes and a bark like a tin trumpet; we both got out of the trap and advanced to meet the lady of the manor.

I may summarize her attire by saying that she looked as if she had robbed a scarecrow; her face was small and incongruously refined, the skinny hand that she extended to me had the grubby tan that bespoke the professional gardener, and was decorated with a magnificent diamond ring. On her head was a massive purple velvet bonnet.

"I am very glad to meet you, Major Yeates," she said with an old-fashioned precision of utterance; "your grandfather was a dancing partner of mine in old days at the Castle, when he was a handsome young aide-de-camp there, and I was—you may judge for yourself what I was."

She ended with a startling little hoot of laughter, and I was aware that she quite realized the world's opinion of her, and was indifferent to it.

Our way to the bogs took us across Mrs. Knox's home farm, and through a large field in which several young horses were grazing.

"There now, that's my fellow," said Flurry, pointing to a fine-looking colt, "the chestnut with the white diamond on his forehead. He'll run into three figures before he's done, but we'll not tell that to the old lady!"

The famous Aussolas bogs were as full of snipe as usual, and a good deal fuller of water than any bogs I had ever shot before. I was on my day, and Flurry was not, and as he is ordinarily an infinitely better snipe shot than I, I felt at peace with the world and all men as we walked back, wet through, at five o'clock.

The sunset had waned, and a big white moon was making the eastern tower of Aussolas look like a thing in a fairy-tale, or a play, when we arrived at the hall door. An individual, whom I recognized as the Robinson Crusoe coachman, admitted us to a hall, the like of which one does not often see. The walls were panelled with dark oak up to the gallery that ran round three sides of it, the balusters of the wide staircase were heavily carved, and blackened portraits of Flurry's ancestors on the spindle side stared sourly down on their descendant as he tramped upstairs with the bog mould on his hobnailed boots.

We had just changed into dry clothes when Robinson Crusoe shoved his red beard round the corner of the door, with the information that the mistress said we were to stay for dinner. My heart sank. It was then barely half-past five. I said something about having no evening clothes and having to get home early.

"Sure the dinner'll be in another half-hour," said Robinson Crusoe, joining hospitably in the conversation; "and as for evening clothes—God bless ye!"

The door closed behind him.

"Never mind," said Flurry, "I dare say you'll be glad enough to eat another dinner by the time you get home." He laughed. "Poor Slipper!" he added inconsequently, and only laughed again when I asked for an explanation.

Old Mrs. Knox received us in the library, where she was seated by a roaring turf fire, which lit the room a good deal more effectively than the pair of candles that stood beside her in tall silver candlesticks. Ceaseless and implacable growls from under her chair indicated the presence of the woolly dog. She talked with confounding culture of the books that rose all round her to the ceiling; her evening dress was accomplished by means of an additional white shawl, rather dirtier than its congeners; as I took her into dinner, she quoted Virgil to me, and in the same breath screeched an objurgation at a being whose matted head rose suddenly into view from behind an ancient Chinese screen, as I have seen the head of a Zulu woman peer over a bush.

Dinner was as incongruous as everything

else. Detestable soup in a splendid old silver tureen that was nearly as dark in hue as Robinson Crusoe's thumb; a perfect salmon, perfectly cooked, on a chipped kitchen dish; such cut glass as is not easy to find nowadays; sherry that, as Flurry subsequently remarked, would burn the shell off an egg; and a bottle of port, draped in immemorial cobwebs, wan with age, and probably priceless. Throughout the vicissitudes of the meal Mrs. Knox's conversation flowed on undismayed, directed sometimes at me—she had installed me in the position of friend of her youth, and talked to me as if I were my own grandfather—sometimes at Crusoe, with whom she had several heated arguments, and sometimes she would make a statement of remarkable frankness on the subject of her horse-farming affairs to Flurry, who, very much on his best behaviour, agreed with all she said,and risked no original remark. As I listened to them both, I remembered with infinite amusement how he had told me once that "a pet name she had for him was 'Tony Lumpkin,' and no one but herself knew what she meant by it." It seemed strange that she made no allusion to Trinket's colt or to Flurry's birthday, but, mindful of my instructions, I held my peace.

As, at about half-past eight, we drove away in the moonlight, Flurry congratulated me solemnly on my success with his grandmother. He was good enough to tell me that she would marry me to-morrow if I asked her, and he wished I would, even if it was only to see what a nice grandson he'd be for me. A sympathetic giggle behind me told me that Michael, on the back seat, had heard and relished the jest.

We had left the gates of Aussolas about half a mile behind when, at the corner of a by-road, Flurry pulled up. A short, squat figure arose from the black shadow of a furze bush and came out into the moonlight, swinging its arms like a cabman and cursing audibly.

"Oh murdher, oh murdher, Misther Flurry! What kept ye at all? 'Twould perish the crows to be waiting here the way I am these two hours——"

"Ah, shut your mouth, Slipper!" said Flurry, who, to my surprise, had turned back the rug and was taking off his driving coat. "I couldn't help it. Come on, Yeates, we've got to get out here."

"What for?" I asked, in not unnatural bewilderment.

"It's all right. I'll tell you as we go along," replied my companion, who was already turning to follow Slipper up the by-road. "Take the trap on, Michael, and wait at the River's Cross." He waited for me to come up with him, and then put his hand on my arm. "You see, Major, this is the way it is. My grandmother's given me that colt right enough, but if I waited for her to send him over to me I'd never see a hair of his tail. So I just thought that as we were over here we might as well take him back with us, and maybe you'll give us a help with him; he'll not be altogether too handy for a first go off."

I was staggered. An infant in arms could scarcely have failed to discern the fishiness of the transaction, and I begged Mr. Knox not to put himself to this trouble on my account, as I had no doubt I could find a horse for my friend elsewhere. Mr. Knox assured me that it was no trouble at all, quite the contrary, and that, since his grandmother had given him the colt, he saw no reason why he should not take him when he wanted him; also, that if I didn't want him he'd be glad enough to keep him himself; and finally, that I wasn't the chap to go back on a friend, but I was welcome to drive back to Shreelane with Michael this minute if I liked.

Of course I yielded in the end. I told Flurry I should lose my job over the business, and he said I could then marry his grandmother, and the discussion was abruptly closed by the necessity of following Slipper over a locked five-barred gate.

Our pioneer took us over about half a mile of country, knocking down stone gaps where practicable and scrambling over tall banks in the deceptive moonlight. We found ourselves at length in a field with a shed in one corner of it; in a dim group of farm buildings a little way off a light was shining.

"Wait here," said Flurry to me in a whisper; "the less noise the better. It's an open shed, and we'll just slip in and coax him out."

Slipper unwound from his waist a halter, and my colleagues glided like specters into the shadow of the shed, leaving me to meditate on my duties as Resident Magistrate, and on the questions that would be asked in the House by our local member when Slipper had given away the adventure in his cups.

In less than a minute three shadows emerged from the shed, where two had gone in. They had got the colt.

"He came out as quiet as a calf when he winded the sugar," said Flurry; "it was well

for me I filled my pockets from grandmamma's sugar basin."

He and Slipper had a rope from each side of the colt's head; they took him quickly across a field toward a gate. The colt stepped daintily between them over the moonlit grass; he snorted occasionally, but appeared on the whole amenable.

The trouble began later, and was due, as trouble often is, to the beguilements of a short cut. Against the maturer judgment of Slipper, Flurry insisted on following a route that he assured us he knew as well as his own pocket, and the consequence was that in about five minutes I found myself standing on top of a bank hanging on to a rope, on the other end of which the colt dangled and danced, while Flurry, with the other rope, lay prone in the ditch, and Slipper administered to the bewildered colt's hindquarters such chastisement as could be ventured on.

I have no space to narrate in detail the atrocious difficulties and disasters of the short cut. How the colt set to work to buck, and went away across a field, dragging the faithful Slipper, literally *ventre-à-terre*, after him, while I picked myself in ignominy out of a briar patch, and Flurry cursed himself black in the face. How we were attacked by ferocious cur dogs, and I lost my eyeglass; and how, as we neared the River's Cross, Flurry espied the police patrol on the road, and we all hid behind a rick of turf, while I realized in fulness what an exceptional ass I was, to have been beguiled into an enterprise that involved hiding with Slipper from the Royal Irish Constabulary.

Let it suffice to say that Trinket's infernal offspring was finally handed over on the high-road to Michael and Slipper, and Flurry drove me home in a state of mental and physical overthrow.

I saw nothing of my friend Mr. Knox for the next couple of days, by the end of which time I had worked up a high polish on my misgivings, and had determined to tell him that under no circumstances would I have anything to say to his grandmother's birthday present. It was like my usual luck that, instead of writing a note to this effect, I thought it would be good for my liver to walk across the hills to Tory Cottage and tell Flurry so in person.

It was a bright, blustery morning, after a muggy day. The feeling of spring was in the air, the daffodils were already in bud, and crocuses showed purple in the grass on either side of the avenue. It was only a couple of miles to Tory Cottage by the way across the hills; I walked fast, and it was barely twelve o'clock when I saw its pink walls and clumps of evergreens below me. As I looked down at it the chiming of Flurry's hounds in the kennels came to me on the wind; I stood still to listen, and could almost have sworn that I was hearing again the clash of Magdalen bells, hard at work on May morning.

The path that I was following led downwards through a larch plantation to Flurry's back gate. Hot wafts from some hideous cauldron at the other side of a wall apprised me of the vicinity of the kennels and their cuisine, and the fir-trees round were hung with gruesome and unknown joints. I thanked Heaven that I was not a master of hounds, and passed on as quickly as might be to the hall door.

I rang two or three times without response; then the door opened a couple of inches and was instantly slammed in my face. I heard the hurried paddling of bare feet on oilcloth, and a voice, "Hurry, Bridgie, hurry! There's quality at the door!"

Bridgie, holding a dirty cap on with one hand, presently arrived and informed me that she believed Mr. Knox was out about the place. She seemed perturbed, and she cast scared glances down the drive while speaking to me.

I knew enough of Flurry's habits to shape a tolerably direct course for his whereabouts. He was, as I had expected, in the training paddock, a field behind the stable-yard, in which he had put up practice jumps for his horses. It was a good-sized field with clumps of furze in it, and Flurry was standing near one of these with his hands in his pockets, singularly unoccupied. I supposed that he was prospecting for a place to put up another jump. He did not see me coming, and turned with a start as I spoke to him. There was a queer expression of mingled guilt and what I can only describe as divilment in his grey eyes as he greeted me. In my dealings with Flurry Knox, I have since formed the habit of sitting tight, in a general way, when I see that expression.

"Well, who's coming next, I wonder!" he said, as he shook hands with me; "it's not ten minutes since I had two of your d—d peelers here searching the whole place for my grandmother's colt!"

"What!" I exclaimed, feeling cold all down my back; "do you mean the police have got hold of it?"

"They haven't got hold of the colt anyway," said Flurry, looking sideways at me from under the peak of his cap, with the glint of the sun in his eye. "I got word in time before they came."

"What do you mean?" I demanded; "where is he? For heaven's sake don't tell me you've sent the brute over to my place!"

"It's a good job for you I didn't," replied Flurry, "as the police are on their way to Shreelane this minute to consult you about it. *You!*" He gave utterance to one of his short diabolical fits of laughter. "He's where they'll not find him, anyhow. Ho! ho! It's the funniest hand I ever played!"

"Oh, yes, it's devilish funny, I've no doubt," I retorted, beginning to lose my temper, as is the manner of many people when they are frightened; "but I give you fair warning that if Mrs. Knox asks me any questions about it, I shall tell her the whole story."

"All right," responded Flurry; "and when you do, don't forget to tell her how you flogged the colt out on to the road over her own bounds ditch."

"Very well," I said hotly, "I may as well go home and send in my papers. They'll break me over this——"

"Ah, hold on, Major," said Flurry soothingly, "it'll be all right. No one knows anything. It's only on spec the old lady sent the bobbies here. If you'll keep quiet it'll all blow over."

"I don't care," I said, struggling hopelessly in the toils; "if I meet your grandmother, and she asks me about it, I shall tell her all I know."

"Please God you'll not meet her! After all, it's not once in a blue moon that she—" began Flurry. Even as he said the words his face changed. "Holy fly!" he ejaculated, "isn't that her dog coming into the field? Look at her bonnet over the wall! Hide, hide for your life!" He caught me by the shoulder and shoved me down among the furze bushes before I realized what had happened.

"Get in there! I'll talk to her."

I may as well confess that at the mere sight of Mrs. Knox's purple bonnet my heart had turned to water. In that moment I knew what it would be like to tell her how I, having eaten her salmon, and capped her quotations, and drunk her best port, had gone forth and helped to steal her horse. I abandoned my dignity, my sense of honour; I took the furze prickles to my breast and wallowed in them.

Mrs. Knox had advanced with vengeful speed; already she was in high altercation with Flurry at no great distance from where I lay; varying sounds of battle reached me, and I gathered that Flurry was not—to put it mildly—shrinking from that economy of truth that the situation required.

"Is it that curby, long-backed brute? You promised him to me long ago, but I wouldn't be bothered with him!"

The old lady uttered a laugh of shrill derision. "Is it likely I'd promise you my best colt? And still more, is it likely that you'd refuse him if I did?"

"Very well, ma'am." Flurry's voice was admirably indignant. "Then I suppose I'm a liar and a thief."

"I'd be more obliged to you for the information if I hadn't known it before," responded his grandmother with lightning speed; "if you swore to me on a stack of Bibles you knew nothing about my colt, I wouldn't believe you! I shall go straight to Major Yeates and ask his advice. I believe *him* to be a gentleman, in spite of the company he keeps!"

I writhed deeper into the furze bushes, and thereby discovered a sandy rabbit run, along which I crawled, with my cap well over my eyes, and the furze needles stabbing me through my stockings. The ground shelved a little, promising profounder concealment, but the bushes were very thick, and I laid hold of the bare stem of one to help my progress. It lifted out of the ground in my hand, revealing a freshly-cut stump. Something snorted, not a yard away; I glared through the opening, and was confronted by the long horrified face of Mrs. Knox's colt, mysteriously on a level with my own.

Even without the white diamond on his forehead I should have divined the truth; but how in the name of wonder had Flurry persuaded him to couch like a woodcock in the heart of a furze brake? For a full minute I lay still as death for fear of frightening him, while the voices of Flurry and his grandmother raged on alarmingly close to me. The colt snorted, and blew long breaths through his wide nostrils, but he did not move. I crawled an inch or two nearer, and after a few seconds of cautious peering I grasped the position. They had buried him.

A small sandpit among the furze had been utilized as a grave; they had filled him in up to his withers with sand, and a few furze bushes, artistically disposed round the pit, had done the rest. As the depth of

Flurry's guile was revealed, laughter came upon me like a flood; I gurgled and shook apoplectically, and the colt gazed at me with serious surprise, until a sudden outburst of barking close to my elbow administered a fresh shock to my tottering nerves.

Mrs. Knox's woolly dog had tracked me into the furze, and was now baying the colt and me with mingled terror and indignation. I addressed him in a whisper, with perfidious endearments, advancing a crafty hand towards him the while, made a snatch for the back of his neck, missed it badly, and got him by the ragged fleece of his hindquarters as he tried to flee. If I had flayed him alive he could hardly have uttered a more deafening series of yells, but, like a fool, instead of letting him go, I dragged him towards me, and tried to stifle the noise by holding his muzzle. The tussle lasted engrossingly for a few seconds, and then the climax of the nightmare arrived.

Mrs. Knox's voice, close behind me, said, "Let go my dog this instant, sir! Who are you——"

Her voice faded away, and I knew that she also had seen the colt's head.

I positively felt sorry for her. At her age there was no knowing what effect the shock might have on her. I scrambled to my feet and confronted her.

"Major Yeates!" she said. There was a deathly pause. "Will you kindly tell me," said Mrs. Knox slowly, "am I in Bedlam, or are you? And *what is that?*"

She pointed to the colt, and that unfortunate animal, recognizing the voice of his mistress, uttered a hoarse and lamentable whinny. Mrs. Knox felt around her for support, found only furze prickles, gazed speechlessly at me, and then, to her eternal honour, fell into wild cackles of laughter.

So, I may say, did Flurry and I. I embarked on my explanation and broke down; Flurry followed suit and broke down too. Overwhelming laughter held us all three, disintegrating our very souls. Mrs. Knox pulled herself together first.

"I acquit you, Major Yeates, I acquit you, though appearances are against you. It's clear enough to me you've fallen among thieves." She stopped and glowered at Flurry. Her purple bonnet was over one eye. "I'll thank you, sir," she said, "to dig out that horse before I leave this place. And when you've dug him out you may keep him. I'll be no receiver of stolen goods!"

She broke off and shook her fist at him. "Upon my conscience, Tony, I'd give a guinea to have thought of it myself!"

The Mystery of Amergin

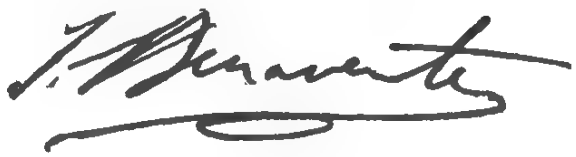
From the Ancient Erse

I AM the wind which breathes upon the sea,
I am the wave of the ocean,
I am the murmur of the billows,
I am the ox of the seven combats,
I am the vulture upon the rocks,
I am a beam of the sun,
I am the fairest of plants,
I am a wild boar in valour,
I am a salmon in the water,
I am a lake in the plain,
I am a word of science,
I am the point of the lance in battle,
I am the God who creates in the head the fire.

Who is it who throws light into the meeting on the mountain?
Who announces the ages of the moon?
Who teaches the place where couches the sun? ELIZABETH A. SHARP.

His Widow's Husband

By JACINTO BENAVENTE



Translated by John Garrett Underhill

CHARACTERS

CAROLINA.
EUDOSIA.
PAQUITA.
FLORENCIO.
CASALONGA.
ZURITA.
VALDIVIESO.

THE SCENE *is laid in a provincial capital.*

[CAROLINA *is seated as* ZURITA *enters.*]

ZURITA—My friend!

CAROLINA—My good Zurita, it is so thoughtful of you to come so promptly! I shall never be able to repay all your kindness.

ZURITA—I am always delighted to be of service to a friend.

CAROLINA—I asked them to look for you everywhere. Pardon the inconvenience, but the emergency was extreme. I am in a terrible position; all the tact in the world can never extricate me from one of those embarrassing predicaments—unless you assist me by your advice.

ZURITA—Count upon my advice; count upon me in anything. However, I cannot believe that you are really in an embarrassing predicament.

CAROLINA—But I am, my friend; and you are the only one who can advise me. You are a person of taste; your articles and society column are the standard of good form with us. Everybody accepts and respects your decisions.

ZURITA—Not invariably, I am sorry to say—especially now that I have taken up the suppression of the hips, which are fatal to the success of any *toilette*. Society was formerly very select in this city, but it is no longer the same, as you no doubt have occasion to know. Too many fortunes have been improvised, too many aristocratic families have descended in the scale. There has been a great change in society. The *parvenus* dominate—and money is so insolent! People who have it imagine that other things can be improvised—as education, for example, manners, good taste. Surely you must realize that such things cannot be improvised. Distinction is a hothouse plant. We grow too few gardenias nowadays—like you, my friend. On the other hand, we have an abundance of sow-thistles. Not that I am referring to the Nuñez family. . . . How do you suppose those ladies enliven their Wednesday evenings? With a gramophone, my friend, with a gramophone—just like any vulgar café; although I must confess that it is an improvement upon the days when the youngest sang, the middle one recited, and all played together. Nevertheless, it is horrible. You can imagine my distress.

CAROLINA—You know, of course, that I never take part in their Wednesdays. I never call unless I am sure they are not at home.

ZURITA—But that is no longer a protection; they leave the gramophone. And the maid invites you to wait and entertain yourself with the *Mochuelo*. What is a man to do? It is impossible to resent the records upon the maid. But we are wandering from the subject. You excite my curiosity.

CAROLINA—You know that to-morrow is the day of the unveiling of the statue of my husband, of my previous husband——

ZURITA—A fitting honour to the memory

of that great, that illustrious man. This province owes him much, and so does all Spain. We who enjoyed the privilege of calling ourselves his friends, should be delighted to see justice done to his deserts at last, here where political jealousies and intrigues have always belittled the achievements of our eminent men. But Don Patricio Molinete could have no enemies. To-morrow will atone for much of the pettiness of the past.

CAROLINA—No doubt. I feel I ought to be proud and happy, although you understand the delicacy of my position. Now that I have married again, my name is not the same. Yet it is impossible to ignore the fact that once it was mine, especially as everybody knows that we were a model couple. I might perhaps have avoided the situation by leaving town for a few days on account of my health, but then that might have been misinterpreted. People might have thought that I was displeased, or that I declined to participate.

ZURITA—Assuredly. Although your name is no longer the same, owing to circumstances the force of which we appreciate, that is no reason why you should be deprived of the honour of having borne it worthily at the time. Your present husband has no right to take offense.

CAROLINA—No, poor Florencio! In fact, he was the first to realize that I ought to take a leading part in the rejoicing. Poor Florencio was always poor Patricio's greatest admirer. Their political ideas were the same; they agreed in everything.

ZURITA—Apparently.

CAROLINA—As I have reason to know. Poor Patricio loved me dearly; perhaps that was what led poor Florencio to imagine that there was something in me to justify the affection of that great-hearted and intellectual man. It was enough for me to know that Florencio was Patricio's most intimate friend in order to form my opinion of him. Of course, I recognize that Florencio's gifts will never enable him to shine so brilliantly, but that is not to say that he is wanting in ability. He lacks ambition, that is all. All his desires are satisfied at home with me, at his own ireside. And I am as well pleased to have t so. I am not ambitious myself. The easons which I spent with my husband in Madrid were a source of great uneasiness to ne. I passed the week during which he was Minister of Agriculture in one continual tate of anxiety. Twice he nearly had a uel—over some political question. I did not know which way to turn. If he had ever become Prime Minister, as was actually predicted by a newspaper which he controlled, I should have been obliged to take to my bed for the week.

ZURITA—You are not like our senator's wife, Señora Espinosa, nor the wife of our present mayor. They will never rest, nor allow others to do so, until they see their husbands erected in marble.

CAROLINA—Do you think that either Espinosa or the mayor are of a calibre to deserve statues?

ZURITA—Not publicly, perhaps. In a private chapel, in the class of martyrs and husbands, it might not be inappropriate. But I am growing impatient.

CAROLINA—As you say, friend Zurita, it might seem marked for me to leave the city. Yet if I remain I must attend the unveiling of the monument to my poor Patricio; I must be present at the memorial exercises to-night in his honour; I must receive the delegations from Madrid and the other cities, as well as the committees from the rest of the province. But what attitude ought I to assume? If I seem too sad, nobody will believe that my feeling is sincere. On the other hand, it would not be proper to appear altogether reconciled. Then people would think that I had forgotten too quickly. In fact, they think so already.

ZURITA—Oh, no! You were very young when you became a widow. Life was just beginning for you.

CAROLINA—It is a delicate matter, however, to explain to my sisters-in-law. Tell me, what ought I to wear? Anything severe, an attempt at mourning, would be ridiculous, since I am going with my husband; on the other hand, I should not like to suggest a festive spirit. What do you think, friend Zurita? Give me your advice. What would you wear?

ZURITA—It is hard to say; the problem is difficult. Something rich and black, perhaps, relieved by a note of violet. The unveiling of a monument to perpetuate the memory of a great man is not an occasion for mourning. Your husband is partaking already of the joys of immortality, in which, no doubt, he anticipates you.

CAROLINA—Thank you so much.

ZURITA—Do not thank me. You have done enough. You have been faithful to his memory. You have married again, but you have married a man who was your husband's most intimate friend. You

have not acted like other widows of my acquaintance—Señora Benitez, for example. She has been living for two years with the deadliest enemy her husband had in the province, without any pretense at getting married—which in her case would have been preposterous.

CAROLINA—There is no comparison.

ZURITA—No, my friend; everybody sympathizes with your position, as they ought.

CAROLINA—The only ones who worry me are my sisters-in-law. They insist that my position is ridiculous, and that of my husband still more so. They do not see how we can have the effrontery to present ourselves before the statue.

ZURITA—Señora, I should not hesitate though it were that of the Commander. Your sisters-in-law exaggerate. Your present husband is the only one you have to consider.

CAROLINA—I have no misgivings upon that score. I know that both will appreciate that my feelings are sincere, one in this world, and the other from the next. As for the rest, the rest——

ZURITA—The rest are your friends and your second husband's friends, as we were of the first. We shall all take your part. The others you can afford to neglect.

CAROLINA—Thanks for those words of comfort. I knew that you were a good friend of ours, as you were also of his.

ZURITA—A friend to both, to all three; *si, señora,* to all three. But here is your husband. [DON FLORENCIO *enters.*]

ZURITA—Don Florencio! My friend!

FLORENCIO—My dear Zurita! I am delighted to see you! I wish to thank you for that charming article in memory of our never-to-be-forgotten friend. It was good of you, and I appreciate it. You have certainly proved yourself an excellent friend of his. Thanks, my dear Zurita, thanks! Carolina and I are both indebted to you for your charming article. It brought tears to our eyes. Am I right, Carolina?

CAROLINA—We were tremendously affected by it.

FLORENCIO—Friend Zurita, I am deeply gratified. For the first time in the history of the province, all parties have united to do honour to this region's most eminent son. But have you seen the monument? It is a work of art. The statue is a perfect likeness—it is the man, the man himself! The allegorical features are wonderfully artistic—Commerce, Industry, and Truth shown altogether in the nude. Nothing finer could be wished. You can imagine the trouble, however, we had with the nudes. The conservative element opposed the nudes, but the sculptor declined to proceed if the nudes were suppressed. In the end we won a decisive victory for Art.

CAROLINA—Do you know, I think it would have been just as well not to have had any nudes? What was the use of offending anybody? Several of our friends are going to remain away from the ceremonies upon that account.

FLORENCIO—How ridiculous! That only shows how far we are behind the times. You certainly have no feeling of that sort after having been the companion of that great, that liberal man. I remember the trip we took to Italy together—you surely recollect it, Carolina. I never saw a man so struck with admiration at those marvelous monuments of a pagan and Renaissance art. Oh, what a man! What a wonderful man! He was an artist. Ah! Before I forget it, Carolina, Gutiérrez asked me for any pictures you have for the special edition of his paper, and I should like to have him publish the verses which he wrote you when you were first engaged. Did you ever see those verses? That man might have been a poet—he might have been anything else for that matter. Talk about letters! I wish you could see his letters. Carolina, let us see some of those letters he wrote you when you were engaged.

CAROLINA—Not now. That is hardly the time. . . .

FLORENCIO—Naturally. In spite of the satisfaction which we feel, these are trying days for us. We are united by our memories. I fear I shall never be able to control myself at the unveiling of the statue.

CAROLINA—Florencio, for heaven's sake, you must! You must control yourself.

ZURITA—Yes, do control yourself. You must.

FLORENCIO—I am controlling myself.

ZURITA—If there is nothing further that I can do . . .

CAROLINA—No, thank you, Zurita. I am awfully obliged to you. Now that I know what I am to wear, the situation does not seem half so embarrassing.

ZURITA—I understand. A woman's position is never so embarrassing as when she is hesitating about what to put on.

CAROLINA—Until to-morrow then?

ZURITA—Don Florencio!

FLORENCIO—Thank you again for your charming article. It was admirable! Admirable! [ZURITA *retires.*]

FLORENCIO—I see that you feel it deeply!

you are touched. So am I. It is foolish to attempt to conceal it.

CAROLINA—I don't know how to express it, but—I am upset.

FLORENCIO—Don't forget the pictures, however, especially the one where the three of us were taken together on the second platform of the Eiffel tower. It was particularly good.

CAROLINA—Yes, something out of the ordinary. Don't you think, perhaps, that our private affairs, our family life. . . . How do we know whether at this time, in our situation. . . .

FLORENCIO—What are you afraid of? That is the woman of it. How narrow-minded! You ought to be above such pettiness after having been the wife of such an intelligent man. Every detail of the private life of the great has its interest for history. Those of us who knew him, who in a certain sense were his co-labourers—you will not accuse me of immodesty—his co-labourers in the great work of his life, owe it to history to see that the truth be known.

CAROLINA—Nevertheless, I hardly think I would print those letters—much less the verses. Do you remember what they said?

FLORENCIO—Of course, I remember:

"Like a moth on a pin I preserve all your kisses! . . ."

Everybody makes allowances for poetry. Nobody is going to take seriously what he reads in a poem. He married you anyway. Why should any one object?

CAROLINA—Stop, Florencio! What are you talking about? We are making ourselves ridiculous.

FLORENCIO—Why should we make ourselves ridiculous? Although I shall certainly stand by you, whatever you decide, if for no other reason than that I am your husband, his widow's husband. Otherwise people might think that I wanted you to forget, that I was jealous of his memory; and you know that is not the case. You know how I admired him, how I loved him—just as he did me. Nobody could get along with him as well as I could; he was not easy to get along with, I do not need to tell you that. He had his peculiarities—they were the peculiarities of a great man—but they were great peculiarities. Like all great men, he had an exaggerated opinion of himself. He was horribly stubborn, like all strong characters. Whenever he got on one of his hobbies, no power on earth could pry him off of it. It is only out of respect that I do not say he was pig-headed. I was the only one who had the tact and the patience to do anything with him; you know that well enough. How often you said to me: "Oh, Florencio! I can't stand it any longer!" And then I would reason with you and talk to him, and every time that you had a quarrel I was the one who consoled you afterward.

CAROLINA—Florencio, you are perfectly disgusting! You have no right to talk like this.

FLORENCIO—Very well then, my dear. I understand how you feel. This is a time when everybody is dwelling on his virtues, his good qualities, but I want you to remember that that great man had also his faults.

CAROLINA—You don't know what you are talking about.

FLORENCIO—Compare me with him—

CAROLINA—Florencio? You know that in my mind there has never been any comparison. Comparisons are odious.

FLORENCIO—Not necessarily. But of course you have not! You have never regretted giving up his distinguished name, have you, Carolina, for this humble one of mine? Only I want you to understand that if I had desired to shine, if I had been ambitious. . . . I have talent myself. Now admit it!

CAROLINA—Of course I do, my dear, of course! But what is the use of talking nonsense?

FLORENCIO—What is the matter with you, anyway? You are nervous to-day. It is impossible to conduct a sensible conversation—Hello! Your sisters-in-law! I am not at home.

CAROLINA—Don't excite yourself. They never ask for you.

FLORENCIO—I am delighted! . . Well, I wish you a short session and escape.

CAROLINA—I am in a fine humour for this sort of thing myself. [FLORENCIO *goes out*, EUDOSIA *and* PAQUITA *enter*.]

EUDOSIA—I trust that we do not intrude?

CAROLINA—How can you ask? Come right in.

EUDOSIA—It seems we find you at home for once.

CAROLINA—So it seems.

PAQUITA—Strange to say, whenever we call you always appear to be out.

CAROLINA—A coincidence.

EUDOSIA—The coincidence is to find you at home. (*A pause.*) We passed your husband on the street.

CAROLINA—Are you sure that you would recognize him?

PAQUITA—Oh! he was not alone.

CAROLINA—Is that so?

EUDOSIA—Paquita saw him with Somolino's wife, at Sanchez, the confectioner's.

CAROLINA—Very possibly.

PAQUITA—I should not make light of it, if I were you. You know what Somolino's wife is, to say nothing of Sanchez, the confectioner.

CAROLINA—I didn't know about the confectioner.

EUDOSIA—No respectable woman, no woman who even pretends to be respectable, would set foot in his shop since he married that French girl.

CAROLINA—I didn't know about the French girl.

EUDOSIA—Yes, he married her—I say married her to avoid using another term. He married her in Bayonne—if you call such a thing marriage—civilly, which is the way French people marry. It is a land of perdition.

CAROLINA—I am very sorry to hear it because I am awfully fond of sweetmeats. I adore *bonbons* and *marrons glacés*, and nobody here has as good ones as Sanchez, nor anywhere else for that matter.

PAQUITA—In that case you had as well deny yourself, unless you are prepared to invite criticism. Somolino's wife is the only woman who enters the shop and faces the French girl, who gave her a recipe for dyeing her hair on the spot. You must have noticed how she is doing it now.

CAROLINA—I hadn't noticed.

EUDOSIA—It is not jet-black any more: it is baby-pink—so she is having the Frenchwoman manicure her nails twice a week. Have you noticed the condition of her nails? They are the talk of the town [*A pause.*]

PAQUITA—Well, I trust he is satisfied.

CAROLINA—Who is he?

PAQUITA—I do not call him your husband. Oh, our poor, dear brother!

CAROLINA—I have not the slightest idea what you are talking about.

EUDOSIA—So he has had his way at last and desecrated the statue of our poor brother with the figures of those naked women?

PAQUITA—As large as life.

CAROLINA—But Florencio is not responsible. It was the sculptor and the committee. I cannot see anything objectionable in them myself. There are such figures on all monuments. They are allegorical.

EUDOSIA—I could understand, perhaps, why the statue of Truth should be unclothed. Something of the sort was always expected of Truth. But I must say that Commerce and Industry might have had a tunic at least. Commerce, in my opinion, is particularly indecent.

PAQUITA—We have declined the seats which were reserved for us. They were directly in front and you could see everything.

EUDOSIA—I suppose you still intend to be present? What a pity that there is nobody to give you proper advice!

CAROLINA—As I have been invited, I judge that I shall be welcome as I am.

PAQUITA—Possibly—if it were good form for you to appear at all. But when you exhibit yourself with that man—who was his best friend—after only three short years!

CAROLINA—Three long years.

EUDOSIA—No doubt they seemed long to you. Three years, did I say? They were like days to us who still keep his memory green!

PAQUITA—Who still bear his name, because no other name sounds so noble in our ears.

EUDOSIA—Rather than change it, we have declined very flattering proposals.

CAROLINA—I am afraid that you have made a mistake. You remember that your brother was very anxious to see you married.

PAQUITA—He imagined that all men were like him, and deserved wives like us, our poor, dear brother! Who would ever have dreamed he could have been forgotten so soon? Fancy his emotions as he looks down on you from the skies.

CAROLINA—I do not believe for one moment that he has any regrets. If he had, then what would be the use of being in paradise? Don't you worry about me. The best thing that a young widow can do is marry at once. I was a very young widow.

EUDOSIA—You were twenty-nine.

CAROLINA—Twenty-six.

EUDOSIA—We concede you twenty-six. At all events, you were not a child—not to speak of the fact that no widow can be said to be child.

CAROLINA—No more than a single woman can be said to be old. However, I fail to see that there would be any impropriety in my being present at the unveiling of the statue.

EUDOSIA—Do you realize that the premature death of your husband will be the subject of all the speakers? They will dwell on the bereavement which we have suffered through the loss of such an eminent man. How do you propose to take it? When people see you standing there, complacent and satisfied, alongside of that man, do you suppose they will ever believe that you are not reconciled?

PAQUITA—What will your husband do while they are extolling the genius of our brother, and he knows that he never had any?

CAROLINA—That was not your brother's opinion. He thought very highly of Florencio.

EUDOSIA—Very highly. Our poor, dear brother! Among his other abilities he certainly had an extraordinary aptitude for allowing himself to be deceived.

CAROLINA—That assumption is offensive to me; it is unfair to all of us.

EUDOSIA—I hope you brought it with you, Paquita?

PAQUITA—Yes; here it is. [*Taking out a book.*]

EUDOSIA—Just look through this book if you have a moment. It arrived to-day from Madrid and is on sale at Valdivieso's. Just glance through it.

CAROLINA—What is the book? (*Reading the title upon the cover.*) "Don Patricio Molinete, the Man and His Work. A Biography. Together with His Correspondence and an Estimate of His Life." Why, thanks——

PAQUITA—No, do not thank us. Read, read what our poor brother has written to the author of this book, who was one of his intimate friends.

CAROLINA—Recaredo Casalonga. Ah! I remember—a rascal we were obliged to turn out of the house. Do you mean to say that scamp Casalonga has any letters? Merely to hear the name makes me nervous.

EUDOSIA—But go on! Page two hundred and fourteen. Is that the page, Paquita?

PAQUITA—It begins on page two hundred and fourteen, but before it amounts to anything you must turn the page.

CAROLINA—Quick, quick! Let me see. What does he say? What are these letters? What is this? He says that I. . . . But there is not word of truth in it. My husband could never have written this.

EUDOSIA—But there it is in cold type. You don't suppose they would dare to print——

CAROLINA—But this is outrageous; this book is a libel. It invades the private life—the most private part of it! It must be stopped.

EUDOSIA—It cannot be stopped. You will soon see whether or not it can be stopped.

PAQUITA—Probably the edition is exhausted by this time.

CAROLINA—Is that so? We shall see! We shall see!—Florencio! Florencio! Come quickly! Florencio!

EUDOSIA—Perhaps he has not yet returned.

PAQUITA—He seemed to be enjoying himself.

CAROLINA—Nonsense! He was never out of the house. You are two old busybodies!

EUDOSIA—Carolina! You said that without thinking.

PAQUITA—I cannot believe my ears. Did you say "busybody"?

CAROLINA—That is exactly what I said. Now leave me alone. I can't stand it. It is all your fault. You are insupportable!

EUDOSIA and PAQUITA—Carolina!

CAROLINA — Florencio! Florencio! [FLORENCIO *enters.*]

FLORENCIO—What is it, my dear? What is the matter? Ah! You? I am delighted. . . .

EUDOSIA—Yes, we! And we are leaving this house, where we have been insulted—forever!

PAQUITA—Where we have been called busybodies!

EUDOSIA—Where we have been told that we were insupportable!

PAQUITA—And when people say such things you can imagine what they think!

FLORENCIO—But Eudosia, Paquita. . . . I do not understand. As far as I am concerned. . . .

EUDOSIA—The person who is now your wife will make her explanations to you.

PAQUITA—I never expected to be driven out of our brother's house like this!

EUDOSIA—Our poor, dear brother!

FLORENCIO—But, Carolina——

CAROLINA—Let them go! Let them go! They are impossible.

PAQUITA—Did you hear that, Eudosia? We are impossible!

EUDOSIA—I heard it, Paquita. There is nothing left for us to hear in this house.

CAROLINA—Yes, there is! You are as impossible as all old maids.

EUDOSIA—There was something for us to hear, after all! Come, Paquita.

PAQUITA—Come, Eudosia. [*They go out.*]

FLORENCIO—What is this trouble between you and your sisters-in-law?

CAROLINA—There isn't any trouble. We were arguing, that was all. There is nothing those women like so much as gossip, or making themselves disagreeable in any way they can. Do you remember Casalonga?

FLORENCIO—Recaredo Casalonga? I should say I did remember him! That man was a character, and strange to say, a profound philosopher with it all. He was quite a humorist.

CAROLINA—Yes, he was. Well, this philosopher, this humorist, has conceived the terribly humorous idea of publishing this book.

FLORENCIO—Let me see. "Don Patricio Molinete, the Man and His Work. A Biography. Together with His Correspondence and an Estimate of His Life." A capital idea! They were great friends, you know, although I don't suppose that there can be anything particular in this book. What could Casalonga tell us, anyway?

CAROLINA—Us? Nothing. But go on, go on.

FLORENCIO—You don't say! Letters of Patricio's. Addressed to whom?

CAROLINA—To the author of the book, so it seems. Personal letters, they are confidential. Go on, go on.

FLORENCIO—"*Dear friend: Life is sad. Perhaps you ask the cause of my disillusionment. How is it that I have lost my faith in the future, in the future of our unfortunate land?*" I remember that time. He was already ill. This letter was written after he had liver complaint and took a dark view of everything. Ah! What a pity that great men should be subject to such infirmities! Think of the intellect being made the slave of the liver! We are but dust. "*The future of this unfortunate land. . . .*"

CAROLINA—No, that doesn't amount to anything. Lower down, lower down. Go on.

FLORENCIO—"*Life is sad!*"

CAROLINA—Are you beginning all over again?

FLORENCIO—No, he repeats himself. What is this? "*I never loved but once in my life; I never loved but one woman—my wife.*" He means you.

CAROLINA—Yes. Go on, go on.

FLORENCIO—"*I never trusted but one friend, my friend Florencio.*" He means me.

CAROLINA—Yes, yes; he means you. But go on, go on.

FLORENCIO—I wonder what he can be driving at. Ah! What does he say? That you, that I. . . .

CAROLINA—Go on, go on.

FLORENCIO—"*This woman and this man, the two greatest, the two pure, the two unselfish passions of my life, in whom my very being was consumed—how can I bring myself to confess it? I hardly dare admit it to myself! They are in love—they love each other madly—in secret—perhaps without even suspecting themselves.*"

CAROLINA—What do you think of that?

FLORENCIO—Suspecting themselves . . . . "*They are struggling to overcome their guilty passion, but how long will they continue to struggle? Yet I am sorry for them both. What ought I to do? I cannot sleep.*"

CAROLINA—What do you say?

FLORENCIO—Impossible! He never wrote such letters. Besides, if he did, they ought never to have been published.

CAROLINA—But true or false, they have been published, and here they are. Ah! But this is nothing! You ought to see what he says farther on. He goes on communicating his observations, and there are some, to be perfectly frank, which nobody could have made but himself.

FLORENCIO—You don't mean to tell me that you think these letters are genuine?

CAROLINA—They might be for all we know. He gives dates and details.

FLORENCIO—And all the time we thought he suspected nothing!

CAROLINA—You do jump so at conclusions, Florencio. How could he suspect? You know how careful we were about everything, no matter what happened, so as not to hurt his feelings.

FLORENCIO—This only goes to show all the good that it did us.

CAROLINA—He could only suspect—that it was the truth; that we were loving in silence.

FLORENCIO—Then perhaps you can explain to me what was the use of all this silence? Don't you see that what he has done now is to go and blurt the whole thing out to this rascal Casalonga?—an unscrupulous knave whose only interest in the matter is to turn these confidences to his own advantage! It is useless to attempt to defend it. Such foolishness was unpardonable. I should never have believed it of my friend. If he had any doubts about me—about us—why didn't he say so? Then we could have been more careful, and have done something to ease his mind. But this notion of running and telling the first

person who happens along. . . What a position does it leave me in? In what light do we appear at this time? Now, when everybody is paying respect to his memory, and I have put myself to all this trouble in order to raise money for this monument—what are people going to think when they read these things?

CAROLINA—I always said that we would have trouble with that monument.

FLORENCIO—How shall I have the face to present myself to-morrow before the monument.

CAROLINA—My sisters-in-law were right. We are going to be conspicuous.

FLORENCIO—Ah! But this must be stopped. I shall run at once to the offices of the papers, to the judicial authorities, to the governor, to all the booksellers. As for this Casalonga— Ah! I will settle with him! Either he will retract and confess that these letters are forgeries from beginning to end, or I will kill him! I will fight with him in earnest!

CAROLINA—Florencio! Don't forget yourself! You are going too far. You don't mean a duel? To expose your life?

FLORENCIO. Don't you see that it is impossible to submit to such an indignity? Where is this thing going to stop? Is nobody's private life to be secure? And this goes deeper than the private life—it impugns the sanctity of our intentions.

CAROLINA—No, Florencio!

FLORENCIO—Let me go!

CAROLINA—Florencio! Anything but a duel! No, no!

FLORENCIO—Ah! Either he will retract and withdraw the edition of this libel or, should he refuse. . . .

CAROLINA—Zurita!

FLORENCIO—My friend. . . . You are just in time! [ZURITA *enters.*]

ZURITA—Don Florencio. . . . Carolina. . . . Don't say a word! I know how you feel.

FLORENCIO—Did you see it? Did you hear it? Is this a civilized country in which we live?

CAROLINA—But surely he has not heard it already?

ZURITA—Yes, at the Club. Some one had the book; they were passing it around. . . .

FLORENCIO—At the Club?

ZURITA—Don't be alarmed. Everybody thinks it is blackmail—a case of *chantage.* Don Patricio could never have written such letters.

FLORENCIO—Ah! So they think that?

ZURITA—Even if he had, they deal with private matters, which ought never to have been made public.

FLORENCIO—Exactly my idea—with private matters; they are confidential.

ZURITA—I lost no time, as you may be sure, of hurrying to Valdivieso's shop, where the books are on sale. I found him amazed; he was entirely innocent. He bought the copies supposing that the subject was of timely importance; that it was of a serious nature. He hurried at once to withdraw the copies from the window, and ran in search of the author.

FLORENCIO—Of the author? Is the author in town?

ZURITA—Yes, he came with the books; he arrived with them this morning.

FLORENCIO—Ah! So this scamp Casalonga is here, is he? Tell me where I can find him!

ZURITA—At the Hotel de Europa.

CAROLINA—Florencio! Don't you go! Hold him back! He means to challenge him.

ZURITA—Never! It is not worth the trouble. Besides, you ought to hold yourself above such things. Your wife is above them.

FLORENCIO—But what will people say, friend Zurita? What will people say?

ZURITA—Everybody thinks it is a huge joke.

FLORENCIO—A joke? Then our position is ridiculous.

ZURITA—I did not say that. What I do say. . . .

FLORENCIO—No, no, friend Zurita; you are a man of honour, you know that it is necessary for me to kill this man.

CAROLINA—But suppose he is the one who kills you? No, Florencio, not a duel! What is the use of the courts?

FLORENCIO—No, I prefer to fight. My dear Zurita, run in search of another friend and stop at the Hotel de Europa as my representatives. Seek out this man, exact reparation upon the spot—a reparation which shall be resounding, complete. Either he declares over his own signature that those letters are impudent forgeries or, should he refuse. . . .

CAROLINA—Florencio!

FLORENCIO—Stop at nothing! Do not haggle over terms. Let it be pistols with real bullets, as we pace forward each to each!

ZURITA—But, Don Florencio!

CAROLINA—Don't go, I beg of you! Don't leave the house!

FLORENCIO—You are my friend—go at once!

CAROLINA—No, he will never go!

ZURITA—But, Don Florencio! Consider. . . . The situation is serious.

FLORENCIO—When a man is made ridiculous the situation ceases to be serious! How shall I have the face to show myself before the monument! I—his most intimate friend! She, my wife, his widow! And everybody thinking all the while of those letters, imagining that I, that she. . . . No, no! Run! Bring me that retraction at once.

ZURITA—Not so fast! I hear the voice of Valdivieso.

FLORENCIO—Eh? And Casalonga's! Has that man the audacity to present himself in my house?

ZURITA—Be calm! Since he is here, perhaps he comes to explain. Let me see—[*He goes out.*]

CAROLINA—Florencio! Don't you receive him! Don't you have anything to do with that man!

FLORENCIO—I am in my own house. Never fear! I shall not forget to conduct myself as a gentleman. Now we shall see how he explains the matter; we shall see. But you had better retire first. Questions of honour are not for women.

CAROLINA—You know best; only I think I might remain within earshot. I am nervous. My dear!—Where are your arms?

FLORENCIO—What do I need of arms?

CAROLINA—Be careful just the same. Keep cool! Think of me.

FLORENCIO—I am in my own house. Have no fear.

CAROLINA—It upsets me dreadfully to see you in such a state.

FLORENCIO—What are you doing now?

CAROLINA—Removing these vases in case you should throw things. I should hate awfully to lose them; they were a present.

FLORENCIO—Hurry, dear!

CAROLINA—I am horribly nervous. Keep cool, for heavens' sake! Control yourself. [CAROLINA *goes out.* ZURITA *reënters.*]

ZURITA—Are you calmer now?

FLORENCIO—Absolutely. Is that man here?

ZURITA—Yes, Valdivieso brought him. He desires to explain.

FLORENCIO—Who? Valdivieso? Naturally. But that other fellow, that Casalonga—what does he want?

ZURITA—To have a few words with you; to offer a thousand explanations.

FLORENCIO—No more than one explanation is possible.

ZURITA—Consider a moment. In my opinion it will be wiser to receive him. He appears to be innocent.

FLORENCIO—Of the first instincts of a gentleman.

ZURITA—Exactly. I did not venture to put it so plainly. He attaches no importance to the affair whatever.

FLORENCIO—Of course not! It is nothing to him.

ZURITA—Nothing. However, you will find him disposed to go to any length—retract, make a denial, withdraw the book from circulation. You had best have a few words with him. But first promise to control yourself. Shall I ask them to come in?

FLORENCIO—Yes . . . yes! Ask them to come in.

ZURITA—Poor Valdivieso is awfully put out. He always had such a high opinion of you. You are one of the two or three persons in this town who buy books. It would be a tremendous relief to him if you would only tell him that you knew he was incapable. . . .

FLORENCIO—Thoroughly! Poor Valdivieso! Ask him to come in; ask them both to come in. [ZURITA *retires and returns presently with* VALDIVIESO *and* CASALONGA.]

VALDIVIESO—Señor Don Florencio! I hardly know what to say. I am sure that you will not question my good faith in the matter. I had no idea . . . in fact, I never suspected. . . .

FLORENCIO—I always knew you were innocent! but this person. . . .

CASALONGA—Come, come now! Don't blame it on me. How the devil was I to know that you were here—and married to his widow! Sport for the gods!

FLORENCIO—Do you hear what he says?

ZURITA—I told you that he appeared to be innocent.

FLORENCIO—And I told you that he was devoid of the first instincts of a gentleman; although I failed to realize to what an extent. Sir——

CASALONGA—Don't be absurd! Stop making faces at me.

FLORENCIO—In the first place, I don't recall that we were ever so intimate.

CASALONGA—Of course we were! Of course! Anyhow, what difference does it make? We were together for a whole season; we were inseparable. Hard times those for us both! But what did we care? When one of us was out of money, all he

had to do was to ask the other, and be satisfied.

FLORENCIO—Yes; I seem to recall that the other was always I.

CASALONGA—Ha, ha, ha! That might be. Stranger things have happened. But you are not angry with me, are you? The thing is not worth all this fuss.

FLORENCIO—Do you hear what he says?

VALDIVIESO—You may be sure that if I had had the slightest idea. . . . I bought the books so as to take advantage of the timeliness of the monument. If I had ever suspected. . . .

CASALONGA—Identically my position—to take advantage of the monument. Life is hard. While the conservatives are in power, I am reduced to extremities. I am at my wit's end to earn an honest penny.

FLORENCIO—I admire your colossal impudence. What are you going to do with a man like this?

ZURITA—Exactly the question that occurred to me. What are you going to do?

CASALONGA—For a time I was reduced to writing plays—like everybody else—although mine were better. That was the reason they did not succeed. Then I married my last landlady; I was obliged to settle with her somehow. A little difference arose between us, so we agreed to separate amicably after smashing all the furniture. However, that will be of no interest to you.

FLORENCIO—No, no, it is of no interest to me.

CASALONGA—A novel, my boy! A veritable work of romance! I wandered all over the country explaining views for the cinematograph. You know what a gift I have for talk? Wherever I appeared the picture houses were crowded—even to the exits. Then my voice gave out. I was obliged to find some other outlet for my activities. I thought of my friends. You know what friends are; as soon as a man needs them he hasn't any friends. Which way was I to turn? I happened to hear that you were unveiling a monument to the memory of friend Patricio. Poor Patricio! That man was a friend! He could always be relied upon. It occurred to me that I might write out a few pages of reminiscences—preferably something personal—and publish any letters of his which I had chanced to preserve.

FLORENCIO—What luck!

CASALONGA. Pshaw! Bread and butter—bread and butter, man! A mere pittance. It occurred to me that they would sell better here than anywhere else—this is where he lived. So I came this morning third class—think of that, third class!—and hurried at once to this fellow's shop. I placed two thousand copies with him, which he took from me at a horrible discount. You know what these booksellers are. . . .

VALDIVIESO—I call you to witness—what was customary under the circumstances. He was selling for cash.

CASALONGA—Am I the man to deny it? You can divide mankind into two classes—knaves and fools.

VALDIVIESO—Listen to this——

CASALONGA—You are not one of the fools.

VALDIVIESO—I protest! How am I to profit by the transaction? Do you suppose that I shall sell a single copy of this libel now that I know that it is offensive to my particular, my excellent friend, Don Florencio, and to his respected wife?

FLORENCIO—Thanks, friend Valdivieso, thanks for that.

VALDIVIESO—I shall burn the edition, although you can imagine what that will cost.

FLORENCIO—The loss will be mine. It will be at my expense.

CASALONGA—What did I tell you? Florencio will pay. What are you complaining about?—If I were in your place, though, I'd be hanged if I would give the man one penny.

VALDIVIESO—What? When you have collected spot cash?

CASALONGA—You don't call that collecting? Not at that discount. The paper was worth more.

FLORENCIO—The impudence of the thing was worth more than the paper.

CASALONGA—Ha, ha, ha! Really, I cannot find it in my heart to be angry with you. You are too clever! But what was I to do? I had to find some outlet for my activities. Are you going to kill me?

FLORENCIO—I have made my arrangements. Do you suppose that I will submit meekly to such an indignity? If you refuse to fight, I will hale you before the courts.

CASALONGA—Drop that tragic tone. A duel? Between us? Over what? Because the wife of a friend—who at the same time happens to be your wife—has been intimate with you? Suppose it had been with some one else!

FLORENCIO—The supposition is improper.

CASALONGA—You are the first man I ever heard of who was offended because

it was said that he had been intimate with his wife. The thing is preposterous. How are we ever going to fight over it?

ZURITA—I can see his point of view.

FLORENCIO—Patricio could never have written those letters, much less to you.

CASALONGA—Talk as much as you like, the letters are genuine. Although it may have been foolish of Patricio to have written them—that is a debatable question. I publish them so as to enliven the book. A little harmless suggestion—people look for it; it adds spice. Aside from that, what motive could I have had for dragging you into it?

FLORENCIO—I admire your frankness at least.

ZURITA—What do you propose to do with this man?

FLORENCIO—What do you propose?

CASALONGA—You know I was always fond of you. You are a man of ability.

FLORENCIO—Thanks.

CASALONGA—You have more ability than Patricio had. He was a worthy soul, no doubt, but between us, who were in the secret, an utter blockhead.

FLORENCIO—Hardly that.

CASALONGA—I need not tell you what reputations amount to in this country. If he had had your brains, your transcendent ability. . . .

FLORENCIO—How can I stop this man from talking?

CASALONGA—You have always been too modest in my opinion; you have remained in the background in order to give him a chance to shine, to attract attention. Everybody knows that his best speeches were written by you.

FLORENCIO—You have no right to betray my confidence.

CASALONGA—Yes, gentlemen, it is only just that you should know. The real brains belonged to this man, he is the one who should have had the statue. As a friend he is wonderful, unique!

FLORENCIO—How am I going to fight with this man?

CASALONGA—I will give out a statement at once—for public consumption—declaring that the letters are forgeries—or whatever you think best; as it appeals to you. Fix it up for yourself. It is of no consequence anyhow. I am above this sort of thing. I should be sorry, however, to see this fellow receive more than his due, which is two *reals* a copy, or what he paid me.

VALDIVIESO—I cannot permit you to meddle in my affairs. You are a rogue and a cheat.

CASALONGA—A rogue and a cheat? In that case you are the one I will fight with. You are no friend of mine. You are an exploiter of other men's brains.

VALDIVIESO—You are willing to fight with me, are you—a respectable man, the father of a family? After swindling me out of my money!

CASALONGA—Swindling? That is no language to use in this house.

VALDIVIESO—I use it where I like.

FLORENCIO—Gentlemen, gentlemen! This is my house, this is the house of my wife!

ZURITA—Valdivieso!

CASALONGA (*to* FLORENCIO)—I choose you for my second. And you too, my friend—what is your name?

VALDIVIESO—But will you listen to him? Do you suppose that I will fight with this rascal, with the first knave who happens along? I, the father of a family?

CASALONGA—I cannot accept your explanation. My friends will confer with yours and apprise us as to the details. Have everything ready for this afternoon.

VALDIVIESO—Do you stand here and sanction this nonsense? You cannot believe one word that he says. No doubt it would be convenient for you to retire and use me as a Turk's head to receive all the blows, when you are the one who ought to fight!

FLORENCIO—Friend Valdivieso, I cannot permit reflections upon my conduct from you. After all, you need not have purchased the book, which you did for money, knowing that it was improper, since it contained matter which was offensive to me.

VALDIVIESO—Are you speaking in earnest?

FLORENCIO—I was never more in earnest in my life.

CASALONGA—Yes, sir, and it is high time for us all to realize that it is in earnest. It was all your fault. Nobody buys without spending the wares. It was your business to have pointed out to me the indiscretion I was about to commit. (*To* FLORENCIO) I am perfectly willing to withdraw if you wish to fight him, to yield my place as the aggrieved party to you. I should be delighted to act as one of your seconds, with our good friend here—what is your name?

ZURITA—Zurita.

CASALONGA—My good friend Zurita.

VALDIVIESO—Am I losing my mind? This is a trap which you have set for me, a despicable trap!

FLORENCIO—Friend Valdivieso, I cannot

tolerate these reflections. I am incapable of setting a trap.

ZURITA—Ah! And so am I! When you entered this house you were familiar with its reputation.

CASALONGA—You have forgotten with whom you are speaking.

VALDIVIESO—Nonsense! This is too much. I wash my hands of the whole business. Is this the spirit in which my advances are received? What I will do now is sell the book—and if I can't sell it, I will give it away! Everybody can read it then—and they can talk as much as they want to. This is the end! I am through.

FLORENCIO—Wait? What was that? I warn you not to sell so much as one copy?

ZURITA—I should be sorry if you did. Take care not to drag me into it.

CASALONGA—Nor me either.

VALDIVIESO—Enough! Do as you see fit—and I shall do the same. This is the end—the absolute end! It is the finish! [*Rushes out.*]

FLORENCIO—Stop him!

CASALONGA—It won't be necessary. I shall go to the shop and take back the edition. Whatever you intended to pay him you can hand directly to me. I am your friend; besides I need the money. This man shall not get the best of me. Oh! By the way, what are you doing to-night? Have dinner with me. I shall expect you at the hotel. Don't forget! If you don't show up, I may drop in myself and have dinner with you.

FLORENCIO—No! What would my wife say? She has trouble enough.

CASALONGA—Nonsense! She knows me, and we should have a good laugh. Is she as charming, as good-looking, as striking as ever? I am keen for her. I don't need to ask whether she is happy. Poor Patricio was a character! What a sight he was! What a figure! And age doubled him for good measure. I'll look in on you later. It has been a rare pleasure this time. There are few friends like you. Come, shake hands! I am touched; you know how it is. See you later! If I don't come back, I have killed my man and am in jail for it. Tell your wife. If I can help out in any way . . . Good-by, my friend—ah, yes! Zurita. I have a terrible head to-day. See you later! [*Goes out.*]

FLORENCIO—Did you ever see anything equal to it? I never did, and I knew him of old. But he has made progress.

ZURITA—His assurance is fairly epic.

FLORENCIO—What are you going to do with a man who takes it like this? You cannot kill him in cold blood—[CAROLINA *reënters.*]

FLORENCIO—Ah! Carolina! Were you listening? You heard everything.

CAROLINA—Yes, and in spite of it I think he is fascinating.

FLORENCIO—Since Carolina feels that way it simplifies the situation.

ZURITA—Why not? She heard the compliments. The man is irresistible.

FLORENCIO—Carolina, it comes simply to this: nobody attaches any importance to the matter. Only two or three copies have been sold.

CAROLINA—Yes, but one of them was to my sisters-in-law, which is the same as if they had sold forty thousand. They will tell everybody.

FLORENCIO—They were doing it anyhow; there is no further cause for worry.

CAROLINA—At all events, I shall not attend the unveiling to-morrow, and you ought not to go either.

FLORENCIO—But, wife!

ZURITA—Ah! The unveiling. . . . I had forgotten to mention it.

CAROLINA—To mention what?

ZURITA—It has been postponed.

FLORENCIO—How?

ZURITA—The committee became nervous at the last moment over the protests against the nudes. After seeing the photographs many ladies declined to participate. At last the sculptor was convinced, and he has consented to withdraw the statue of Truth altogether, and to put a tunic upon Industry, while Commerce is to have a bathing-suit.

CAROLINA—That will be splendid!

ZURITA—All this, however, will require several days, and by that time everything will have been forgotten. [CASALONGA *reënters with the books. He is completely out of breath and drops them suddenly upon the floor, where they raise a tremendous cloud of dust.*]

CAROLINA—*Ay!*

CASALONGA—I had you scared! At your service. . . . Here is the entire edition. I returned him his thousand pesetas—I declined to make it another penny. I told you that would be all that was necessary. I am a man of my word. Now it is up to you. No more could be asked! I am your friend and have said enough. I shall have to find some other outlet for my activities. That will be all for today.

FLORENCIO—I will give you two thousand pesetas. But beware of a second edition!

CASALONGA—Don't begin to worry so soon. With this money I shall have enough to be decent at least—at least for two months. You know me, señora. I am Florencio's most intimate friend, as I was Patricio's most intimate friend, which is to say one of the most intimate friends you ever had.

CAROLINA—Yes, I remember.

CASALONGA—But I have changed since that time.

FLORENCIO—Not a bit of it! He is just the same.

CASALONGA—Yes, the change is in you. You are the same, only you have improved. (*To* CAROLINA) I am amazed at the opulence of your beauty, which a fortunate marriage has greatly enhanced. Have you any children?

CAROLINA—No. . . .

CASALONGA—You are going to have some.

FLORENCIO—Flatterer!

CASALONGA—But I must leave before night: there is nothing for me to do here.

FLORENCIO—No, you have attended to everything. I shall send it after you to the hotel.

CASALONGA—Add a little while you are about it to cover expenses—by way of a finishing touch.

FLORENCIO—Oh, very well!

CASALONGA—That will be all. Señora, if I can be of service. . . . My good Zurita! Friend Florencio! Before I die I hope to see you again.

FLORENCIO—Yes! Unless I die first.

CASALONGA—I know how you feel. You take the worst end for yourself.

FLORENCIO—Allow me that consolation.

CASALONGA—God be with you, my friend. Adios! Rest in peace. How different are our fates! Life to you is sweet. You have everything—love, riches, satisfaction. While I—I laugh through my tears! [*Goes out.*]

CAROLINA—That costs you money.

FLORENCIO—What else did you expect? I gave up to avoid a scandal upon your account. I could see that you were nervous. I would have fought if I could have had my way; I would have carried matters to the last extreme. Zurita will tell you so.

CAROLINA—I always said that monument would cost us dear.

FLORENCIO—Obviously! Two thousand pesetas now, besides the twenty-five thousand which I subscribed for the monument, to say nothing of my uniform as Chief of Staff which I had ordered for the unveiling. Then there are the banquets to the delegates. . . .

ZURITA—Glory is always more expensive than it is worth.

FLORENCIO—It is not safe to be famous even at second hand.

CAROLINA—But you are not sorry?

FLORENCIO—No, my Carolina, the glory of being your husband far outweighs in my eyes the disadvantages of being the husband of his widow.

[*Curtain.*]

Phillis Is My Only Joy

By SIR CHARLES SEDLEY

PHILLIS is my only joy
Faithless as the wind or seas;
Sometimes coming, sometimes coy,
Yet she never fails to please.
If with a frown
I am cast down,
Phillis, smiling
And beguiling,
Makes me happier than before.

Though, alas! too late I find
Nothing can her fancy fix;
Yet the moment she is kind
I forgive her all her tricks;
Which though I see,
I can't get free;
She deceiving,
I believing,
What need lovers wish for more?

When the Devil Appeared in the Mississippi Valley

[This is the only record I know of an actual appearance of His Satanic Majesty in these United States—certainly west of the Alleghanies. The pamphlet must be very rare, since it has been unknown to bibliographers: "SURPRISING ACCOUNT OF THE DEVIL'S APPEARING TO JOHN CHESSELDEN AND JAMES ARKINS, *at a town near the Mississippi, on the 24th of May, 1784. Written with their own hands. Printed in the year M, DCC, XCII.*" H. W. L.]

WHAT can be more shocking to the human mind than the appearance of one of those fallen angels that were turned out of heaven, and now make the habitations of darkness their homes. Such an appearance would strike terror into the most unshaken mind, the most hard and stubborn heart; yea of such a kind that no one can conceive of, but those that have had the trial, which has been ours, an account of which we now send abroad.

On the morning of the 24th of May, 1784, I John Chesselden and James Arkins, set out from Kenfry, a town near the Mississippi, to visit an old friend of ours, that lived 25 miles distant from thence, and with whom we had lived about two years. The road that led to this place was through a wood called Varnum's wood, upon account of its belonging to one Varnum. We set out about eight o'clock in the morning, soon after which James Arkins did tell me (John Chesselden) that did we in passing this wood meet with such a devil of a fright as Isaac King did, a person that passed them but a few months before, and supposed that he see (a person without either head or arms) we would deserve to stay in them and never be suffered to return or pass them. He likewise said that persons of this character as King ought to be banished from the society of all that had either spirits or common sense; and that he defied all the devils inhabiting the infernal regions to intimidate him in the least, should they be pleased to appear to him in their highest magnitude. After this speech of his, I John Chesselden undertook in some measure to reprimand him for his heedless and unguarded talk, telling him that although I supposed the said King was frighted at nothing more than imagination, yet I believed the devil was often permitted to appear unto men, although we had not seen the appearance. This talk seemed greatly to raise his spirits, insomuch that he said if there ever appeared a devil or any spirit unto men while on earth he desired that he might in passing this wood have one of them for a guest.

Little did he and myself think of these words of his being fulfilled; which however was done, and in the most frightful and shocking manner; in a manner that clearly showed it to be the hand of heaven, that it should be as he desired, and which shows us that the all-wise God minds and observes the actions of men, and often takes them at their word.

We had not proceeded above two miles after this conversation was over, before we came to a small river which crossed the road, at which we made a stop and set down; we had not set here above eight or ten minutes before we heard a rustling among the leaves at some distance, and which we supposed to be occasioned by porcupines, which are very plenty in those parts. Here we set for some time waiting for to see these supposed creatures come into our view, which seemed to move towards us, though very moderately, whereupon we resolved not to wait for their coming, but set out to meet them. We had not gone more than a quarter of a mile before we came to a small rising spot of ground, from the top of which we discovered near the bottom, a large bunch of bushes, in which was this rustling of leaves. We both of us went down the hill till we came almost up to these bushes when on a sudden there issued out of them

a perfect smoke as large as that from the mouth of a cannon, together with a beast as large as a moose, with the most tremendous and hideous aspect, something like to that which is given of a lion, though infinitely more shocking and dreadful, as his eyes appeared to be a very flame of fire in its full strength, and out of his mouth went a smoke like that of a furnace. He had not been out of the bushes above the space of a minute before he stood erect upon his feet, and greatly altered both in shape and gesture: at the sight of which we both fell down prostrate upon the ground, and thus continued for some time wholly insensible; when at length, I John Chesselden partly recovered from my insensibility, and raising myself up partly on my hands and feet, discovered this monster about three yards from me in a horizontal posture, in the clear fluid air, about eight feet from the earth, having the perfect form of a man excepting a head, of which he was wholly destitute of any. My companion, James Arkins, being not yet recovered, I thought it possible to do it, and endeavour to make our escape from the ferocious tyrant, whereupon I stepped up to him and upon gently touching him, he immediately in great surprise sprang up, and with a loud voice exclaimed, God be merciful to me the greatest of sinners, and most worthy of thy displeasure. Upon these words being pronounced, this truly frightful monster immediately left his situation in the air, and stood upright on his feet before the said James Arkins, without head or hands and in the very form which the forementioned King had represented. In this posture he continued for about the space of half an hour, standing the whole of the time directly before the said Arkins, and imitating him in every particular, even in the very motion of the fingers; till at length he gradually drew back from us, and seated himself near a small stream that passed, at the bottom of this hill, about twenty rods from where we now were. Here in this place he sent forth the most horrid cry that perhaps ever mortals heard, or that devils uttered. It was so strong a sound that the earth where we stood was in great commotion, and every tree appeared to be leaving its foundation. It is not possible to describe our feelings at these moments, when we expected so shortly to bid adieu to our earthly bodies; to be destroyed by this universal tyrant; what to do we knew not; to flee from him was not in our power. It had now got to be about two o'clock in the afternoon, and knowing night would soon approach, we resolved to make an attempt of returning, which was not above two miles and a half. No sooner had we attempted to move than the monster arose from his seat which when he took he was without head or hands, or any kind of garment, but was now adorned with all these, and of the most dazzling appearance; and truly had a more striking appearance than the greatest potentate or prince on earth; and in this form made up to us where he stood for some time, as likewise did we without either attempting to move in the least; but at length we undertook to proceed on our way back from whence we came, which when he saw he made up to us and with a very pleasant voice said, "why do you hurry yourselves friends I will shortly be your companion, and will attend you where you please: sure you have frighted countenances, what can be the cause of it: pray let me know and I will free you from it: come young friends walk as I do"; upon which he cleared himself from the earth, and walked about three feet above the surface, which was truly a fearful sight and highly astonishing. After he had proceeded in this manner about twenty rods, he again came upon the surface of the earth, and proceeded with us on our way until we were within about one hundred rods of our habitations, when he told us we had got to go a little way with him, where he would show us several cities most elegantly adorned with thousand objects that would highly elevate us, and where he said were many pleasant dwelling places which without doubt we should so greatly fancy that he believed we should be willing to take up with them for our abodes and lasting homes, where likewise he said were many that spoke our language, and he believed were our countrymen. After this speech of his, I John Chesselden made answer to him in these words: "My business being of such a nature, it renders it impossible for me to attend you to this delightsome dwelling place, must therefore beg you to let me pass, together with my companion, until some other season and more convenient opportunity." Upon this speech of mine he appeared greatly incensed and immediately caught James Arkins by the hair of his head and with a horrid cry said, "what such young upstarts as you disobey my will, where were you when old Adam and Eve in paradise in innocence stood, why did not they disobey my will." After he had said these words he set Arkins at his liberty, but not without taking out at least one-half

of the hair of his head, and wounding him in many parts of his body. Now it was about sunset and we were at least four miles from any inhabitants, in this deplorable situation, never expecting to be in any other, with Arkins groaning with his wounds, and death staring us in the face on every side. Here gentle reader drop a tear at our condition in these moments, when we expected never to escape to inform the world of our feelings or the cause of our deaths; but Heaven be praised; how did we in those moments that so shortly threatened our ruin, get from his infernal hands. Seeing night was come upon us, and still in the hands of the devil, who every minute would assume whatever forms he pleased, and them which was the most shocking to behold, I John Chesselden resolved to look up to heaven for relief, which I immediately did, and fell upon my bended knees and cried with a loud voice to him who made the heavens, that he would not suffer us to be destroyed by this fallen angel, who was drove out of heaven and sentenced to dwell in chains and everlasting punishment. Immediately upon the tyrant's hearing these words he vanished out of sight and was gone, upon which I immediately took Arkins upon my back (who was so wounded that he could not walk) and came safely into Kenfrytown to our own houses, about eight o'clock at night on the same day.

But by the way, we must not forget to inform the reader among the many forms that this tyrant assumed, of one more truly surprising than any of the other, and which was this.—As the dusk of the evening approached, Arkins being in great distress with his wounds, and as I suppose something shattered in reason, he cried out, "who or which of you will relieve me out of these deep agonies"; upon which the devil immediately spake and said, "I will give you that relief which you justly deserve," and instantly mounted a large rock that lay near us, upon which he had the perfect form of two persons, both lying prostrate, one like a man when expiring, uttering the most piercing groans that ever mortals heard, and at times saying, "Oh, my ruined and departing soul." The other form in some measure resembled a man, though much larger, with the face as black as that of a negro, together with one cloven foot and gestures very terrible. Now after they had continued in this posture for some time, this one in form like unto a man, uttered several more piercing groans than any of the former, and violently struggling seemed to die immediately; upon which there seemed to come or evaporate from his body the same form or likeness, and to appearance composed of pure air, which kept in a gentle motion or tremor for some time; when at length this other form arose and stood upon his feet, with an aspect dreadful and terrible. He now stepped to the utmost extremity of this rock, which when it was done he extended both arms to receive this form in the air, which gradually made toward him, though seemingly with great resistance; until it came within them, which when it was done he folded with the greatest fury and immediately leaped down upon the ground, which when his feet touched gave way for the space of about two rods in circumference and sunk directly downwards, leaving a large cavity into which he descended with this form or body in his arms, where appeared to be melted minerals or brimstone, dreadful to behold, in which they both continued for some time, where were groans not to be uttered. After some time was passed, this one with the cloven foot came out of this place, leaving the other behind, who sent forth such shrieks as we shall not attempt to paint, as language would be too feeble for the undertaking. Upon this one's coming out of this place he returned to this rock, and upon touching it with one hand it rolled over and entirely shut up the cavity or opening in the earth, when all to us was silent: he then put on many frightful shapes by turns, and thus continued to do until he vanished and was gone as we before related.

The occasion of our giving the reader a more particular account of this last-mentioned appearance was this that we verily believe it to have had great affinity or likeness to a person resigning his breath and having his immortal soul committed by the great sovereign of the universe into the hands of the prince of darkness. Surely it must have been the true and only emblem of this, as one of these forms was the most true painted picture of one in the agonies of death, as the very image of the immortal soul to us appeared in open air, near the form of the body with this monster, this universal tyrant receiving and consigning it to this true description of endless torments.

During the whole of this day nothing gave me a greater and more sudden shock, than to hear the devil say to Arkins, "I will give you that relief which you deserve": as

I supposed he now meant by this to make an attempt upon our lives and which I still think was his intention, as his appearing upon the rock in the manner he did seems to confirm us without doubt by this he intended to show us that although he had not power to destroy us, yet it was not owing to his will, which would have quickly done it and confined our souls in the dark abyss which he represented to us; but Heaven be praised he was not permitted, but sent the way he came without executing his plan, and we were conducted to our habitations rejoicing in the Lord, and praising his holy name for this wonderful and surprising deliverance.

On the morning of the 25th of May, we immediately related the narrative to our friends, which was soon spread through the town, and before twelve o'clock there were at least two hundred people collected, with countenances that showed sorrow of the deepest nature, as they imagined it was an appearance that foreboded their destruction was the appearance real, which to convince them of Arkins showed them his wounds; but this not being sufficient, we told them that by walking with us into Varnum's wood, they would be convinced; upon which four persons turned out and went with us to this place, viz., James Erwin, Esq. Nathan Cole, Benjamin Guy and Samuel Ford, to whom we showed this rock which was thus moved, and which wholly satisfied them as to the truth of it; whereupon we returned and these four persons with us, who told the people that what we had related was without any doubt true, as the huge rock was moved (for this was its name) at least twelve feet; which when they heard they believed, and we were brought before them and related the whole affair, with the conversation that passed between us before we entered the woods, which when they came to hear they were greatly satisfied, saying this was to punish a wicked person and not to destroy us as we imagined.

After the people's fears were abated, the Rev. John Boyd (who was now preaching in these parts, and who was come to inquire into the matter) called us out and in the presence of all the people said, "The appearance of the devil is a great and shocking sight to the human mind, yet nothing so shocking as one who makes light of it, and can deliberately when a little out of humour wish him to be his companion and guest: surely the sight of the latter of these ought to strike us with vastly greater and more surprising astonishment than the former. It ought to set each one of us upon strict inquiry whether or no we are free from such a truly to be pitied and abominable character. It will surely convince all of every denomination that by what has but yesterday happened, that the great God takes notice of the words and actions of men, and often in this life gives them what they say they desire. And as we know he is a being of justice, so we likewise may conclude that those who pass through this life in a course of sin, and yet go unpunished, must when they come to die be sentenced to that world where they must ever remain in unspeakable misery and despair. Here before our eyes we see one who has been taken at his word, and in a shocking manner wounded by one who he wished might attend him. What can he say? he has had his wish: here behold him and learn not to follow his ways, but to flee them with the greatest abhorrence. May this be a means of turning him unto the ways of righteousness and of every one present, till we say these are the ways of pleasantness and true delight. Then will the Lord smile on this new world and choose it for his habitation from generation to generation."

Now after this speech James Arkins in presence of the whole of the people came forth and showed them his wounds which he had received of the devil, and with tears in his eyes said, "these have I received justly, and which fell far short of my deserving, which had I received I must confess would have been to suffer with devils to the endless ages of eternity. Here, my friends, you may see one that has lived in a course of sin; and at length was so hardened as to even desire the devil for a guest in bodily shape. Now, my friends, take warning not to follow such steps as these, but flee them with the greatest dread and detestation. Let it strike horror upon every soul that makes light of those things, and at every trifle will wish his appearance. Let it remind us that all our words are taken notice of and will at some period come upon us, and perhaps when we are not aware of it. Let it be the means of reforming my ways and all others of this character, and of turning unto the Lord for mercy, which if we do perhaps he may attend unto our cry and save us, which will ever be the prayer of

JAMES ARKINS,

JOHN CHESSELDEN.

A Gold Slipper

By WILLA CATHER

MARSHALL McKANN followed his wife and her friend Mrs. Post down the aisle and up the steps to the stage of the Carnegie Music Hall with an ill-concealed feeling of grievance. Heaven knew he never went to concerts, and to be mounted upon the stage in this fashion, as if he were a "highbrow" from Sewickley, or some unfortunate with a musical wife, was ludicrous. A man went to concerts when he was courting, while he was a junior partner. When he became a person of substance he stopped that sort of nonsense. His wife, too, was a sensible person, the daughter of an old Pittsburgh family as solid and well-rooted as the McKanns. She would never have bothered him about this concert had not the meddlesome Mrs. Post arrived to pay her a visit. Mrs. Post was an old school friend of Mrs. McKann, and because she lived in Cincinnati she was always keeping up with the world and talking about things in which no one else was interested, music among them. She was an aggressive lady, with weighty opinions, and a deep voice like a jovial bassoon. She had arrived only last night, and at dinner she brought it out that she could on no account miss Kitty Ayrshire's recital; it was, she said, the sort of thing no one could afford to miss.

When McKann went into town in the morning he found that every seat in the music-hall was sold. He telephoned his wife to that effect, and, thinking he had settled the matter, made his reservation on the 11.25 train for New York. He was unable to get a drawing-room because this same Kitty Ayrshire had taken the last one. He had not intended going to New York until the following week, but he preferred to be absent during Mrs. Post's incumbency.

In the middle of the morning, when he was deep in his correspondence, his wife called him up to say the enterprising Mrs. Post had telephoned some musical friends in Sewickley and had found that two hundred folding chairs were to be placed on the stage of the concert-hall, behind the piano, and that they would be on sale at noon. Would he please get seats in the front row? McKann asked if they would not excuse him, since he was going over to New York on the late train, would be tired, and would not have time to dress, etc. No, not at all. It would be foolish for two women to trail up to the stage unattended. Mrs. Post's husband always accompanied her to concerts, and she expected that much attention from her host. He needn't dress, and he could take a taxi from the concert-hall to the East Liberty station.

The outcome of it all was that, though his bag was at the station, here was McKann in the worst possible humour, facing the large audience to which he was well known, and sitting among a lot of music students and excitable old maids. Only the desperately zealous or the morbidly curious would endure two hours in those wooden chairs, and he sat in the front row of this hectic body, somehow made a party to a transaction for which he had the utmost contempt.

When McKann had been in Paris, Kitty Ayrshire was singing at the Comique, and he wouldn't go to hear her—even there, where one found so little that was better to do. She was too much talked about, too much advertised; always being thrust in an American's face as if she were something to be proud of. Perfumes and petticoats and cutlets were named for her. Some one had pointed Kitty out to him one afternoon when she was driving in the Bois with a French composer—old enough, he judged, to be her father—who was said to be infatuated, carried away by her. McKann was told that this was one of the historic passions of old age. He had looked at her on that occasion, but she was so befrilled and befeathered that he caught nothing but a graceful outline and a small, dark head above a white ostrich boa. He had noted with disgust, however, the stooped shoulders and white imperial of the silk-hatted man beside her, and the senescent line of his back.

McKann described to his wife this unpleasing picture only last night, while he was undressing, when he was making every possible effort to avert this concert party. But Bessie only looked superior and said she wished to hear Kitty Ayrshire sing, and that her "private life" was something in which she had no interest.

Well, here he was; hot and uncomfortable, in a chair much too small for him, with a row of blinding footlights glaring in his eyes. Suddenly the door at his right elbow opened. Their seats were at one end of the front row; he had thought they would be less conspicuous there than in the center, and he had not foreseen that the singer would walk over him every time she came upon the stage. Her velvet train brushed against his trousers as she passed him. The applause which greeted her was neither overwhelming nor prolonged. Her conservative audience did not know exactly how to accept her toilette. They were accustomed to dignified concert gowns, like those which Pittsburgh matrons (in those days!) wore at their daughters' coming-out teas.

Kitty's gown that evening was really quite outrageous—the repartee of a conscienceless Parisian designer who took her hint that she wished something that would be entirely novel in the States. To-day, after we have all of us, even in the uttermost provinces, been educated by Bakst and the various Ballets Russes, we would accept such a gown without distrust; but then it was a little disconcerting, even to the well-disposed. It was constructed of a yard or two of green velvet—a reviling, shrieking green which would have made a fright of any woman who had not inextinguishable beauty—and it was made without armholes, a device to which we were then so unaccustomed that it was nothing less than alarming. The velvet skirt split back from a transparent gold-lace petticoat, gold stockings, gold slippers. The narrow train was, apparently, looped to both ankles, and it kept curling about her feet like a serpent's tail, turning up its gold lining as if it were squirming over on its back. It was not, we felt, a costume in which to sing Mozart and Handel and Beethoven.

Kitty sensed the chill in the air, and it amused her. She liked to be thought a brilliant artist by other artists, but by the world at large she liked to be thought a daring creature. She had every reason to believe, from experience and from example, that to shock the great crowd was the surest way to get its money and to make her name a household word. Nobody ever became a household word of being an artist, surely; and you were not a thoroughly paying proposition until your name meant something on the sidewalk and in the barber-shop. Kitty studied her audience with an appraising eye. She liked the stimulus of this disapprobation. As she faced this hard-shelled public she felt keen and interested; she knew that she would give such a recital as cannot often be heard for money. She nodded gaily to the young man at the piano, fell into an attitude of seriousness, and began the group of Beethoven and Mozart songs.

Though McKann would not have admitted it, there were really a great many people in the concert-hall who knew what the prodigal daughter of their country was singing, and how well she was doing it. They thawed gradually under the beauty of her voice and the subtlety of her interpretation. She had sung seldom in concert then, and they had supposed her very dependent upon the accessories of the opera. Clean singing, finished artistry, were not what they expected from her. They began to feel, even, the wayward charm of her personality.

McKann, who stared coldly up at the balconies during her first song, during the second glanced cautiously at the green apparition before him. He was vexed with her for having retained a débutante figure. He comfortably classed all singers—especially operatic singers—as "fat Dutch-women" or "shifty Sadies," and Kitty would not fit into his clever generalization. She displayed, under his nose, the only kind of figure he considered worth looking at—that of a very young girl, supple and sinuous and quick-silverish; thin, eager shoulders, polished white arms that were nowhere too fat and nowhere too thin. McKann found it agreeable to look at Kitty, but when he saw that the authoritative Mrs. Post, red as a turkey-cock with opinions she was bursting to impart, was studying and appraising the singer through her lorgnette, he gazed indifferently out into the house again. He felt for his watch, but his wife touched him warningly with her elbow—which, he noticed, was not at all like Kitty's.

When Miss Ayrshire finished her first group of songs, her audience expressed its approval positively, but guardedly. She smiled bewitchingly upon the people in front, glanced up at the balconies, and

then turned to the company huddled on the stage behind her. After her gay and careless bows, she retreated toward the stage door. As she passed McKann, she again brushed lightly against him, and this time she paused long enough to glance down at him and murmur, "Pardon!"

In the moment her bright, curious eyes rested upon him, McKann seemed to see himself as if she were holding a mirror up before him. He beheld himself a heavy, solid figure, unsuitably clad for the time and place, with a florid, square face, well-visored with good living and sane opinions—an inexpressive countenance. Not a rock face, exactly, but a kind of pressed-brick-and-cement face, a "business" face upon which years and feelings had made no mark—in which cocktails might eventually blast out a few hollows. He had never seen himself so distinctly in his shaving-glass as he did in that instant when Kitty Ayrshire's liquid eye held him, when her bright, inquiring glance roamed over his person. After her prehensile train curled over his boot and she was gone, his wife turned to him and said in the tone of approbation one uses when an infant manifests its groping intelligence, "Very gracious of her, I'm sure!" Mrs. Post nodded oracularly. McKann grunted.

Kitty began her second number, a group of romantic German songs which were altogether more her affair than her first number. When she turned once to acknowledge the applause behind her, she caught McKann in the act of yawning behind his hand—he of course wore no gloves—and he thought she frowned a little. This did not embarrass him; it somehow made him feel important. When she retired after the second part of the program, she again looked him over curiously as she passed, and she took marked precaution that her dress did not touch him. Mrs. Post and his wife again commented upon her consideration.

The final number was made up of modern French songs which Kitty sang enchantingly, and at last her frigid public was thoroughly aroused. While she was coming back again and again to smile and curtsy, McKann whispered to his wife that if there were to be encores he had better make a dash for his train.

"Not at all," put in Mrs. Post. "Kitty is going on the same train. She sings in 'Faust' at the opera to-morrow night, so she'll take no chances."

McKann once more told himself how sorry he felt for Post. At last Miss Ayrshire returned, escorted by her accompanist, and gave the people what she of course knew they wanted: the most popular aria from the French opera of which the title-rôle had become synonymous with her name—an opera written for her and to her and round about her, by the veteran French composer who adored her—the last and not the palest flash of his creative fire. This brought her audience all the way. They clamoured for more of it, but she was not to be coerced. She had been unyielding through storms to which this was a summer breeze. She came on once more, shrugged her shoulders, blew them a kiss, and was gone. Her last smile was for that uncomfortable part of her audience seated behind her, and she looked with recognition at McKann and his ladies as she nodded good-night to the wooden chairs.

McKann hurried his charges into the foyer by the nearest exit and put them into his motor. Then he went over to the Schenley to have a glass of beer and a rarebit before train-time. He had not, he admitted to himself, been so much bored as he pretended. The minx herself was well enough, but it was absurd in his fellow-townsmen to look owlish and uplifted about her. He had no rooted dislike for pretty women; he even didn't deny that gay girls had their place in the world, but they ought to be kept in their place. He was born a Presbyterian, just as he was born a McKann. He sat in his pew in the First Church every Sunday, and he never missed a presbytery meeting when he was in town. His religion was not very spiritual, certainly, but it was substantial and concrete, made up of good, hard convictions and opinions. It had something to do with citizenship, with whom one ought to marry, with the coal business (in which his own name was powerful), with the Republican party, and with all majorities and established precedents. He was hostile to fads, to enthusiasms, to individualism, to all changes except in mining machinery and in methods of transportation.

His equanimity restored by his lunch at the Schenley, McKann lit a big cigar, got into his taxi, and bowled off through the sleet.

There was not a sound to be heard or a light to be seen. The ice glittered on the pavement and on the naked trees. No restless feet were abroad. At eleven o'clock the rows of small, comfortable houses looked as empty of the troublesome bubble of life as the Allegheny cemetery itself. Sud-

denly the cab stopped, and McKann thrust his head out of the window. A woman was standing in the middle of the street addressing his driver in a tone of excitement. Over against the curb a lone electric stood despondent in the storm. The young woman, her cloak blowing about her, turned from the driver to McKann himself, speaking rapidly and somewhat incoherently.

"Could you not be so kind as to help us? It is Mees Ayrshire, the singer. The juice is gone out and we cannot move. We must get to the station. Mademoiselle cannot miss the train; she sings to-morrow night in New York. It is very important. Could you not take us to the station at East Liberty?"

McKann opened the door. "That's all right, but you'll have to hurry. It's eleven-ten now. You've only got fifteen minutes to make the train. Tell her to come along."

The maid drew back and looked up at him in amazement. "But, the hand-luggage to carry, and Mademoiselle to walk! The street is like glass!"

McKann threw away his cigar and followed her. He stood silent by the door of the derelict, while the maid explained that she had found help. The driver had gone off somewhere to telephone for a car. Miss Ayrshire seemed not at all apprehensive; she had not doubted that a rescuer would be forthcoming. She moved deliberately; out of a whirl of skirts she thrust one fur-topped shoe—McKann saw the flash of the gold stocking above it—and alighted.

"So kind of you! So fortunate for us!" she murmured. One hand she placed upon his sleeve, and in the other she carried an armful of roses that had been sent up to the concert stage. The petals showered upon the sooty, sleety pavement as she picked her way along. They would be lying there to-morrow morning, and the children in those houses would wonder if there had been a funeral. The maid followed with two leather bags. As soon as he had lifted Kitty into his cab, she exclaimed:

"My jewel-case! I have forgotten it. It is on the back seat, please. I am so careless!"

He dashed back, ran his hand along the cushions, and discovered a small leather bag. When he returned he found the maid and the luggage bestowed on the front seat, and a place left for him on the back seat beside Kitty and her flowers.

"Shall we be taking you far out of your way?" she asked sweetly. "I haven't an idea where the station is. I'm not even sure about the name. Céline thinks it is East Liberty, but I think it is West Liberty. An odd name, anyway. It is a Bohemian quarter, perhaps? A district where the law relaxes a trifle?"

McKann replied grimly that he didn't think the name referred to that kind of liberty.

"So much the better," sighed Kitty. "I am a Californian; that's the only part of America I know very well, and out there, when we called a place Liberty Hill or Liberty Hollow—well, we meant it. You will excuse me if I'm uncommunicative, won't you? I must not talk in this raw air. My throat is sensitive after a long program." She lay back in her corner and closed her eyes.

When the cab rolled down the incline at East Liberty station, the New York express was whistling in. A porter opened the door. McKann sprang out, gave him a claim check and his Pullman ticket, and told him to get his bag at the check-stand and rush it on that train.

Miss Ayrshire, having gathered up her flowers, put out her hand to take his arm. "Why, it's you!" she exclaimed, as she saw his face in the light. "What a coincidence!" She made no further move to alight, but sat smiling as if she had just seated herself in a drawing-room and were ready for talk and a cup of tea.

McKann caught her arm. "You must hurry, Miss Ayrshire, if you mean to catch that train. It stops here only a moment. Can you run?"

"Can I run!" she laughed. "Try me!"

As they raced through the tunnel and up the inside stairway, McKann admitted that he had never before made a dash with feet so quick and sure stepping out beside him. The white-furred boots chased each other like lambs at play, the gold stockings flashed like the spokes of a bicycle wheel in the sun. They reached the door of Miss Ayrshire's state-room just as the train began to pull out. McKann was ashamed of the way he was panting, for Kitty's breathing was as soft and regular as when she was reclining on the back seat of his taxi. It had somehow run in his head that all these stage women were a poor lot physically—unsound, overfed creatures, like canaries that are kept in a cage and stuffed with song-restorer. He retreated to escape her thanks. "Good-night! Pleasant journey! Pleasant dreams!" With a friendly nod in Kitty's direction he closed the door behind him.

He was somewhat surprised to find his own bag, his Pullman ticket in the strap, on the seat just outside Kitty's door. But there was nothing strange about it. He had got the last section left on the train, No. 13, next the drawing-room. Every other berth in the car was made up. He was just starting to look for the porter when the door of the state-room opened and Kitty Ayrshire came out. She seated herself carelessly in the front seat beside his bag.

"Please talk to me a little," she said coaxingly. "I'm always wakeful after I sing, and I have to hunt some one to talk to. Céline and I get so tired of each other. We can speak very low, and we shall not disturb any one." She crossed her feet and rested her elbow on his Gladstone. Though she still wore her gold slippers and stockings, she did not, he thanked Heaven, have on her concert gown, but a very demure black velvet with some sort of pearl trimming about the neck. "Wasn't it funny," she proceeded, "that it happened to be you who picked me up? I wanted a word with you, anyway."

McKann smiled in a way that meant he wasn't being taken in. "Did you? We are not very old acquaintances."

"No, perhaps not. But you disapproved to-night, and I thought I was singing very well. You are very critical in such matters?"

He had been standing, but now he sat down. "My dear young lady, I am not critical at all I know nothing about 'such matters.'"

"And care less?" she said for him. "Well, then we know where we are, in so far as that is concerned. What did displease you? My gown, perhaps? It may seem a little *outré* here, but it's the sort of thing all the imaginative designers abroad are doing. You like the English sort of concert gown better?'

"About gowns," said McKann, "I know even less than about music. If I looked uncomfortable, it was probably because I was uncomfortable. The seats were bad and the lights were annoying."

Kitty looked up with solicitude. "I was sorry they sold those seats. I don't like to make people uncomfortable in any way. Did the lights give you a headache? They are very trying. They burn one's eyes out in the end, I believe." She paused and waved the porter away with a smile as he came toward them. Half-clad Pittsburghers were tramping up and down the aisle, casting sidelong glances at McKann and his companion. "How much better they look with all their clothes on," she murmured. Then, turning directly to McKann again: "I saw you were not well seated, but I felt something quite hostile and personal. You were displeased with me. Doubtless many people are, but I seldom get an opportunity to question them. It would be nice if you took the trouble to tell me why you were displeased."

She spoke frankly, pleasantly, without a shadow of challenge or hauteur. She did not seem to be angling for compliments. McKann settled himself in his seat. He thought he would try her out. She had come for it, and he would let her have it. He found, however, that it was harder to formulate the grounds of his disapproval than he would have supposed. Now that he sat face to face with her, now that she was leaning against his bag, he had no wish to hurt her.

"I'm a hard-headed business man," he said evasively, "and I don't much believe in any of you fluffy-ruffles people. I have a sort of natural distrust of them all, the men more than the women."

She looked thoughtful. "Artists, you mean?" drawing her words slowly. "What is your business?"

"Coal."

"I don't feel any natural distrust of business men, and I know ever so many. I don't know any coal-men, but I think I could become very much interested in coal. Am I larger-minded than you?"

McKann laughed. "I don't think you know when you are interested or when you are not. I don't believe you know what it feels like to be really interested. There is so much fake about your profession. It's an affectation on both sides. I know a great many of the people who went to hear you to-night, and I know that most of them neither know nor care anything about music. They imagine they do, because it's supposed to be the proper thing."

Kitty sat upright and looked interested. She was certainly a lovely creature—the only one of her tribe he had ever seen that he would cross the street to see again. Those were remarkable eyes she had—curious, penetrating, restless, somewhat impudent, but not at all dulled by self-conceit.

"But isn't that so in everything?" she cried. "How many of your clerks are honest because of a fine, individual sense of honour? They are honest because it is the accepted rule of good conduct in business.

Do you know"—she looked at him squarely —"I thought you would have something quite definite to say to me; but this is funny-paper stuff, the sort of objection I'd expect from your office-boy."

"Then you don't think it silly for a lot of people to get together and pretend to enjoy something they know nothing about?"

"Of course I think it silly, but that's the way God made audiences. Don't people go to church in exactly the same way? If there were a spiritual-pressure test-machine at the door, I suspect not many of you would get to your pews."

"How do you know I go to church?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, people with these old, ready-made opinions usually go to church. But you can't evade me like that." She tapped the edge of his seat with the toe of her gold slipper. "You sat there all evening, glaring at me as if you could eat me alive. Now I give you a chance to state your objections, and you merely criticize my audience. What is it? Is it merely that you happen to dislike my personality? In that case, of course, I won't press you."

"No," McKann frowned, "I perhaps dislike your professional personality. As I told you, I have a natural distrust of your variety."

"Natural, I wonder?" Kitty murmured. "I don't see why you should naturally dislike singers any more than I naturally dislike coal-men. I don't classify people by their occupations. Doubtless I should find some coal-men repulsive, and you may find some singers so. But I have reason to believe that, at least, I'm one of the less repellent."

"I don't doubt it," McKann laughed, "and you're a shrewd woman to boot. But you are, all of you, according to my standards, light people. You're brilliant, some of you, but you've no depth."

Kitty seemed to assent, with a dive of her girlish head. "Well, it's a merit in some things to be heavy, and in others to be light. Some things are meant to go deep, and others to go high. Do you want all the women in the world to be profound?"

"You are all," he went on steadily, watching her with indulgence, "fed on hectic emotions. You are pampered. You don't help to carry the burdens of the world. You are self-indulgent and appetent."

"Yes, I am," she assented, with a candour which he did not expect. "Not all artists are, but I am. Why not? If I could once get a convincing statement as to why I should not be self-indulgent, I might change my ways. As for the burdens of the world—" Kitty rested her chin on her clasped hands and looked thoughtful. "One should give pleasure to others. My dear sir, granting that the great majority of people can't enjoy anything very keenly, you'll admit that I give pleasure to many more people than you do. One should help others who are less fortunate; at present I am supporting just eight people, besides those I hire. There was never another family in California that had so many cripples and hard-luckers as that into which I had the honour to be born. The only ones who could take care of themselves were ruined by the San Francisco earthquake some time ago. One should make personal sacrifices. I do; I give money and time and effort to talented students. Oh, I give something much more than that! something that you probably have never given to any one. I give, to the really gifted ones, my *wish*, my desire, my light, if I have any; and that, Mr. Worldly Wiseman, is like giving one's blood! It's the kind of thing you prudent people never give. That is what was in the box of precious ointment." Kitty threw off her fervour with a slight gesture, as if it were a scarf, and leaned back, tucking her slipper up on the edge of his seat. "If you saw the houses I keep up," she sighed, "and the people I employ, and the motor-cars I run— And, after all, I've only this to do it with." She indicated her slender person, which Marshall could almost have broken in two with his bare hands.

She was, he thought, very much like any other charming woman, except that she was more so. Her familiarity was natural and simple. She was at ease because she was not afraid of him or of herself, or of certain half-clad acquaintances of his who had been wandering up and down the car oftener than was necessary. Well, he was not afraid, either.

Kitty put her arms over her head and sighed again, feeling the smooth part in her black hair. Her head was small—capable of great agitation, like a bird's; or of great resignation, like a nun's. "I can't see why I shouldn't be self-indulgent, when I indulge others. I can't understand your equivocal scheme of ethics. Now I can understand Count Tolstoy's, perfectly. I had a long talk with him once, about his book 'What is Art?' As nearly as I could get it, he believes that we are a race who can exist only by gratifying appetites;

the appetites are evil, and the existence they carry on is evil. We were always sad, he says, without knowing why; even in the Stone Age. In some miraculous way a divine ideal was disclosed to us, directly at variance with our appetites. It gave us a new craving, which we could only satisfy by starving all the other hungers in us. Happiness lies in ceasing to be and to cause being, because the thing revealed to us is dearer than any existence our appetites can ever get for us. I can understand that. It's something one often feels in art. It is even the subject of the greatest of all operas, which, because I can never hope to sing it, I love more than all the others." Kitty pulled herself up. "Perhaps you agree with Tolstoy?" she added languidly.

"No; I think he's a crank," said McKann, cheerfully.

"What do you mean by a crank?"

"I mean an extremist."

Kitty laughed. "Weighty word! You'll always have a world full of people who keep to the golden mean. Why bother yourself about me and Tolstoy?"

"I don't, except when you bother me."

"Poor man! It's true this isn't your fault. Still, you did provoke it by glaring at me. Why did you go to the concert?"

"I was dragged."

"I might have known!" she chuckled, and shook her head. "No, you don't give me any good reasons. Your morality seems to me the compromise of cowardice, apologetic and sneaking. When righteousness becomes alive and burning, you hate it as much as you do beauty. You want a little of each in your life, perhaps—adulterated, sterilized, with the sting taken out. It's true enough they are both fearsome things when they get loose in the world; they don't, often."

McKann hated tall talk. "My views on women," he said slowly, "are simple."

"Doubtless," Kitty responded dryly, "but are they consistent? Do you apply them to your stenographers as well as to me? I take it for granted you have unmarried stenographers. Their position, economically, is the same as mine."

McKann studied the toe of her shoe. "With a woman, everything comes back to one thing." His manner was judicial.

She laughed indulgently. "So we are getting down to brass tacks, eh? I have beaten you in argument, and now you are leading trumps." She put her hands behind her head and her lips parted in a half-yawn. "Does everything come back to one thing? I wish I knew! It's more than likely that, under the same conditions, I should have been very like your stenographers—if they are good ones. Whatever I was, I would have been a good one. I think people are very much alike. You are more different than any one I have met for some time, but I know that there are a great many more at home like you. And even you—I believe there is a real creature down under these custom-made prejudices that save you the trouble of thinking. If you and I were shipwrecked on a desert island, I have no doubt that we would come to a simple and natural understanding. I'm neither a coward nor a shirk. You would find, if you had to undertake any enterprise of danger or difficulty with a woman, that there are several qualifications quite as important as the one to which you doubtless refer."

McKann felt nervously for his watch-chain. "Of course," he brought out, "I am not laying down any generalizations—" His brows wrinkled.

"Oh, aren't you?" murmured Kitty. "Then I totally misunderstood. But remember"—holding up a finger—"it is you, not I, who are afraid to pursue this subject further. Now I'll tell you something." She leaned forward and clasped her slim, white hands about her velvet knee. "I am as much a victim of these ineradicable prejudices as you. Your stenographer seems to you a better sort. Well, she does to me. Just because her life is, presumably grayer than mine, she seems better. My mind tells me that dulness, and a mediocre order of ability, and poverty, are not in themselves admirable things. Yet in my heart I always feel that the saleswomen in shops and the working-girls in factories are more meritorious than I. Many of them, with my opportunities, would be more selfish than I am. Some of them, with their own opportunities, are more selfish. Yet I make this sentimental genuflection before the nun and the charwoman. Tell me, haven't you any weakness? Isn't there any foolish, natural thing that unbends you a trifle and makes you feel gay?"

"I like to go fishing."

"To see how many fish you can catch?"

"No, I like the woods and the weather. I like to play a fish and work hard for him. I like the pussy-willows and the cold; and the sky, whether it's blue or gray—night coming on, everything about it."

He spoke devoutly, and Kitty watched

him through half-closed eyes. "And you like to feel that there are light-minded girls like me, who only care about the inside of shops and theaters and hotels, eh? You amuse me, you and your fish! But I mustn't keep you any longer. Haven't I given you every opportunity to state your case against me? I thought you would have more to say for yourself. Do you know, I believe it's not a case you have at all, but a grudge. I believe you are envious; that you'd like to be a tenor, and a perfect lady-killer!" She rose, smiling, and paused with her hand on the door of her stateroom. "Anyhow, thank you for a pleasant evening. And, by the way, dream of me tonight, and not of either of those ladies who sat beside you. It does not matter much whom we live with in this world, but it matters a great deal whom we dream of." She noticed his bricky flush. "You are very naïve, after all, but, oh, so cautious! You are naturally afraid of everything new, just as I naturally want to try everything: new people, new religions—new miseries, even. If only there were more new things—if only you were really new! I might learn something. I'm like the Queen of Sheba—I'm not above learning. But you, my friend, would be afraid to try a new shaving soap. It isn't gravitation that holds the world in place; it's the lazy, obese cowardice of the people on it. All the same"—taking his hand and smiling encouragingly—"I'm going to haunt you a little. *Adios!*"

When Kitty entered her stateroom, Céline, in her dressing-gown, was nodding by the window.

"Mademoiselle found the fat gentleman interesting?" she asked. "It is nearly one."

"Negatively interesting. His kind always say the same thing. If I could find one really intelligent man who held his views, I should adopt them."

"Monsieur did not look like an original," murmured Céline, as she began to take down her lady's hair.

McKann slept heavily, as usual, and the porter had to shake him in the morning. He sat up in his berth, and, after composing his hair with his fingers, began to hunt about for his clothes. As he put up the window-blind some bright object in the little hammock over his bed caught the sunlight and glittered. He stared and picked up a delicately turned gold slipper.

"Minx! hussy!" he ejaculated. "All that tall talk—! Probably got it from some man who hangs about; learned it off like a parrot. Did she poke this in here herself last night, or did she send that sneak-faced Frenchwoman? I like her nerve!" He wondered whether he might have been breathing audibly when the intruder thrust her head between his curtains. He was conscious that he did not look a Prince Charming in his sleep. He dressed as fast as he could, and, when he was ready to go to the wash-room, glared at the slipper. If the porter should start to make up his berth in his absence— He caught the slipper, wrapped it in his pajama jacket, and thrust it into his bag. He escaped from the train without seeing his tormentor again.

Later McKann threw the slipper into the waste-basket in his room at the Knickerbocker, but the chambermaid, seeing that it was new and mateless, thought there must be a mistake, and placed it in his clothes-closet. He found it there when he returned from the theater that evening. Considerably mellowed by food and drink and cheerful company, he took the slipper in his hand and decided to keep it as a reminder that absurd things could happen to people of the most clocklike deportment. When he got back to Pittsburgh, he stuck it in a lock-box in his vault, safe from prying clerks.

McKann has been ill for five years now, poor fellow! He still goes to the office, because it is the only place that interests him, but his partners do most of the work, and his clerks find him sadly changed—"morbid," they call his state of mind. He has had the pine-trees in his yard cut down because they remind him of cemeteries. On Sundays or holidays, when the office is empty, and he takes his will or his insurance-policies out of his lock-box, he often puts the tarnished gold slipper on his desk and looks at it. Somehow it suggests life to his tired mind, as his pine-trees suggested death—life and youth. When he drops over some day, his executors will be puzzled by the slipper.

As for Kitty Ayrshire, she has played so many jokes, practical and impractical, since then, that she has long ago forgotten the night when she threw away a slipper to be a thorn in the side of a just man.

The Fury

By PAUL HEYSE

THE day had scarcely dawned. Over Vesuvius hung one broad gray stripe of mist, stretching across as far as Naples, and darkening all the small towns along the coast. The sea lay calm. Along the shore of the narrow creek that lies beneath the Sorrento cliffs, fishermen and their wives were at work already, some with giant cables drawing their boats to land, with the nets that had been cast the night before, while others were rigging their craft, trimming the sails, or fetching out oars and masts from the great grated vaults that have been built deep into the rocks for shelter to the tackle overnight. Nowhere an idle hand; even the very aged, who had long given up going to sea, fell into the long chain of those who were hauling in the nets. Here and there, on some flat housetop, an old woman stood and spun, or busied herself about her grandchildren, whom their mother had left to help her husband.

"Do you see, Rachela? yonder is our padre curato," said one to a little thing of ten, who brandished a small spindle by her side; "Antonio is to row him over to Capri. Madre Santissima! but the reverend signore's eyes are dull with sleep!" and she waved her hand to a benevolent-looking little priest, who was settling himself in the boat, and spreading out upon the bench his carefully tucked-up skirts.

The men upon the quay had dropped their work to see their pastor off, who bowed and nodded kindly right and left.

"What for must he go to Capri, granny?" asked the child. "Have the people there no priest of their own, that they must borrow ours?"

"Silly thing!" returned the granny. 'Priests they have in plenty—and the most beautiful of churches, and a hermit too, which is more than we have. But there lives a great signora, who once lived here; she was so very ill! Many's the time our padre had to go and take the Most Holy to her, when they thought she could not live the night. But with the Blessed Virgin's help she got strong and well, and was able to bathe every day in the sea. When she went away, she left a fine heap of ducats behind her for our church, and for the poor; and she would not go, they say, until our padre promised to go and see her over there, that she might confess to him as before. It is quite wonderful, the store she lays by him! Indeed, and we have cause to bless ourselves for having a curato who has gifts enough for an archbishop, and is in such request with all the great folks. The Madonna be with him!" she cried, and waved her hand again, as the boat was about to put from shore.

"Are we to have fair weather, my son?" inquired the little priest, with an anxious look toward Naples.

"The sun is not yet up," the young man answered; "when he comes, he will easily do for that small trifle of mist."

"Off with you, then! that we may arrive before the heat."

Antonio was just reaching for his long oar to shove away the boat, when suddenly he paused, and fixed his eyes upon the summit of the steep path that leads down from Sorrento to the water. A tall and slender girlish figure had become visible upon the heights, and was now hastily stepping down the stones, waving her handkerchief. She had a small bundle under her arm, and her dress was mean and poor. Yet she had a distinguished if somewhat savage way of throwing back her head, and the dark tress wreathed around it was like a diadem.

"What have we to wait for?" inquired the curato.

"There is some one coming who wants to go to Capri—with your permission, padre. We shall not go a whit the slower. It is a slight young thing, but just eighteen."

At that moment the young girl appeared from behind the wall that bounds the winding path.

"Laurella!" cried the priest; "and what has she to do in Capri?"

Antonio shrugged his shoulders. She came up with hasty steps, her eyes fixed straight before her.

"Ha! l'Arrabiata! good-morning!" shouted one or two of the young boatmen. But for the curato's presence, they might have added more; the look of mute defiance with which the young girl received their welcome appeared to tempt the more mischievous among them.

"Good-day, Laurella!" now said the priest; "how are you? Are you coming with us to Capri?"

"If I may, padre."

"Ask Antonio there; the boat is his. Every man is master of his own, I say, as God is master of us all."

"There is half a carlino, if I may go for that?" said Laurella, without looking at the young boatman.

"You need it more than I," he muttered, and pushed aside some orange baskets to make room: he was to sell the oranges in Capri, which little isle of rocks has never been able to grow enough for all its visitors.

"I do not choose to go for nothing," said the girl, with a slight frown of her dark eyebrows.

"Come, child," said the priest; "he is a good lad, and had rather not enrich himself with that little morsel of your poverty. Come, now, and step in," and he stretched out his hand to help her, "and sit you down by me. See, now, he has spread his jacket for you, that you may sit the softer. Young folks are all alike; for one little maiden of eighteen they will do more than for ten of us reverend fathers. Nay, no excuse, Tonino. It is the Lord's own doing, that like and like should hold together."

Meantime Laurella had stepped in, and seated herself beside the padre, first putting away Antonio's jacket without a word. The young fellow let it lie, and, muttering between his teeth, he gave one vigourous push against the pier, and the little boat flew out into the open bay.

"What are you carrying there in that little bundle?" inquired the padre, as they were floating on over a calm sea, now just beginning to be lighted up with the earliest rays of the rising sun.

"Silk, thread, and a loaf, padre. The silk is to be sold at Anacapri, to a woman who makes ribbons, and the thread to another."

"Spun by yourself?"

"Yes, sir."

"You once learned to weave ribbons yourself, if I remember right?"

"I did, sir; but mother has been much worse, and I cannot stay so long from home; and we are not rich enough to buy a loom to ourselves."

"Worse, is she? Ah! dear, dear! when I was with you last, at Easter, she was up."

"The spring is always her worst time. Ever since those last great storms, and the earthquakes, she has been forced to keep her bed from pain."

"Pray, my child. Never slacken your prayers and petitions that the Blessed Virgin may intercede for you; and be industrious and good, that your prayers may find a hearing."

After a pause: "When you were coming toward the shore, I heard them calling after you. 'Good-morning, l'Arrabiata!' they said. What made them call you so? It is not a nice name for a young Christian maiden, who should be meek and mild."

The young girl's brown face glowed all over, while her eyes flashed fire.

"They always mock me so, because I do not dance and sing, and stand about to chatter, as other girls do. I might be left in peace, I think; I do *them* no harm."

"Nay, but you might be civil. Let others dance and sing, on whom this life sits lighter; but a kind word now and then is seemly even from the most afflicted."

Her dark eyes fell, and she drew her eyebrows closer over them, as if she would have hidden them.

They went on a while in silence. The sun now stood resplendent above the mountain chain; only the tip of Mount Vesuvius towered beyond the group of clouds that had gathered about its base; and on the Sorrento plains the houses were gleaming white from the dark green of their orange gardens.

"Have you heard no more of that painter, Laurella?" asked the curato—"that Neapolitan, who wished so much to marry you?" She shook her head. "He came to make a picture of you. Why would you not let him?"

"What did he want it for? There are handsomer girls than I. Who knows what he would have done with it? He might have bewitched me with it, or hurt my soul, or even killed me, mother says."

"Never believe such sinful things!" said the little curato, very earnestly. "Are not you ever in God's keeping, without whose will not one hair of your head can fall? and is one poor mortal with an image in his hand to prevail against the Lord? Besides, you might have seen that he was fond of you; else why should he want to marry you?"

She said nothing.

"And wherefore did you refuse him? He was an honest man, they say, and comely; and he would have kept you and your mother far better than you ever can yourself, for all your spinning and silk-winding."

"We are so poor!" she said passionately; "and mother has been ill so long, we should have become a burden to him. And then I never should have done for a signora. When his friends came to see him, he would only have been ashamed of me."

"How can you say so? I tell you the man was good and kind; he would even have been willing to settle in Sorrento. It will not be so easy to find another, sent straight from heaven to be the saving of you, as this man, indeed, appeared to be."

"I want no husband—I never shall," she said, very stubbornly, half to herself.

"Is this a vow? or do you mean to be a nun?"

She shook her head.

"The people are not so wrong who call you wilful, although the name they give you is not kind. Have you ever considered that you stand alone in the world, and that your perverseness must make your sick mother's illness worse to bear, her life more bitter? And what sound reason can you have to give for rejecting an honest hand, stretched out to help you and your mother? Answer me, Laurella."

"I have a reason," she said reluctantly, and speaking low; "but it is one I cannot give."

"Not give! not give to me? not to your confessor, whom you surely know to be your friend—or is he not?"

Laurella nodded.

"Then, child, unburden your heart. If your reason be a good one, I shall be the very first to uphold you in it. Only you are young, and know so little of the world. A time may come when you will find cause to regret a chance of happiness thrown away for some foolish fancy now."

Shyly she threw a furtive glance over to the other end of the boat, where the young boatman sat, rowing fast. His woollen cap was pulled deep down over his eyes; he was gazing far across the water, with averted head, sunk, as it appeared, in his own meditations.

The priest observed her look, and bent his ear down closer.

"You did not know my father?" she whispered, while a dark look gathered in her eyes.

"Your father, child! Why, your father died when you were ten years old. What can your father (Heaven rest his soul in paradise!) have to do with this present perversity of yours?"

"You did not know him, padre; you did not know that mother's illness was caused by him alone."

"And how?"

"By his ill-treatment of her; he beat her and trampled upon her. I well remember the nights when he came home in his fits of frenzy. She never said a word, and did everything he bade her. Yet he would beat her so, my heart felt ready to break. I used to cover up my head and pretend to be asleep, but I cried all night. And then, when he saw her lying on the floor, quite suddenly he would change, and lift her up and kiss her, till she screamed and said he smothered her. Mother forbade me ever to say a word of this; but it wore her out. And in all these long years since father died, she has never been able to get well again. And if she should soon die—which God forbid!—I know who it was that killed her."

The little curato's head wagged slowly to and fro; he seemed uncertain how far to acquiesce in the young girl's reasons. At length he said: "Forgive him, as your mother has forgiven! And turn your thoughts from such distressing pictures, Laurella; there may be better days in store for you, which will make you forget the past."

"Never shall I forget that!" she said, and shuddered. "And you must know, padre, it is the reason why I have resolved to remain unmarried. I never will be subject to a man, who may beat and then caress me. Were a man now to want to beat or kiss me, I could defend myself; but mother could not—neither from his blows nor kisses—because she loved him. Now, I will never so love a man as to be made ill and wretched by him."

"You are but a child, and you talk like one who knows nothing at all of life. Are all men like that poor father of yours? Do all ill-treat their wives, and give vent to every whim and gust of passion? Have you never seen a good man yet? or known good wives, who live in peace and harmony with their husbands?"

"But nobody ever knew how father was to mother; she would have died sooner than complain or tell of him, and all because she loved him. If this be love—if love can close our lips when they should cry out for help—if it is to make us suffer without resistance, worse than even our worst

enemy could make us suffer—then, I say, I never will be fond of mortal man."

"I tell you you are childish; you know not what you are saying. When your time comes, you are not likely to be consulted whether you choose to fall in love or not." After a pause, he added, "And that painter: did you think he could have been cruel?"

"He made those eyes I have seen my father make, when he begged my mother's pardon and took her in his arms to make it up. I know those eyes. A man may make such eyes, and yet find it in his heart to beat a wife who never did a thing to vex him! It made my flesh creep to see those eyes again."

After this she would not say another word. The curato also remained silent. He bethought himself of more than one wise saying, wherewith the maiden might have been admonished; but he refrained, in consideration of the young boatman, who had been growing rather restless toward the close of this confession.

When, after two hours' rowing, they reached the little bay of Capri, Antonio took the padre in his arms, and carried him through the last few ripples of shallow water, to set him reverently down upon his legs on dry land. But Laurella did not wait for him to wade back and fetch her. Gathering up her little petticoat, holding in one hand her wooden shoes and in the other her little bundle, with one splashing step or two she had reached the shore. "I have some time to stay at Capri," said the priest. "You need not wait—I may not perhaps return before to-morrow. When you get home, Laurella, remember me to your mother; I will come and see her within the week. You mean to go back before it gets dark?"

"If I find an opportunity," answered the girl, turning all her attention to her skirts.

"I must return, you know," said Antonio, in a tone which he believed to be one of great indifference. "I shall wait here till the Ave Maria. If you should not come, it is the same to me."

"You must come," interposed the little priest; "you never can leave your mother all alone at night. Is it far you have to go?"

"To a vineyard by Anacapri."

"And I to Capri. So now God bless you, child—and you, my son."

Laurella kissed his hand, and let one farewell drop, for the padre and Antonio to divide between them. Antonio, however, appropriated no part of it to himself; he pulled off his cap exclusively to the padre, without even looking at Laurella. But after they had turned their backs, he let his eyes travel but a short way with the padre, as he went toiling over the deep bed of small, loose stones; he soon sent them after the maiden, who, turning to the right, had begun to climb the heights, holding one hand above her eyes to protect them from the scorching sun. Just before the path disappeared behind high walls, she stopped, as if to gather breath, and looked behind her. At her feet lay the marina; the rugged rocks rose high around her; the sea was shining in the rarest of its deep-blue splendour. The scene was surely worth a moment's pause. But, as chance would have it, her eyes, in glancing past Antonio's boat, met Antonio's own, which had been following her as she climbed.

Each made a slight movement, as persons do who would excuse themselves for some mistake; and then, with her darkest look, the maiden went her way.

Hardly one hour had passed since noon, and yet for the last two Antonio had been sitting waiting on the bench before the fishers' tavern. He must have been very much preoccupied with something, for he jumped up every moment to step out into the sunshine, and look carefully up and down the roads, which, parting right and left, lead to the only two little towns upon the island. He did not altogether trust the weather, he then said to the hostess of the osteria; to be sure, it was clear enough, but he did not quite like that tint of sea and sky. Just so it had looked, he said, before the last awful storm, when the English family had been so nearly lost; surely she must remember it?

No, indeed, she said, she didn't.

Well, if the weather should happen to change before night, she was to think of him, he said.

"Have you many fine folk over there?" she asked him, after a while.

"They are only just beginning; as yet, the season has been bad enough; those who came to bathe, came late."

"The spring came late. Have you not been earning more than we at Capri?"

"Not enough to give me macaroni twice a week, if I had had nothing but the boat—only a letter now and then to take to Naples, or a gentleman to row out into the open sea, that he might fish. But you know I have an uncle who is rich; he owns more

than one fine orange-garden; and, 'Tonino,' says he to me, 'while I live you shall not suffer want; and when I am gone you will find that I have taken care of you.' And so, with God's help, I got through the winter."

"Has he children, this uncle who is rich?"

"No, he never married; he was long in foreign parts, and many a good piastre he has laid together. He is going to set up a great fishing business, and set me over it, to see the rights of it."

"Why, then you are a made man, Tonino!"

The young boatman shrugged his shoulders. "Every man has his own burden," said he, starting up again to have another look at the weather, turning his eyes right and left, although he must have known that there can be no weather-side but one.

"Let me fetch you another bottle," said the hostess; "your uncle can well afford to pay for it."

"Not more than one glass; it is a fiery wine you have in Capri, and my head is hot already."

"It does not heat the blood; you may drink as much of it as you like. And here is my husband coming; so you must sit awhile, and talk to him."

And in fact, with his nets over his shoulder, and his red cap upon his curly head, down came the comely padrone of the osteria. He had been taking a dish of fish to that great lady, to set before the little curato. As soon as he caught sight of the young boatman, he began waving him a most cordial welcome; and he came to sit beside him on the bench, chattering and asking questions. Just as his wife was bringing her second bottle of pure unadulterated Capri, they heard the crisp sand crunch, and Laurella was seen approaching from the left-hand road to Anacapri. She nodded slightly in salutation; then stopped, and hesitated.

Antonio sprang from his seat. "I must go," he said. "It is a young Sorrento girl, who came over with the signor curato in the morning. She has to get back to her sick mother before night."

"Well, well, time enough yet before night," observed the fisherman; "time enough to take a glass of wine. Wife, I say, another glass!"

"I thank you; I had rather not;" and Laurella kept her distance.

"Fill the glasses, wife; fill them both, I say; she only wants a little pressing."

"Don't," interposed the lad. "It is a wilful head of her own she has; a saint could not persuade her to do what she does not choose." And, taking a hasty leave, he ran down to the boat. loosened the rope, and stood waiting for Laurella. Again she bent her head to the hostess, and slowly approached the water, with lingering steps. She looked around on every side, as if in hopes of seeing some other passenger. But the marina was deserted. The fishermen were asleep, or rowing about the coast with rods or nets; a few women and children sat before their doors, spinning or sleeping; such strangers as had come over in the morning were waiting for the cool of the evening to return. She had not time to look about her long; before she could prevent him, Antonio had seized her in his arms and carried her to the boat, as if she had been an infant. He leaped in after her, and with a stroke or two of his oar they were in deep water.

She had seated herself at the end of the boat, half turning her back to him, so that he could only see her profile. She wore a sterner look than ever; the low, straight brow was shaded by her hair; the rounded lips were firmly closed; only the delicate nostril occasionally gave a wilful quiver. After they had gone on a while in silence, she began to feel the scorching of the sun; and, unloosening her bundle, she threw the handkerchief over her head, and began to make her dinner of the bread; for in Capri she had eaten nothing.

Antonio did not stand this long; he fetched out a couple of the oranges with which the baskets had been filled in the morning. "Here is something to eat with your bread, Laurella," he said. "Don't think I kept them for you; they had rolled out of the basket, and I only found them when I brought the baskets back to the boat."

"Eat them yourself; bread is enough for me."

"They are refreshing in this heat, and you have had to walk so far."

"They gave me a drink of water, and that refreshed me."

"As you please," he said, and let them drop into the basket.

Silence again. The sea was smooth as glass. Not a ripple was heard against the prow. Even the white sea-birds that roost among the caves of Capri pursued their prey with soundless flight.

"You might take the oranges to your mother," again commenced Tonino.

"We have oranges at home; and when they are gone, I can go and buy some more."

"Nay, take these to her, and give them to her with my compliments."

"She does not know you."

"You could tell her who I am."

"I do not know you, either."

It was not the first time that she had denied him thus. One Sunday of last year, when that painter had first come to Sorrento, Antonio had chanced to be playing *boccia* with some other young fellows in the little piazza by the chief street.

There, for the first time, had the painter caught sight of Laurella, who, with her pitcher on her head, had passed by without taking any notice of him. The Neapolitan, struck by her appearance, stood still and gazed after her, not heeding that he was standing in the very midst of the game, which, with two steps, he might have cleared. A very ungentle ball came knocking against his shins, as a reminder that this was not the spot to choose for meditation. He looked round, as if in expectation of some excuse. But the young boatman who had thrown the ball stood silent among his friends, in such an attitude of defiance that the stranger had found it more advisable to go his ways and avoid discussion. Still, this little encounter had been spoken of, particularly at the time when the painter had been pressing his suit to Laurella. "I do not even know him," she said indignantly, when the painter asked her whether it was for the sake of that uncourteous lad she now refused him. But she had heard that piece of gossip, and known Antonio well enough when she had met him since.

And now they sat together in this boat, like two most deadly enemies, while their hearts were beating fit to kill them. Antonio's usually so good-humoured face was heated to scarlet; he struck the oars so sharply that the foam flew over to where Laurella sat, while his lips moved as if muttering angry words. She pretended not to notice, wearing her most unconscious look, bending over the edge of the boat, and letting the cool water pass between her fingers. Then she threw off her handkerchief again, and began to smooth her hair, as though she had been alone. Only her eyebrows twitched, and she held up her wet hands in vain attempts to cool her burning cheeks.

Now they were well out in the open sea. The island was far behind, and the coast before them lay yet distant in the hot haze. Not a sail was within sight, far or near—not even a passing gull to break the stillness. Antonio looked all round, evidently ripening some hasty resolution. The colour faded suddenly from his cheek, and he dropped his oars. Laurella looked round involuntarily—fearless, yet attentive.

"I must make an end of this," the young fellow burst forth. "It has lasted too long already! I only wonder that it has not killed me! You say you do not know me? And all this time you must have seen me pass you like a madman, my whole heart full of what I had to tell you; and then you only made your crossest mouth, and turned your back upon me."

"What had I to say to you?" she curtly replied. "I may have seen that you were inclined to meddle with me, but I do not choose to be on people's wicked tongues for nothing. I do not mean to have you for a husband—neither you nor any other."

"Nor any other? So you will not always say! You say so now, because you would not have that painter. Bah! you were but a child! You will feel lonely enough yet, some day; and then, wild as you are, you will take the next best who comes to hand."

"Who knows? which of us can see the future? It may be that I will change my mind. What is that to you?"

"What is it to me?" he burst out, starting to his feet, while the small boat leaped and danced; "what is it to me, you say? You know well enough! I tell you, that man shall perish miserably to whom you shall prove kinder than you have been to me!"

"And to you, what did I ever promise? Am I to blame if you be mad? What right have you to me?"

"Ah! I know," he cried, "my right is written nowhere. It has not been put in Latin by any lawyer, nor stamped with any seal. But this I feel: I have just the right to you that I have to heaven, if I die an honest Christian. Do you think I could look on and see you go to church with another man, and see the girls go by and shrug their shoulders at me?"

"You can do as you please. I am not going to let myself be frightened by all those threats. I also mean to do as I please."

"You shall not say so long!" and his whole frame shook with passion. "I am not the man to let my whole life be spoiled by a stubborn wench like you! You are in my power here, remember, and may be made to do my bidding."

She could not repress a start, but her eyes flashed bravely on him.

"You may kill me if you dare," she said slowly.

"I do nothing by halves," he said, and his voice sounded choked and hoarse. "There is room for us both in the sea. I cannot help thee, child"—he spoke the last words dreamily, almost pitifully—"but we must both go down together—both at once—and now!" he shouted, and snatched her in his arms. But at the same moment he drew back his right hand; the blood gushed out; she had bitten him fiercely.

"Ha! can I be made to do your bidding?" she cried, and thrust him from her, with one sudden movement; "am I here in your power?" and she leaped into the sea, and sank.

She rose again directly; her scanty skirts clung close; her long hair, loosened by the waves, hung heavy about her neck. She struck out valiantly, and, without uttering a sound, she began to swim steadily from the boat toward the shore.

With senses benumbed by sudden terror, he stood, with outstretched neck, looking after her, his eyes fixed as though they had just been witness to a miracle. Then, giving himself a shake, he seized his oars, and began rowing after her with all the strength he had, while all the time the bottom of the boat was reddening fast with the blood that kept streaming from his hand.

Rapidly as she swam, he was at her side in a moment. "For the love of our most Holy Virgin," he cried, "get into the boat! I have been a madman! God alone can tell what so suddenly darkened my brain. It came upon me like a flash of lightning, and set me all on fire. I knew not what I did or said. I do not even ask you to forgive me, Laurella, only to come into the boat again, and not to risk your life!"

She swam on as though she had not heard him.

"You can never swim to land. I tell you, it is two miles off. Think of your mother! If you should come to grief, I should die of horror."

She measured the distance with her eye, and then, without answering him one word, she swam up to the boat, and laid her hands upon the edge; he rose to help her in. As the boat tilted over to one side with the girl's weight, his jacket that was lying on the bench slipped into the water. Agile as she was, she swung herself on board without assistance, and gained her former seat. As soon as he saw that she was safe, he took to his oars again, while she began quietly wringing out her dripping clothes, and shaking the water from her hair. As her eyes fell upon the bottom of the boat, and saw the blood, she gave a quick look at the hand, which held the oar as if it had been unhurt.

"Take this," she said, and held out her handkerchief. He shook his head, and went on rowing. After a time she rose, and, stepping up to him, bound the handkerchief firmly round the wound, which was very deep. Then, heedless of his endeavours to prevent her, she took an oar, and, seating herself opposite him, began to row with steady strokes, keeping her eyes from looking toward him—fixed upon the oar that was scarlet with his blood. Both were pale and silent. As they drew near land, such fishermen as they met began shouting after Antonio and gibing at Laurella; but neither of them moved an eyelid, or spoke one word.

The sun stood yet high over Procida when they landed at the marina. Laurella shook out her petticoat, now nearly dry, and jumped on shore. The old spinning woman, who in the morning had seen them start, was still upon her terrace. She called down, "What is that upon your hand, Tonino? The boat is full of blood!"

"It is nothing, comare," the young fellow replied. "I tore my hand against a nail that was sticking out too far; it will be well to-morrow. It is only this confounded ready blood of mine, that always makes a thing look worse than it is."

"Let me come and bind it up, comparello. Stop one moment; I will go and fetch the herbs, and come to you directly."

"Never trouble yourself, comare. It has been dressed already; to-morrow it will be all over and forgotten. I have a healthy skin, that heals directly."

"Addio!" said Laurella, turning to the path that goes winding up the cliffs. "Good-night!" he answered, without looking at her; and then taking his oars and baskets from the boat, and climbing up the small stone stairs, he went into his own hut.

He was alone in his two little rooms, and began to pace them up and down. Cooler than upon the dead calm sea, the breeze blew fresh through the small unglazed windows, which could only be closed with wooden shutters. The solitude was soothing to him. He stooped before the little

image of the Virgin, devoutly gazing upon the glory round the head (made of stars cut out in silver paper). But he did not want to pray. What reason had he to pray, now that he had lost all he had ever hoped for?

And this day appeared to last forever. He did so long for night! for he was weary, and more exhausted by the loss of blood than he would have cared to own. His hand was very sore. Seating himself upon a little stool, he untied the handkerchief that bound it; the blood, so long repressed, gushed out again; all round the wound the hand was swollen high.

He washed it carefully, cooling it in the water; then he clearly saw the marks of Laurella's teeth.

"She was right," he said; "I was a brute, and deserved no better. I will send her back the handkerchief by Giuseppe to-morrow. Never shall she set her eyes on me again." And he washed the handkerchief with the greatest care, and spread it out in the sun to dry.

And having bound up his hand again, as well as he could manage with his teeth and his left hand, he threw himself upon his bed, and closed his eyes.

He was soon waked up from a sort of slumber by the rays of the bright moonlight, and also by the pain of his hand; he had just risen for more cold water to soothe its throbbings, when he heard the sound of some one at the door. Laurella stood before him.

She came in without a question, took off the handkerchief she had tied over her head, and placed her little basket upon the table; then she drew a deep breath.

"You are come to fetch your handkerchief," he said. "You need not have taken that trouble. In the morning I would have asked Giuseppe to take it to you."

"It is not the handkerchief," she said quickly. "I have been up among the hills to gather herbs to stop the blood; see here." And she lifted the lid of her little basket.

"Too much trouble," he said, not in bitterness—"far too much trouble. I am better, much better; but if I were worse, it would be no more than I deserve. Why did you come at such a time? If any one should see you? You know how they talk, even when they don't know what they are saying."

"I care for no one's talk," she said passionately. "I came to see your hand, and put the herbs upon it; you cannot do it with your left."

"It is not worth while, I tell you."

"Let me see it then, if I am to believe you."

She took his hand, that was not able to prevent her, and unbound the linen. When she saw the swelling, she shuddered, and gave a cry: "Jesus Maria!"

"It is a little swollen," he said; "it will be over in four-and-twenty hours."

She shook her head. "It will certainly be a week before you can go to sea."

"More likely a day or two; and if not, what matters?"

She had fetched a basin, and began carefully washing out the wound, which he suffered passively, like a child. She then laid on the healing leaves, which at once relieved the burning pain, and finally bound it up with the linen she had brought with her.

When it was done: "I thank you," he said. "And now, if you would do me one more kindness, forgive the madness that came over me; forget all I said and did. I cannot tell how it came to pass; certainly it was not your fault—not yours. And never shall you hear from me again one word to vex you."

She interrupted him. "It is I who have to beg your pardon. I should have spoken differently. I might have explained it better, and not enraged you with my sullen ways. And now that bite—"

"It was in self-defence; it was high time to bring me to my senses. As I said before, it is nothing at all to signify. Do not talk of being forgiven; you only did me good, and I thank you for it. And now, here is your handkerchief; take it with you."

He held it to her, but yet she lingered, hesitated, and appeared to have some inward struggle. At length she said: "You have lost your jacket, and by my fault; and I know that all the money for the oranges was in it. I did not think of this till afterwards. I cannot replace it now; we have not so much at home—or if we had it would be mother's. But this I have—this silver cross. That painter left it on the table the day he came for the last time. I have never looked at it all this while, and do not care to keep it in my box: you might sell it? It must be worth a few piastres, mother says. It might make up the money you have lost; and if not quite, I could earn the rest by spinning at night when mother is asleep."

"Nothing will make me take it," he said shortly, pushing away the bright new cross which she had taken from her pocket.

"You must," she said; "how can you tell how long your hand may keep you from your work? There it lies; and nothing can make me so much as look at it again."

"Drop it in the sea, then."

"It is no present I want to make you; it is no more than is your due; it is only fair."

"Nothing from you can be due to me; and hereafter when we chance to meet, if you would do me a kindness, I beg you not to look my way. It would make me feel you were thinking of what I had done. And now good-night; and let this be the last word said."

She laid the handkerchief in the basket, and also the cross, and closed the lid. But when he looked into her face, he started. Great heavy drops were rolling down her cheeks; she let them flow unheeded.

"Maria Santissima!" he cried. "Are you ill? You are trembling from head to foot!"

"It is nothing," she said; "I must go home;" and with unsteady steps she was moving to the door, when suddenly she leaned her brow against the wall, and gave way to a fit of bitter sobbing. Before he could go to her she turned upon him suddenly, and fell upon his neck.

"I cannot bear it!" she cried, clinging to him as a dying thing to life—"I cannot bear it! I cannot let you speak so kindly, and bid me go, with all this on my conscience. Beat me! trample on me! curse me! Or if it can be that you love me still, after all I have done to you, take me and keep me, and do with me as you please; only do not send me away so!" She could say no more for sobbing.

Speechless, he held her awhile in his arms. "If I can love you still!" he cried at last. "Holy Mother of God! Do you think that all my best heart's blood has gone from me through that little wound? Don't you hear it hammering now, as though it would burst my breast and go to you? But if you say this to try me, or because you pity me, I can forget it. You are not to think you owe me this, because you know what I have suffered for you."

"No!" she said very resolutely, looking up from his shoulder into his face, with her tearful eyes; "it is because I love you; and let me tell you, it was because I always feared to love you that I was so savage. I will be so different now. I never could bear again to pass you in the street without one look! And lest you should ever feel a doubt, I will kiss you, that you may say, 'She kissed me;' and Laurella kisses no man but her husband."

She kissed him thrice, and, escaping from his arms: "And now good-night, *amor mio, cara vita mia!*" she said. "Lie down to sleep, and let your hand get well. Do not come with me; I am afraid of no man, save of you alone."

And so she slipped out, and soon disappeared in the shadow of the wall.

He remained standing by the window, gazing far out over the calm sea, while all the stars in heaven appeared to flit before his eyes.

The next time the little curato sat in his confessional, he sat smiling to himself. Laurella had just risen from her knees after a very long confession.

"Who would have thought it?" he said musingly—"that the Lord would so soon have taken pity upon that wayward little heart? And I had been reproaching myself for not having adjured more sternly that ill demon of perversity. Our eyes are but short-sighted to see the ways of Heaven! Well, may God bless her, I say, and let me live to go to sea with Laurella's eldest born, rowing me in his father's place! Ah! well, indeed! l'Arrabiata!"

Dear Black Head (*Cean Dubh Deelish*)—By SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON

PUT your head, darling, darling, darling,
Your darling black head my heart above;
Oh, mouth of honey, with thyme for fragrance,
Who, with heart in breast, could deny you love?

Oh, many and many a young girl for me is pining,
Letting her locks of gold to the cold wind free,
For me, the foremost of our gay young fellows;
But I'd leave a hundred, pure love, for thee!

Then put your head, darling, darling, darling,
Your darling black head my heart above;
Oh, mouth of honey, with thyme for fragrance,
Who, with heart in breast, could deny you love?

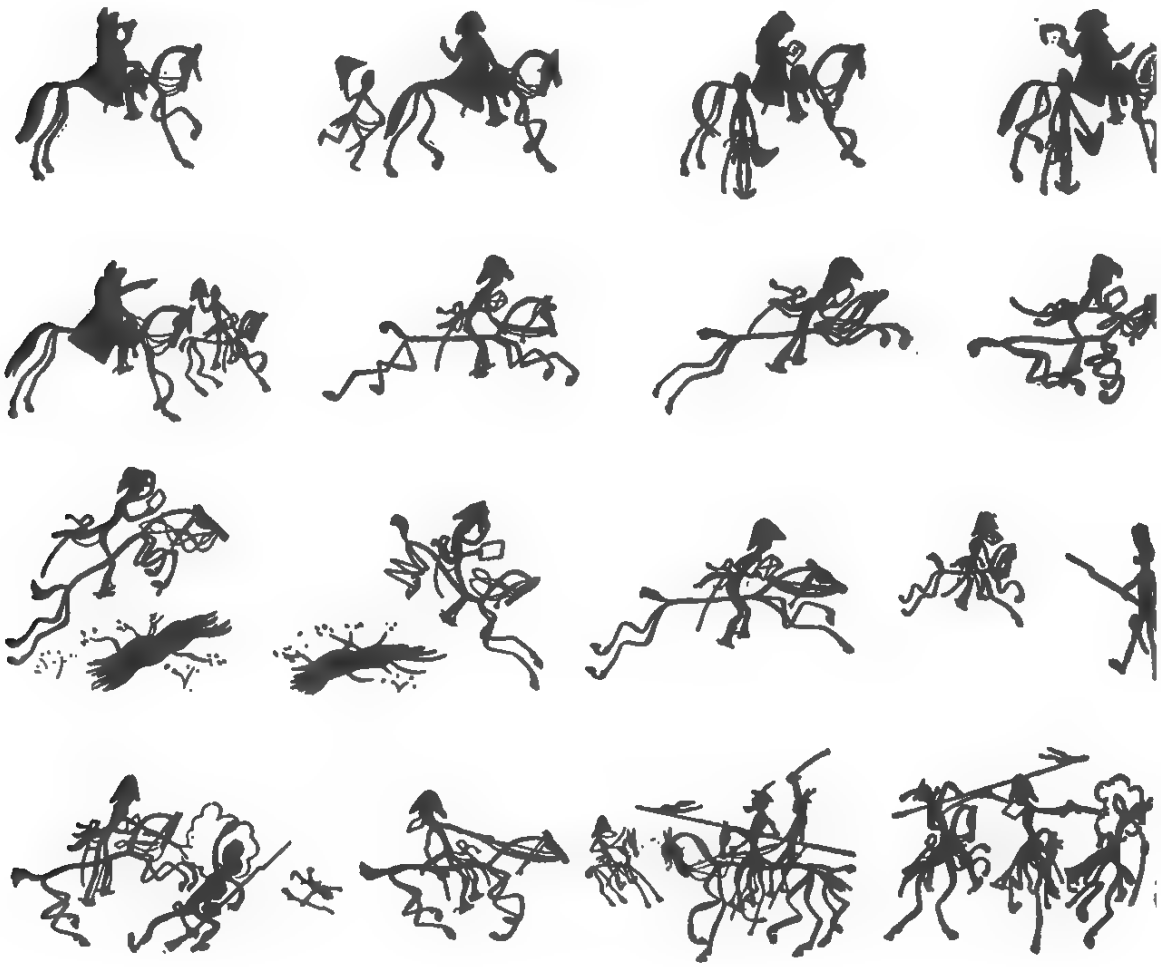
Carrying Napoleon's Order to Murat

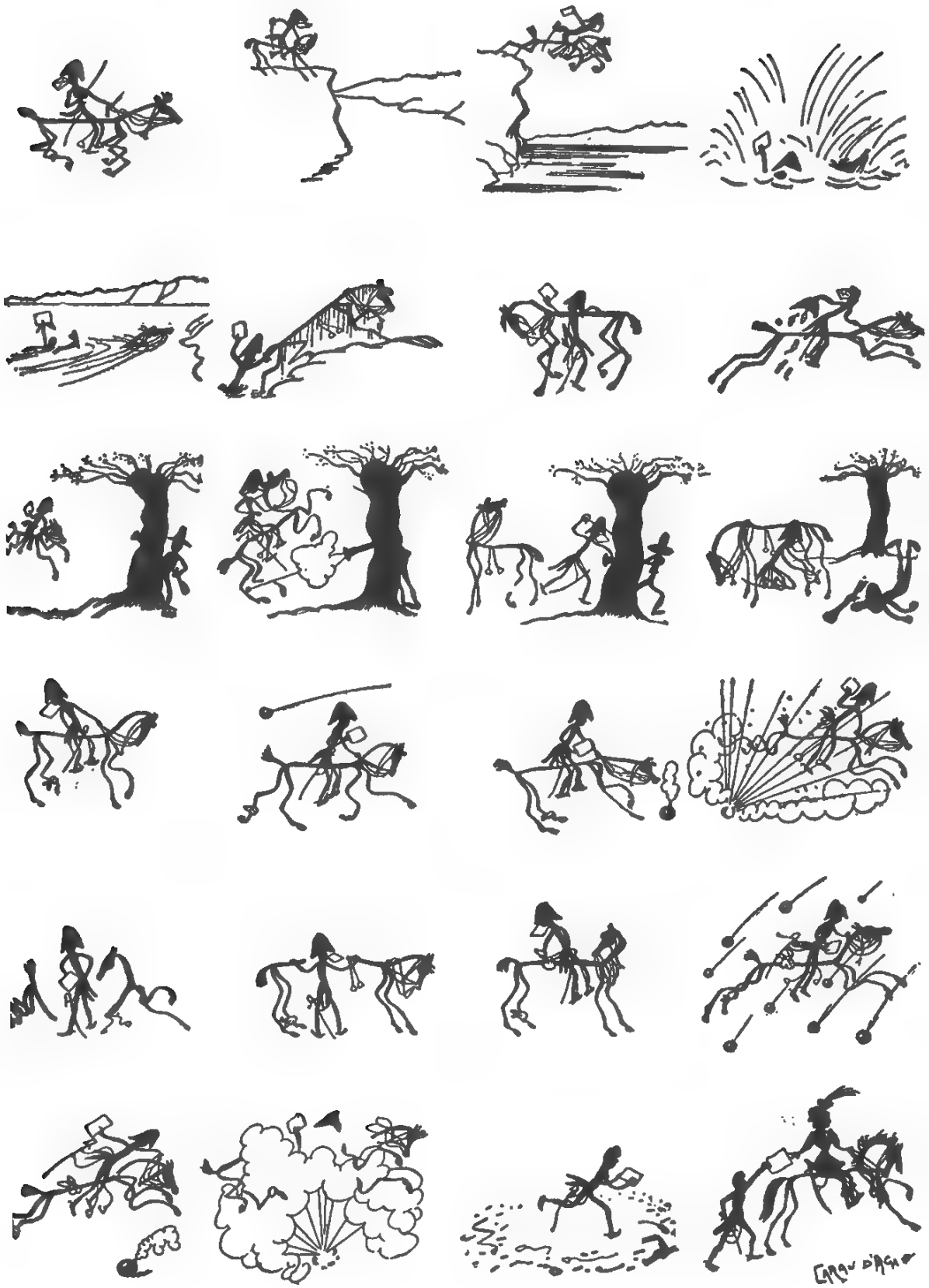
A Chapter from the Memoirs of General Marbot

By CARAN D'ACHE

[*Jean Baptiste Antoine Marcelin, Baron de Marbot, joined the Republican army as a volunteer at the age of seventeen. At twenty-four he was aide-de-camp to Marshal Angereau in the campaigns of 1806–7 against Prussia and Russia. He served through the Peninsular War, was a leader of light cavalry in the disastrous Russian expedition, became general of brigade during the Hundred Days and was wounded at Waterloo.*

In 1891 his "Memoirs of My Life and Campaigns" appeared in three volumes; and the quality of his adventures was such as to compel the pen of M. Emmanuel Poiré to this unique book review: forty drawings, comprising a sort of artistic motion picture of one hair-raising episode of which the General was hero and chronicler.]





So They Say

Rt. Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri:
at Mysore University, India

"Modern life with its hurry and whirl seems to have banished leisure, poise, serenity of outlook."

Robert Lynd:
English journalist and author

"Every man is an idealist imprisoned in a materialist."

Gabriele d'Annunzio:
Author and political stormy petrel

"Instead of a glorious life, I have spent my genius and energy in making women love me."

Rabbi Nathan Krass:
of Temple Emanu-El

"No race is so superior to others that it can subject those others to its ideals and desires."

Nicholas Murray Butler:
President of Columbia University

"The attempt to establish nation-wide prohibition by constitutional amendment has proved to be the most colossal failure in the history of government, and, judged by its consequences, the most immoral undertaking on which any government ever embarked."

Mrs. Jacob A. Riis
widow of the distinguished writer

"If a woman plans to sell bonds, she must make up her mind to be at least ten per cent. better than a man to achieve the same results."

Thomas A. Edison:
Inventor

"The world does not need more inventions just now, until general intelligence has increased so men can be had to operate what we have."

Mrs. Louis Ralston:
President of "The Rainy Daisies"

"We started the agitation for the short skirt, and now they are too short."

Rev. Mr. Kubokawa:
of the Eastern Buddhist Congress

"This world is inhabited by a great many kinds of individuals. and it takes more than one religion to satisfy them all."

Baroness de Beck:
head of a London luncheon club and wine business

"Women generally are not much good in business. They are always trying to get something for nothing."

John F. Hylan:
Upon leaving the Mayoralty of New York

"I shall soon leave the City Hall without any bruised conscience gnawing at my vitals."

Benito Mussolini:
Dictator of Italy

"Within five years Rome must appear as a marvel to all the people of the world—vast, ordered, and powerful as it was in the time of the first empire of Augustus."

Sir Charles Carrick Allom:
great English Contractor

"I am convinced that, taking things all round, at least one-fifth of the English working man's day is wasted."

MADAME NELLIE MELBA: *famous Singer*	"Eat a raw apple and a slice of brown bread for supper, and you will wake up in the morning feeling as fit as a fiddle."
AGNES REPPLIER: *Essayist*	"Old-fashioned verse put up a bluff for profundity of thought. New-fashioned verse puts up a bluff for profundity of experience."
RAMSAY MACDONALD: *Ex-Premier of Great Britain*	"I think the whole idea of selling one's name and nothing else is detestable."
DEAN FREDERICK J. E. WOODBRIDGE: *of the Graduate Faculties of Columbia University*	"In too many places in our educational system the possession of a degree is too often regarded with higher favor than the possession of ability."
RABBI SIDNEY S. TEDSCHE: *of the Congregation Mishkon Israel, New Haven*	"Jesus is one of ours, whether we want Him or not. He was not converted to Christianity till long after his death."
CHARLES M. SCHWAB: *Chairman of Board, Bethlehem Steel Corporation*	"Nothing is so democratizing as music. . . . what American business needs is soul and sentiment."
THOMAS CRAVEN: *In American Mercury*	"Every artist lives in the hope of acquiring a collector."
BISHOP WM. T. MANNING: *of New York, Protestant Episcopal Church*	"The scientific theory of evolution in no way conflicts with our belief in God as maker of heaven and earth and of all things visible and invisible as He is shown to us in the Bible."
STANLEY MACHIN: *President, British Chamber of Commerce*	"Throughout her long history Great Britain has never defaulted, and she will not default in the future. 'To default' is not in the British Government vocabulary."
HERBERT MUNDIN: *English actor in a New York "Revue"*	"In America art is something that is turned out at so much per yard."
DR. CLARENCE COOK LITTLE: *President of University of Michigan*	"A woman should know something of her husband's job. . . . Of course, if women are taught about their husband's business affairs, many a good alibi will be destroyed."
B. F. YOAKUM: *Chairman of Board, Frisco Railroad*	"The American farmer is in a worse situation to-day than at any time in his history. . . . Primarily he is the victim of the worst system of distributing and marketing in the world."
PROFESSOR LEE LOO-TONG: *of China*	"Miseducation is sometimes worse than no education. Miseducated individuals are a plague to society, for they demand so much, and they have nothing to give."
WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN: *Ex-Emperor of Germany*	"To-day the great international problem is to make the world safe *from* democracy."
WILLIAM E. BORAH: *Senator from Idaho*	"Notwithstanding what may be said by special pleaders, there is really no such thing as a body of international law at present."
GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: *Dramatist and Socialist*	"Grown-up people must find their own religion. You cannot control their religion."
ARTHUR T. HADLEY: *President of Yale University (In "Harper's")*	"To-day it is from the law-maker rather than from the law-breaker that our American traditions of self-government have most to fear."

The Brides of Tarabora

By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

TARABORA is a sugar Island. Miles out at sea, the wonderful blue-green of the canefields strikes you like a high note in a song. Almost all the year the trade winds blow about these low Islands of the 'teen and twenty latitudes; you are sure, when you come up to Tarabora, and anchor off the sparkling, red-roofed town, to find the wind, as ever, at play with the green lagoons of canefield that surround the township, and the grape-blue shadows at play with the wind; and you will ask yourself, as you have asked before, why no one ever speaks or thinks of the loveliness of this most lovely thing.

Certainly, the people who live on Tarabora do not think the sugar-cane lovely. They are all "Company" folk, and they have no time to trouble about peacock's-neck colours running riot in the fields, or songs that the trade-wind, gipsy-king of all the winds that blow, sings in the rippling leaves of the nine-foot purple-stemmed "New Guinea." For them nothing more ordinary, nothing more prosaic than the cane and the canefield life.

In the early morning, before the sun has crept down from the gilded peak of Orana, the first of the Company men come out on the steps of the verandahs, tightening belts about lean waists, drawing pith helmets down above brown faces. Horses are waiting; legs are swung over saddles; women in white morning wrappers set down half-emptied cups to wave good-byes. There is a smell of coffee in the air; the imported Indian cookboy clashes china on his way back to the kitchen. . . . Down at the end of the town the whistle screams from the great gray iron mill. There is a trampling of hoofs; calls from one man to another; greetings with flourished riding-crops as chestnut, brown, and bay separate at turns of roads, or vanish down green canyons in the cane. The overseers are away. . .

On Tarabora town, a silence falls, broken by and by, as the sun creeps down Orana, by chatter of houseboys going about their work, by calls of women from garden and verandah, by murmur of white men's voices talking, as clerks, bookkeepers, mill-folk and engineers leave their houses for the office block and the mill. From the few big handsome bungalows at the end of the town come, later, men in suits of Assam silk, and boots imported from "home"; men whose hair is thinning under their Indian helmets and whose figures, in expensive jackets and cummerbunds, are not, by a great deal, so good to look on as the lean young shapes of the shirted overseers. These are the people who "count" on Tarabora; managers of departments; estate managers come in to report to the G. M.; mill superintendents, chief accountants, and —"last, exquisite, apart"—the G.M. himself, whose name, like that of many other deities, is too sacred to be spoken. You might have lived long on Tarabora and never have heard its General Manager spoken of as Wilbur Redding, Mr. Redding, Redding, or any other combination of his actual names. "Sir" in his presence, "The G. M." in his absence, represented Wilbur Redding, tenant of the biggest bungalow, occupant of the biggest office and holder of the highest salary and the greatest dignity on Tarabora.

He was young for a G.M.; not much over forty, and if he was, like all the big officials, a trifle fat, his height carried it off. Those inches, and the heavy black mustache, pinched, straight nose, and big eyes, gray and hard, but handsome, entitled him (considering his salary) to be called a fascinating man. And every single woman on Tarabora felt the fascination, and wondered, and sometimes hoped. . . .

For the G.M., prize of prizes, was unmarried.

Perhaps this had something to do with the number of unwedded women on the Island. During the reign of the previous G.M., who had a wife and five children, the white women were nearly all wives; girls from Sydney or Wellington or Melbourne, who had married young overseers, clerks, undermanagers. It was the custom to get married on the Island, no matter where you had

met your bride. Company salaries were not high, nor was leave liberal; Tarabora was very remote indeed, and the difference between three steamer fares and one was of serious consequence—not to speak of the superior cheapness of the Company's hill sanatorium compared, as a honeymooning resort, with the Blue Mountains or Rotorua. So nobody went south to get married, and the girls who came to the Island were almost all prospective brides.

But the new G.M. brought in a new element. Mrs. Assistant Manager, Mrs. Accountant, even Mrs. Overseer, and Mrs. Clerk, felt it was plain duty to scrape up the fare and give Dorothy, Marjorie, Thelma, Ivy, and Joan a chance. So the girls came, and the girls stayed. For if you did not draw the big, big prize—and somehow, nobody did—there were a number of smaller ones. And the overseers were so good-looking. . . .

Young, hard-trained, healthy, sun-bronzed, busy, the company of riders who dashed up and down the miles and miles of Tarabora's canefields all day long, supervising the imported Indian labour, calling-over, doctoring, settling murderous disputes, restraining the tyrannies of the turbaned, greedy "sirdars"—these men, though their salaries were small and their ways not always ways of righteousness, found even more favour in the eyes of Doris, Kathleen, Myrtle, Betty, and Maie, than did the superior important men of the office block. And the missionary parson of the Manchester United Churches who preached to the coolies, and did them no harm at all, and who had been in Tarabora for at least four G.M.'s, quite often, in those years of Redding's reign, told the Tarabora public in St. George's church that they were now to declare it, and when they did not declare anything of the kind, went on with his job of making Phyllis Marguerite, and Henry William, one.

And the line of neat small bungalows with front and back verandahs, whence the earliest smells of coffee arose in the shadowy dawn, had quite as many wrappered women waving good-bye on the steps as had the front, back, and two side-verandahed residences later in the morning. Indeed, they had more. For it was known in Tarabora that Head-Accountant Carrick and Mrs. Carrick did not breakfast together; and that the wife of the secretary—THE Secretary—nagged her husband till the last possible moment, and then went into the drawing-room and slammed the door as he departed. Also it was known that the beautiful house, roofed with real tiles, which was occupied by Mrs. Churchill of Lalaruna estate, when she came into town, seldom sheltered Churchill at one and the same time as his wife, whereas it had been known to shelter. . . But that was scandal.

In Tarabora, toward half-past eleven, when the sun is high and terrifyingly hot, and the green and red parrots have stopped screaming in the trumpet flowers, and only the leathernecks, indifferent to heat, keep up a nagging chatter, the smaller bungalows get busily astir. Blue smoke comes up from the cookhouses; mouth-watering smells float out. From the mill, the whistle yells out furiously. Then do married Hazel and married Jean run for the kitchen; then does unwedded but hopeful Gladys fly to looking-glass and powder-puff. For the overseers are coming back.

In come the thundering hoofs, eight or ten men together from the nearest fields; a dozen or so dropping in at intervals from the middle parts of the estate; last of all, riding hard, with hands and heels down, the men from the far river fields, five or six miles away. Sweating horses are led off by Indian "saises"to the Company stables. These have done their job for to-day; at half-past one, when the back of the day's heat is broken, fresh mounts will be brought out for the men who are now making verandahs resound to the stamp and clink of their spurred boots; shouting for lunch; splashing in the bathrooms. . . . Half an hour later on, down at the office block, a quieter crowd, from desk and counter and private glassed compartment, will trickle home to the big "all-round-verandahed" bungalows. . . .

In the two-verandahed cottages, youth and the glory of youth; leather-tanned boyish faces pressed to the white-rose paleness of tropic girlhood; cheap furniture and coloured tablecloths, calico dresses, nickel, tin, and delf. In the "residences" at the other end, middle age returning to its delicate meal; fine china and pure silver; women in laces and muslins; not so much noise, so much loud gaiety; not (one thinks, though of course one cannot know) so much kissing. . . .

Some of the married riders of the canefields quarrel with their wives; it has even been said that one or two beat them. Love and life are strong in these young men, who are not, perhaps, all rightly mated, but who all know their own minds, and impetuously express what they feel. One thinks

that—like another stiff-chinned fellow who followed an out-of-doors job, in the dawn of our times—they would be ready, promptly, to "spue out" anyone who blew neither hot nor cold.

At any rate, Jim Garland said something of that kind to his wife about one Charlie Cameron, gone south on leave, as they sat down together to Company bullock and baked banana.

"Have you and Con been arguing over him again?" he went on. "Your eyes are pinky. Why doesn't she come to lunch? Give me some mango pickle. I think she's well rid of a fellow who goes off for six months and never. . . Not so much, Alice, hang it! Mango pickle costs money, and I'm not a pig."

"I never eat it; someone's got to finish," said Alice, looking adoringly at the fair head and sienna-brown face opposite her. She loved mango pickle, but loved better to lie about it and give it up to Jim. "You're quite mistaken about Con. We've all been mistaken. I've the most enormous piece of news—but eat your lunch first, or you'll not eat any."

"I should like," said the young overseer, piling up his plate, "to see the step-sister-in-law whose affairs could put me off my feed."

"You wait," nodded Alice importantly.

There was an interval.

"She's going to go down to Sydney and see what's become of him," hazarded Jim, his mouth much too full of baked banana.

"She would—when he never wrote or answered her telegrams even," mocked Alice. "You know a lot about Consuelo. Didn't it ever strike you she was the proudest——"

"Now then, I've guessed," proclaimed the overseer. "She's gone and got engaged to someone else."

"Very clever. Who?"

"Oh, Lord, I don't know! They were all after her more or——"

"Consuelo," said Alice, rising to her feet, and declaiming with lifted hand, "has—got—engaged to—the G.M.!'

"Lord God Almighty!" swore Jim slowly and determinedly.

"No canefield language, please," protested Alice.

"If you think that's field language, my innocent angel. . . But Al, he never paid her more than ordinary attention, so far as I could see—except at the dance——"

"And except at the tennis fête, and every Sunday after church—who ever saw the G.M. go to church before? And—well, if you didn't see it, others did. Only one didn't think, somehow, she'd take him."

"No," agreed the overseer, thoughtfully stretching out his boots, and looking at their mud-splashed toes. "She seemed to be crying her eyes out over Charlie; and I don't wonder; there's a dashed sight of difference between twenty-four and forty-four, not to speak of the difference in looks and . . Well, you know, the G.M. is not quite a plaster saint."

"She means to marry him. And Jim, they're going to be married the day after to-morrow!'

"Well, that sounds sensible; avoid a lot of bother."

"Oh, I don't know! It's too—too soon."

"How? Hasn't she all the fandangloments she got for Charlie?"

"Yes. I don't mean that. Only, somehow I wish they'd waited. She's lunching there—with the Ratcliffes to chaperon. One doesn't seem to have had time to breathe. . . Jim, what do you really, really think has become of Charlie?"

"If you really, really ask me, I think Sydney barmaid has become of him."

"Brute!'

"Him or me?"

"Both—all of you."

"Can't help it; made that way. But seriously, Al, when a man's engaged to a girl and doesn't answer letters or telegrams—even if they have had a silly quarrel like those two—he's either dead or tied up to someone else, you take my word."

"I wish—I don't know what I wish," mourned Alice, with tears in her voice, and her elbows on the table.

"Well, I know what I wish—that an ill wind may blow somebody good. What about a rise for you and me, eh? A G.M. is a good sort of step-brother-in-law to have. I could do with the managership of one of the other-side estates. Marama, say."

"They're asking no one to the wedding," said Alice, pursuing her own line of thought, "and Con means to wear a traveling dress—but of course, everyone will go and look on. Isn't it spiteful having it at twelve on a week-day?"

"Hardly playing the game. I reckon I can get in in time, by cutting it a bit fine with the coolies."

"Do," begged Alice.

. . . . . .

Jim Garland did "cut it fine"; so did other overseers from the far end of the estate, much to the delight of the coolies, who

earned a rare fifteen minutes' loaf by the early departure of their sahibs. But, nevertheless, when Garland's gray, sweating and foaming, galloped into Tarabora town at twenty-five minutes past eleven, the modest wedding procession had left the house and was just entering under the verandahed doorway of the tin Mission chapel.

The language of the canefield burst from Garland, in a ready stream.

"Just what I think myself," panted another young shirted rider, pulling up alongside. "Here, you *sais*, come to the church. We've no time to change, but I'm hanged if we miss seeing the G.M. turned off, for all he's tried to do us out of our fun."

"What's the hurry for?" asked Garland, swinging off his horse.

"*Tongareva* coming in. Look!"

Out at sea there was a small black body with two black pins sticking up in it. It grew quickly bigger. It turned end on for the harbour and shaped into a V with a funnel in the midst.

"She's not due for two days."

"No. New captain, new broom, I suppose. No doubt the G.M. spotted her and hurried things up so that he could get clear way to Orana before he's copped to attend to business."

"He won't do it."

"Think not. She's nearly in. Come along; never mind your clothes—everyone's the same."

Nevertheless, there were a number of well-dressed people already in the church to shame the unlucky riders of the canefields—if they had been easily shamed, which they were not. They crowded together in the aisle (early birds in the white coats and clean boots having taken up all the pews), stared, commented, and whispered much more than people should whisper in even the smallest and most tiny of churches. Not all the whispers were complimentary. The G.M. was none too well liked at the best of times; and this hurried, mysterious, hole-and-corner sort of way of marrying the prettiest girl in Tarabora did not add to his popularity.

The sound of the steamer whistling as she came alongside the jetty, mingled with the final vows of Garland's sister-in-law and Tarabora's G.M. Jim Garland, standing up very straight and tall, a handsome figure of a man, if he had known or cared anything about that, watched them critically; watched the Reverend Joshua Strake droning through the service as one well accustomed to it all, and little moved; thought, as he had often thought, that the Rev. Joshua looked like a bit of sneak—so many parsons did—thought that Con's red-gold hair looked magnificent under the high window-lights, and that her eyes, what you could see of them, were just like Alice's—sort of purple pansies. Pansies for thoughts. Well, Con was like the parrot, not much on talking, but a devil to think. Jim preferred his own little rattlepate Al. Women, in his opinion, were liable to get into mischief when they took to thinking. The G.M. would want to keep a tight hand on Consuelo if Charlie ever turned up again. But of course he wouldn't. Tarabora had probably seen the last of him.

And then Garland, moved by some odd impulse that he could not have defined, turned round and looked at the open door of the church. And in the doorway, looking over the heads of the crowd within, he saw a face—young, handsome, very drawn and very white—the face of Charlie Cameron.

It was gone so quickly that Garland, for the moment, felt dazed. Then he pulled himself together. A man who spends his days among unruly corn-fed horses and unruly rice-fed coolies learns to think swiftly.

"Charlie Cameron," said Jim to himself. "Come back by the boat. Charlie in the very devil of paddy. Oh, my aunt!"

He looked about him. No one, apparently, had seen the passing face except himself. All the overseers and clerks and engineers, all the Departmental heads, all the wives and families, were gazing with deepest attention at the G.M. as he displayed the pale soles of a pair of very new boots, kneeling on a crimson cushion by the side of white-tailored Consuelo, now indubitably his.

Garland, roughly elbowing and edging, managed to push out through the crowd. The sea-breeze, strong and cool, and the inevitable heavy-sweet reek of sugar from the mills, met him as he stepped into the open compound about the church.

"Where's that Charlie?" he thought, not without anxiety. He remembered a thing or two about Charlie. Charlie was no sucking-dove when things went wrong. Goodness knew what he . . . There he was, under the mango tree. What was he looking at?

Garland strode forward. A party of coolies, working at the grass edges of the walks, had left a dozen three-foot knives stacked up against the trunk of the mango

tree. It was at these that Cameron was looking.

On Tarabora, where now and again an overseer is sliced into rashers by coolies armed with field tools, people do not look calmly upon any angry man who shows a fancy for long knife-blades. Jim read his friend's mind as clearly and instantly as he had read the minds of men maddened with "bhang," once or twice, when lives hung on the reading. He came up behind Charlie—one always, if possible, comes up behind the man who looks lovingly at long knives—and promptly pinioned his elbows. Cameron was strong, but big Garland was the unchallenged Hercules of all the overseers. He dragged the young man away from the knives, got him round the corner of a clump of orange trees, and shook him.

"Won't do, son," he said. "No slicing up of bridegrooms on any part of the estate where I'm in charge. Come back to your senses. What the devil have you been doing?"

"Let me go," struggled Cameron. "I didn't mean anything, Jim—at least I . . . My head seems on fire. Am I going mad? Did I fancy I saw . . . Don't tell me it was her and that beast of a G.M.—in the church—together——"

"But I must tell you, because it was. Get a hold on yourself, man; they'll be out in a minute. Don't go making a . . . Why did you never answer her letters or telegrams? Yes, I'll let you go if you stay where you are."

"Letters? Consuelo's? Why didn't she answer mine? She never wrote; it was mostly because of that that I came back early—I'd seven months' leave saved up—and I find her . . . Oh, my God!"

"Cameron, you know you'd quarreled with her before you left. Why, you——"

"Yes, but it was only nonsense—she knew that. I swear we neither of us took it seriously."

"Seems she did—in the absence of letters or——"

"You great lumping carthorse, can't you see? No letters! No letters! Why, it was Ratcliffe I saw standing with him as his best man. Ratcliffe! The postmaster! Whose wise wife spends three times his salary. Now do you see, you—you bat?"

"Gad, Charlie, I'm afraid I do. You're in a hole, my boy, you've been done in, I'm dashed sorry. They say the G.M. always does get his fancies in the end—you remember Mrs. Cope—with the eyes—and that poor little coolie wom——"

"If I didn't know—if it wasn't—well, you'd drive a fellow mad, you chunk of lumber. But the game isn't quite up yet; there's . . . They're coming out, I must see her. Don't hold me or I'll kill you."

"Go along, but I'll come too. What good do you think you're going to do? Married's married; you can't take her away from her husband. What do you suppose I'd have done to anyone who tried to take Al from me?"

The younger man stopped dead, his feet in a drift of fallen orange flowers.

"I never thought of that," he breathed.

"Of what?"

"Taking Alice."

"Oh, look here, you've got a touch of the sun. Let me bring you into the hotel. You're not fit to be out. There they come; don't——"

"I'm going to speak to her." He burst away, and almost ran to meet the wedding party.

The fierce squalls of best Patna and third-grade coolie that distinguished all the weddings of Tarabora had begun to blow in earnest; the ground was white with rice; bride and bridegroom were dodging and stooping, spectators so busy that no one—at first—had any attention to spare. But in a minute or two it became clear that something beyond the usual wedding turmoil was afoot; people stood clear, dropped their half-emptied bags of rice and confetti and stared. Redding's great motor, in charge of a coolie chauffeur, stood waiting underneath an arch of palms. The bride, pale and exquisite in her simple linen gown, with a close-fitting white motor bonnet, was drawing her long cloak about her before mounting into the car. Redding stood close behind. His shoulder was toward Cameron; it was impossible to tell whether he saw anything or not.

"Get in, my dear, get in," he said to the bride, putting his hand under her elbow. "Hurry; this crowd is enough to make you faint." He grinned beneath his mustache.

"*Always gets his fancies in the end . . .*" whispered some mocking devil in Charlie Cameron's ear.

"I'm damned if he gets this one," said the young overseer, so loud that the sister of "Mrs. Cope with the eyes" heard him and turned red. But nobody else in that seething crowd had eyes or thoughts for anyone save gold-haired Consuelo in the linen dress, that was not whiter than she turned, when Charlie's young brown fingers closed suddenly over the veiny hand of the G.M.

and tossed it from her arm. I think, in that brief second, she knew all—before she had had time to turn from the step of the car and see her lover's manly, beautiful face glowing close to hers; before his cry of "Consuelo!" reached her ear.

"Charlie!" she said, as if she had just been waiting for him to come. . . . Then she seemed to remember, and drew back, with a chilling stare.

"Oh, it's Mr. Cameron. I don't know why you came back to Tarabora. Will you please stand out of the way and let me get in?" she asked.

"Yes, damn you, Cameron, what do you mean by it?" demanded the G.M.—just ten seconds too late to save his credit among the riders of the canefields. They did not care much for him, and they did like Charlie Cameron more than a little, but no one would have lifted a finger had the G.M. knocked the disturber of his happiness into the roadside drain. In fact, they would have viewed the act with strong approval. It was what a man ought to do. . . .

Instead, the G.M. cursed and backed off from Cameron. The action might have been meant to draw Consuelo away—he certainly had placed his hand on her arm again—the other arm; Charlie still kept his hold—but it was not so interpreted. A low, mocking murmur ran through the ranks of the crowd. It came from the men; the women were gaping and crying; some because they pitied Consuelo, but most because they were angered at the slight put on that hero of Tarabora's womenkind, the dignified, splendid General Manager. How could a mere overseer dare? . . .

Consuelo spoke their thought.

"I don't know how you dare," she said. "Please take your hand away. Mr. Redding and I want to start."

"You aren't going to start, Consuelo," was Cameron's reply given with a curious quiet surety that puzzled the watching Garland. What was at the bottom of this?

"If you make any more disturbance I'll have the police remove you, Cameron," fussed Redding, in his G.M. voice.

"I must speak to Consuelo."

"Mrs. Redding doesn't wish to be troubled." The G.M. put his foot on the step. Consuelo had taken her seat. She leaned out over the side of the car.

"You can—you can say what you have to say before my husband"; she spoke somewhat unsteadily. One Ivy, under the orange tree, engaged to Overseer Jack Conway, began to sob.

"I've two things to say," stated Cameron. He was very quiet now, but if one looked at his eyes . . .

"One is this. I wrote to you, I telegraphed to you. You didn't get my letters or wires. Did you write to me?"

"Yes," Consuelo's lips had fallen apart; they were not red now, but the colour of a pale kid glove; they showed her teeth within.

Redding had taken his seat now. Cameron kept his hand on the door.

"I think you had better stand back," said the General Manager. "My dear—I don't want to reprove you exactly, but is this the place or the time—I'm sure you will see . . Let's get on, and you can talk to this young man, if you wish, on another occasion. Mrs. Garland"—to Jim's Alice, who had come forward—"I think you'd better tell Consuelo——"

Alice, anxious to avoid a scene, leaned into the car.

"Con," she said, "Mr. Redding is right; this isn't the time to make a fuss; it's too l—I mean, you had better not stop, dearest. Everyone's staring. Oh, do go on!"

"I——" began Consuelo again. She stared round her, saw, what she had scarce been conscious of before, the crowd of gaping faces, and flushed scarlet. Once more she looked about her, as a wild, captured thing might look, when the doors of its prison are opening before it, and gentle, unrelenting hands are pushing it in. Then she pulled down her veil and sank back.

"You can go on," she said.

"Before God, you shall not——" said Cameron. He sprang up her side of the car, leaned roughly on her shoulder, and whispered one sentence—two sentences—in her ear.

Consuelo gave a scream, stood up, fumbled with the door-handle and then sprang right out of the car over the low door.

"Damn you, sir, what are you saying to my wife?" cried the G.M.

But nobody minded the G.M., discredited idol and man of straw from henceforth on Tarabora. Nobody even saw where he went or what he did. The eyes of the whole crowd were focused on the bride, hurrying away on the arm of her step-sister, with Cameron behind. "Take me home, Allie," they heard the girl sob. "Oh, take me home!" And the door of the Garland house, in a minute, closed behind the bride.

. . . . . .

Though heaven fell and homes perished, the work of the Company had to go on. At half-past one Jim Garland mounted his

afternoon horse and cantered off down a canyon of green cane, leaving his wife almost in hysterics, Consuelo invisible in a darkened room, and the General Manager on the verandah steps, cursing the coolie who had just answered his knock, and told that the memsahib was too sick to see anyone. Garland would have given a good deal to find and talk to Cameron before he left, but that devastator of peaceful households had disappeared, and no one knew where he had gone. . . .

It was a devil of day, generally speaking—and the lunch, though a man didn't care to mention that, hadn't been fit to eat. . . .

. . . . . .

He came home at sundown to a house still disturbed, a wife divided between trembling relief and quivering dismay, and a sister-in-law who obstinately shut herself up, and refused all explanation of anything. The cooky boy—whom Garland shamelessly examined, contrary to all the etiquette of Tarabora—had an amazing tale to tell of the Great Sahib, who it seemed, had walked up and down outside the house till near dusk as one distracted, and had then gone home by devious ways crying into his handkerchief when there was no one there to see (deponent being silent as to how, under these circumstances, he had gained the knowledge he retailed). Cooky-boy added that there was a devil walking alongside of the Great Sahib; it evidently meant to follow him to his home. It was not a nice kind of devil. Indians knew all about it, but white sahibs never believed. . . .

At this point, Alice, with very red eyes, came out, and told Garland that a note had came from Cameron; she had seen it, and it only said that he would call some time next day, probably about two o'clock. Con wouldn't say anything; that is, she only said, "You'd better not know," and laughed and cried together. Who had brought the note? A coolie from the wireless station. And would Jim come in at once, because she had managed to make him a beefsteak pudding, in spite of everything, and it wouldn't stand any more boiling. . . .

It was a disturbed and talkative evening in Tarabora, on the whole, but after all, the world had to go on, though General Managers were parted from their brides, and there was all to-morrow's work to think of, and people had to get sleep. So midnight and peace fell together on the Island and the town. And at sunrise, when the purple leaf-stalks of the canes cradled each an entire and perfect amethyst of dew, and the world was full of gray shadows and blue smoke, the riders rode away to the fields, leaving behind them a row of tranquil little bungalows inhabited by wives and babies and cooky boys and happiness. With the first call of the whistle they came clattering back into town, intent upon baths and drinks and luncheons—and rode straight into Tragedy.

All through Tarabora town, women were running in and out of each other's houses, children crying unheeded, cooky boys idling without reproof. From more than one bungalow came sounds of hysteric sobbing. Smells of burning here and there declared unheard-of misfortunes in kitchens. The doctor was visible, coming out of one house, and making for another. Never, since the year when the cholera came to the Island, had such confusion, such distress made dark the sun of the tropic day.

Jim Garland, coming upon these sights at the turn of the road, set vicious spurs to his horse, flung himself off at his gate, and rushed up the steps of the verandah. An outbreak of bubonic plague was the least thing that he feared. . . .

He was confronted by the sight of Cameron, sitting on a lounge, with both arms round Consuelo. Consuelo was kissing him and crying.

"Con!" shouted the outraged brother-in-law, "while you're in my house and Alice's I'll thank you to remember that you're a married woman."

"No, I'm not," said the girl, taking Cameron's handkerchief out of his pocket and drying her eyes with it. "I'm not married a bit."

"Why, I saw you——"

"No, no! Charlie says we aren't married. Charlie says——"

A scream broke from the back verandah.

"There! Some woman's just come in and told Alice. Go to her, Jim, it's better she should hear it from——"

Jim had gone.

"Charlie," said Consuelo, smoothing down her heavy coils of red-gold hair and looking adoringly into his face, "tell me all about it now. How much do the people in the town know?"

"What you do—that Strake has been marrying people illegally all the time he's been here, and that most of them aren't husbands and wives."

"Isn't it perfectly awful? I wonder we dare to be happy about such a thing."

"Well, you know, I didn't give it out till I'd got the radio from the solicitor I was

employing in Melbourne, telling me there'd be a special Act passed at once to legalize all the marriages. That's why I made you keep it dark. I had to tell you, to prevent your going off with that devil of a G.M. Whatever made you——"

"There'll be time to talk about all that by and by," interrupted the girl, with flushed cheeks. "When you think you're deserted, and the whole Island is laughing at you . . . Oh, by the way, I think he's taking it pretty hard. He's shut himself up since yesterday, and never come out of his room."

"He's not the only one," stated Cameron coolly. "Strake is shut up in mine, with the door locked."

"Oh! Why?"

"Thought it safer. He came to me himself —cringing. Afraid they'd lynch him or something, once it was known. Don't tell anyone where he is. We'll smuggle him off by the next boat. We don't owe him a grudge, do we, Con?"

"No," laughed the girl. "How did you find out?"

"By the merest chance — a group photo of your sister's wedding. You were in it, you know, so I kept it. And a man at the hotel where I was staying recognized Strake as a fellow named Smith, who had been Dissenting minister in a little hole in New Zealand years ago, and left under a cloud. He didn't remember what it was. But he said he could swear to the face. So I got detectives on, and they worked it out before the boat sailed—enough to go on with anyhow. God, if I'd missed that boat!"

"Oh, don't think of it!" shuddered the girl, with her lover's arms around her. "Thank Heaven you came in time . . . And Smith—Strake—acknowledged it when you tackled him?"

"Pretty well. He cringed a lot, and almost cried, and said it was hard on a man, and he didn't know what to do. I couldn't quite get the hang of what he was saying. But he did acknowledge that he was Smith, and not Strake. He seemed sort of hysterical. I think he drugs. I couldn't get him to talk consecutively, he only wanted me to save him, so I saved him by locking him in my bedroom, where he'll be roasted alive with the heat, by the way, and came along to tell about it. My hat, Con, there is a row!"

"Let them row!" said Consuelo with supreme selfishness. "You and I are all right. Hush, here's Al."

Alice came in crying. Almost all the women on Tarabora were crying that day.

"Oh, isn't it dreadful!" she sobbed. "Jim and I aren't married—the Carricks—the Sharmans—nobody is!"

"Don't worry, they'll rush the Act through at once, and it'll be all right," consoled Cameron. "Besides, some people are married. Strake didn't marry them all. Still, there's a deuce of a lot of the others, and I don't suppose they'll all take it as you and Jim will."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, the same thing happened in England, once. And when they went round getting the list of all the people whose marriages had to be legalized, there were quite a few who said they'd rather have it let alone."

"Oh!"

"Yes, it is oh! There'll be trouble on Tarabora, or I'm much mistaken. Well, I'm going to look after that scaly beast in my room, and shake a few more details out of him, if I can."

Trouble on Tarabora! There was something more than trouble, that afternoon. It happened to be Saturday; if it had not been, I think the staff would have revolted from duty. How could any one have attended to weeding and ploughing and bookkeeping and engine-driving with half the marriages of the Island in the crucible? Picture it. Picture your own, your friend Jones's, your cousin Mary's, your lost love Gladys's, and a score of others, suddenly dissolved. Picture the iron fence of irrevocability that has, for years, shut in the vista of your future—his future—her future —torn down. Picture everything—everything—possible again. Could you give proper attention to disk ploughs, or to "carrying over" from the previous column without spilling by the way? . . .

"Jim, it's awful," confided Alice to the man she had always called her husband. "Thank God, you're all right."

"Thank God you are yourself."

"How could I be anything else? But Mrs. Carrick ran right out of the house when she heard, and went to her sister's, and said she was free at last. And the Secretary called at once—at once, what do you think of that?—on Kitty Wilson, who they say—they say has always——"

"I know."

"And Mrs. Churchill is walking up and down the road, waiting for the under manager of Lalarua to come in. And Joe Winter has gone no one knows where, but everybody guesses, and poor Carry

Winter—you know she's nine years older—has got a heart attack over it. And Jamieson, the tram man, came back from the other side of the Island; he hadn't heard a thing about it—and his wife met him at the gate and flung his ring in his face, and said she was going to the doctor's. But when she got there, the doctor was making love to the matron, and his wife——"

"Whose?"

"The doctor's—was hunting through the surgery for poisons, so Mrs. Jamieson ran and told them, and they only stopped her in time. Jim, it's like the end of the world. Thank God you——"

"You said that before. Don't you think you might take something for granted?" asked the big overseer calmly. He was perhaps the only man, or woman, who retained calmness on Tarabora that night.

Some one came up the steps of the verandah. Alice, overwrought, shrieked out, and clung to Jim. He patted her like a kitten, and looked over her shoulder. It was Cameron, coming back.

"Where's Consuelo?" he said, and passed his tongue over his lips. They seemed to be dry. In the staring light of Garland's cheap kerosene lamp, he looked curiously pale.

"What's wrong now?" inquired Garland, gently placing Alice on the lounge.

"Everything—I mean nothing," answered Cameron. "Have you any——"

Garland handed him the whisky. He drank.

"I—you're all right. Every one's all right," he said. "You can go out and tell them. There was something we—I—didn't know. Where's Con?"

"Tell me what's happened first," was Garland's answer.

"The marriages are legal," said Cameron, in a queer croaking voice. "Quite legal. Every one's all right—but me and Consuelo. We're all wrong."

Alice gave a cry, sprang up from the lounge and flung her arms round her husband's neck.

"Oh, Jim," she said, "I can kiss you now." She did.

"It's awfully funny," said Cameron, beginning to laugh weakly. "If one could only see the funny side. . . . I've been to Smith again. He said he'd made up his mind to confess. And just as he was saying so, a radio came in for me, from the 'tec I was employing down south. And it said that the man had been identified as William Napoleon Smith——"

"Oh!" It was a simultaneous cry from both his hearers.

"Yes. The man who served ten years for killing and eating the fellow he was wrecked with in the South Pacific."

"The White Cannibal?"

"Yes. It followed him wherever he went. And he took a job as Dissenting parson in New Zealand—he'd been a parson, you remember—trusting to the common name—but it got out, and then he came up here, and said he would give his life to converting the coolies, as a sort of penance. And he called himself Joshua Strake. But he did have a conscience about the marriages; he sent in all the papers to Melbourne in the name of William Smith, which was the name he'd used to take out the license—his own, without the Napoleon. And as no one ever saw them but himself, it was all right. And no one here knew he was the White Cannibal, and the poor beggar said it was the only happy time he'd ever known, and he hoped to live and die——"

"I don't know why he shouldn't. It was damned plucky of him to tell you. Alice, we'll see he doesn't suffer in the end. We don't care what the poor wretch did, do we?"

"No, no," said the wife, clinging to his hand.

But Consuelo had come in. She stood, in her white dress, like a sheeted ghost, looking on with burning eyes.

"Yes, but what about Charlie and me?" she said. "I'm that devil's wife after all."

There was a silence. Cameron stared hopelessly at the beauty that was not—could never, now—be his.

"Con," he began, "Con——"

"Hold on!" said Jim Garland. "Seems there's the deuce of a row going on outside there. Sounds like the coolies." He looked at the rack of arms that hung on the wall. In Tarabora, trouble among the coolies is not lightly taken.

Cameron, putting aside his own sorrows for the moment, reached out for a navy revolver, saw that it was loaded, and went out with Garland on to the verandah. A body of white-clad Indians were coming down the street, howling and beating their breasts.

"That's no revolt," said Garland, drawing a breath of relief. He recognized the funeral cry.

"It's dashed cheek, though," observed Cameron, puzzled. "They shouldn't be out of their. . . . What's that they're saying? What's that? Garland, tell me.

You know more Hindustani. Is it . . . What is it?" he stammered with excitement, craning over the verandah rail.

Garland, no mean Oriental scholar, listened for a moment.

"It is," he answered Cameron. Both men rushed down the steps and stopped the nearest coolie.

"What are you saying?" demanded Jim. "What's this about the G.M.?"

"Oh, sahib, true I telling. I Great Sahib's boy. Oh, sahib, door this man breaking in, because Great Sahib not coming out, and I finding him, he very dead. Last night his neck he cutting with his razor. Very dead to-day."

"So the G.M. hasn't faced it," said Garland, staring at Cameron. "Seems my cooky boy saw a bit clearer than the rest of us did."

But Cameron had fled up the verandah steps again, to where the white robe of Consuelo fluttered palely in the dusk.

. . . . . .

It was a happy night, for some on Tarabora. But for others . . .

They say that Churchill put his riding crop to uses entirely unorthodox; that Dora Jamieson ran away unto the canefields terrified of the lord who turned out to be her lord indeed; that Joe Winter was heard to envy the General Manager his peaceful rest that night. And more, of which there is not space to tell.

Tarabora is at peace again. The Rev. William Napoleon Smith is no more. He died of dysentery, caught nursing sick coolies with the utmost devotion and care. His successor is Anglican, and of a military mind, having served years as Chaplain to His Majesty's forces. There are no irregularities now on Tarabora.

Condy Cullen and the Gauger

By WILL CARLETON

YOUNG Condy Cullen was descended from a long line of private distillers, and, of course, exhibited in his own person all the practical wit, sagacity, cunning, and fertility of invention, which the natural genius of the family, sharpened by long experience, had created from generation to generation, as a standing capital to be handed down from father to son. There was scarcely a trick, evasion, plot, scheme, or maneuver that had ever been resorted to by his ancestors, that Condy had not at his finger ends; and though but a lad of sixteen at the time we present him to the reader, yet be it observed that he had his mind, even at that age, admirably trained, by four or five years of keen, vigourous practice in all the resources necessary to meet the subtle vigilance and stealthy circumvention of that prowling animal—a gauger. In fact, Condy's talents did not merely consist of an acquaintance with the hereditary tricks of his family. These, of themselves, would prove but a miserable defense against the ever-varying ingenuity with which the progressive skill of the still-hunter masks his approaches and conducts his designs. On the contrary, every new plan of the gauger must be met and defeated by a counter-plan equally novel, but with this difference in the character of both, that whereas the exciseman's devices are the result of mature deliberation, Paddy's, from the very nature of the circumstances, must be necessarily extemporaneous and rapid. The hostility between the parties, being, as it is, carried on through such varied stratagem on both sides, and characterized by such adroit and able duplicity, by so many quick and unexpected turns of incident—it would be utter fatuity in either to rely upon obsolete tricks and stale maneuvers. Their relative position and occupation do not, therefore, merely exhibit a contest between Law and that mountain nymph, Liberty, or between the Excise Board and the smuggler—it presents a more interesting point for observation, namely, the struggle between mind and mind, between wit and wit, between roguery and knavery.

It might be very amusing to detail, from

time to time, a few of those keen encounters of practical cunning which take place between the poteen distiller and his lynx-eyed foe, the gauger. They are curious, as throwing light upon the national character of our people, and as evidence of the surprising readiness of wit, fertility of invention, and irresistible humour which they mix up with almost every actual concern of life, no matter how difficult or critical it may be. Nay, it mostly happens that the character of the peasant in all its fullness rises in proportion to what he is called upon to encounter, and that the laugh at, or the hoax upon, the gauger keeps pace with the difficulty that is overcome.

Two men, in the garb of gentlemen, were riding along a remote by-road, one morning in the month of October, about the year 1827 or '28, I am not certain which. The air was remarkably clear, keen, and bracing; a hoar frost for the few preceding nights had set in, and then lay upon the fields about them, melting gradually, however, as the sun got strength, with the exception of the sides of such hills and valleys as his beams could not reach, until evening chilled their influence too much to absorb the feathery whiteness which covered them. Our equestrians had nearly reached a turn in the way, which, we should observe in this place, skirted the brow of a small declivity that lay on the right. In point of fact, it was a moderately inclined plane or slope rather than a declivity; but be this as it may, the flat at its foot was studded over with furze bushes, which grew so close and level that a person might almost imagine it possible to walk upon their surface. On coming within about two hundred and fifty yards of this angle, the horsemen noticed a lad not more than sixteen jogging on towards them with a keg upon his back. The eye of one of them was immediately lit with that vivacious sparkling of habitual sagacity which marks the practiced gauger among ten thousand. For a single moment he drew up his horse—an action which, however slight in itself, intimated more plainly that he could have wished the obvious interest which had just been excited in him. Short as was the pause, it betrayed him, for no sooner had the lad noticed it than he crossed the ditch and disappeared round the angle we have mentioned, and upon the side of the declivity. To gallop to the spot, dismount, cross the ditch also, and pursue him, was only the work of a few minutes.

"We have him," said the gauger, "we have him—one thing is clear, that he cannot escape us."

"Speak for yourself, Stinton," replied his companion; "as for me, not being an officer of his majesty's excise, I decline taking any part in the pursuit; it is a fair battle, so fight it out between you—I am with you now only through curiosity." He had scarcely concluded, when they heard a voice singing the following lines, in a spirit of that hearty hilarity which betokens a cheerful contempt of care, and an utter absence of all apprehension:

"Oh! Jemmy, she sez, you are my true lover,
You are all the riches that I do adore;
I solemnly swear now, I'll ne'er have anoder,
My heart it is fixed to never love more."

The music then changed to a joyous whistle, and immediately they were confronted by a lad, dressed in an old red coat, patched with gray frieze, who, on seeing them, exhibited in his features a most ingenuous air of natural surprise. He immediately ceased to whistle, and with every mark of respect, putting his hand to his hat, said in a voice, the tones of which spoke of kindness and deference:

"God save ye, gintlemen."

"I say, my lad," said the gauger, "where is that customer with the keg on his back—he crossed over there this moment."

"When?—where, sir?" said the lad, with a stare of surprise.

"Where?—when?—why, this minute, and in this place."

"And was it a whisky keg, sir?"

"Sir, I am not here to be examined by you," replied Stinton; "confound me, if the conniving young rascal is not sticking me into a cross-examination already, I say, redcoat, where is the boy with the keg?"

"As for a boy, I did see a boy, sir; but the never a keg he had—hadn't he a gray frieze coat, sir?"

"He had."

"And wasn't it a daunyl bit short above the skirts, please your honour?"

"Again he's at me. Sirrah, unless you tell me where he is in half a second, I shall lay my whip to your shoulders!"

"The sorra keg I seen, then, sir; the last keg I seen was——"

"Did you see a boy without a keg, answering to the description I gave you?"

"You gave no description of it, sir; but even if you did, when I didn't see it, how can I tell your honour anything about it?"

"Where is the fellow, you villain," exclaimed the gauger, in a fury—"where is he gone to? You admit you saw him; as

for the keg, it cannot be far from us; but where is he?"

"'Dad, I saw a boy, with a short frieze coat upon him, crassing the road there below, and runnin' down the other side of that ditch."

This was too palpable a lie to stand the test even of a glance at the ditch in question, which was nothing more than a slight mound that ran down along a lea field, on which there was not even the appearance of a shrub.

The gauger looked at his companion, then turning to the boy—"Come, come, my lad," said he, "you know that lie is rather cool. Don't you feel in your soul that a rat could not have gone in that direction without our seeing it?"

"Bedad, an' I saw him," returned the lad, "wid a gray coat upon him, that was a little too short in the tail; it's better than half an hour agone."

"The boy I speak of you must have met," said Stinton; "it's not five minutes—no, not more than three—since he came inside the field."

"That my feet may grow to the ground, then, if I seen a boy, in or about this place, widin that time, barrin' myself."

The gauger eyed him closely for a short space, and pulling out half-a-crown, said: "Harkee, my lad, a word with you in private."

The fact is, that during the latter part of this dialogue the worthy exciseman observed the cautious distance at which the boy kept himself from the grasp of him and his companion. A suspicion consequently began to dawn upon him that, in defiance of appearances, the lad himself might be the actual smuggler. On reconsidering the matter, this suspicion almost amounted to certainty; the time was too short to permit even the most ingenious cheat to render himself and the keg invisible in a manner so utterly unaccountable. On the other hand, when he reflected on the open, artless character of the boy's song; the capricious change to a light-hearted whistle; the surprise so naturally, and the respect so deferentially expressed, joined to the dissimilarity of dress, he was confounded again, and scarcely knew on which side to determine. Even the lad's reluctance to approach him might proceed from fear of the whip. He felt resolved, however, to ascertain this point, and, with the view of getting the lad into his hands, he showed him half-a-crown, and addressed him as already stated.

The lad, on seeing the money, appeared to be instantly caught by it, and approacned him, as if it had been a bait he could not resist—a circumstance which again staggered the gauger. In a moment, however, he seized him.

"Come, now," said he, unbuttoning his coat, "you will oblige me by stripping."

"And why so?" said the lad, with a face which might have furnished a painter or sculptor with a perfect notion of curiosity, perplexity, and wonder.

"Why so?" replied Stinton; "we shall see—we shall soon see."

"Surely you don't think I've hid the keg about me?" said the other, his features now relaxing into an appearance of such utter simplicity as would have made any other man but a gauger give up the examination as hopeless, and exonerate the boy from any participation whatsoever in the transaction.

"No, no," replied the gauger; "by no means, you young rascal. See here, Cartwright," he continued, addressing his companion— "the keg, my precious," again turning to the lad. "Oh! no, no, it would be cruel to suspect you of anything but the purest simplicity.

"Look here, Cartwright," — having stripped the boy of his coat and turned it inside out, "there's a coat—there's thrift—there's economy for you. Come, sir, tuck on, tuck on instantly; here, I shall assist you —up with your arms, straighten your neck; it will be both straightened and stretched yet, my cherub. What think you now, Cartwright? Did you ever see a metamorphosis in your life so quick, complete, and unexpected?"

His companion was certainly astonished in no small degree, on seeing the red coat, when turned, become a comfortable gray frieze; one precisely such as he who bore the keg had on. Nay, after surveying his person and dress a second time, he instantly recognized him as the same.

The only interest, we should observe, which this gentleman had in the transaction, arose from the mere gratification which a keen observer of character, gifted with a strong relish for humour, might be supposed to feel. The gauger in sifting the matter, and scenting the trail of the keg, was now in his glory, and certainly when met by so able an opponent as our friend Condy (for it was, indeed, himself) furnished a very rich treat to his friend.

"Now," he continued, addressing the boy again, "lose not a moment in letting us know where you've hid the keg."

"The sorra bit of it I hid—it fell aff o' me, an' I lost it; sure I'm lookin' afther it myself, so I am;" and he moved over while speaking, as if pretending to search for it in a thin hedge, which could by no means conceal it.

"Cartwright," said the gauger, "did you ever see anything so perfect as this, so ripe a rascal?—you don't understand him now. Here, you simpleton: harkee, sirrah, there must be no playing the lapwing with me; back here to the same point. We may lay it down as a sure thing that whatever direction he takes from this spot is the wrong one; so back here, you, sir, till we survey the premises about us for your traces."

The boy walked sheepishly back, and appeared to look about him for the keg, with a kind of earnest stupidity which was altogether inimitable.

"I say, my boy," asked Stinton, ironically, "don't you look rather foolish now? Can you tell your right hand from your left?"

"I can," replied Condy, holding up his left, "there's my right hand."

"And what do you call the other?" said Cartwright.

"My left, bedad, anyhow, an' that's true enough."

Both gentlemen laughed heartily.

"But it's carrying the thing a little too far," said the gauger; "in the meantime let us hear how you prove it."

"Aisy enough, sir," replied Condy, "bekase I am left-handed; this," holding up the left, "is the right hand to me, whatever you may say to the contrary."

Condy's countenance expanded, after he had spoken, into a grin so broad and full of grotesque sarcasm, that Stinton and his companion both found their faces, in spite of them, get rather blank under its influences.

"What the deuce!" exclaimed the gauger, "are we to be here all day? Come, sir, bring us at once to the keg."

He was interrupted by a laugh from Cartwright, so vociferous, long, and hearty, that he looked at him with amazement. "Hey, dey," he exclaimed, "what's the matter, what's the matter; what new joke is this?"

For some minutes, however, he could not get a word from the other, whose laughter appeared as if never to end; he walked to and fro in absolute convulsions, bending his body and clapping his hands together with a vehemence quite unintelligible.

"What is it, man?" said the other; "confound you, what is it?"

"Oh!" replied Cartwright, "I am sick; perfectly feeble."

"You have it to yourself, at all events," observed Stinton.

"And shall keep it to myself," said Cartwright; "for, if your sagacity is overreached, you must be contented to sit down under defeat. I won't interfere."

Now, in this contest between the gauger and Condy, even so slight a thing as one glance of an eye by the latter might have given a proper cue to an opponent so sharp as Stinton. Condy, during the whole dialogue, consequently preserved the most vague and undefinable visage imaginable, except in the matter of his distinction between right and left; and Stinton, who watched his eye with the shrewdest vigilance, could make nothing of it. Not so was it between him and Cartwright; for during the closing paroxysms of his mirth Stinton caught his eye fixed upon a certain mark, barely visible, upon the hoar-frost, which mark extended down to the furze bushes that grew at the foot of the slope where they then stood.

As a staunch old hound lays his nose to the trail of a hare or fox, so did the gauger pursue the trace of the keg down the little hill; for the fact was, that Condy, having no other resource, had trundled it off towards the furze; into, which it settled perfectly to his satisfaction; and, with all the quickness of youth and practice, instantly turned his coat, which had been made purposely for such reëncounters. This accomplished, he had barely time to advance a few yards round the angle of the hedge, and changing his whole manner, as well as his appearance, acquitted himself as the reader has already seen. That he could have carried the keg down to the cover, then conceal it, and return to the spot where they met him, was utterly beyond the reach of human exertion, so that in point of fact they never could have suspected that the whisky lay in such a place.

The triumph of the gauger was now complete, and a complacent sense of his own sagacity sat visibly on his features. Condy's face, on the other hand, became considerably lengthened, and appeared quite as rueful and mortified as the other's own joyous and confident.

"Who's the sharpest now, my knowing one?" said he. "Whom is the laugh against, as matters stand between us?"

"The sorra give you good of it," said Condy, sulkily.

"What is your name?" inquired Stinton.

"Barney Keerigan's my name," replied the other, indignantly; "and I'm not ashamed of it, nor afeard to tell it to you or any man."

"What, of the Keerigans of Killoghan?"

"Ay, jist, of the Keerigans of Killoghan."

"I know the family," said Stinton; "They are decent in their way;—but, come, my lad, don't lose your temper, and answer me another question. Where were you bringing this whisky?"

"To a betther man than ever stud in your shoes," replied Condy, in a tone of absolute defiance—"to a gintleman, anyway," with a peculiar emphasis on the word "gintleman."

"But what's his name?"

"Mr. Stinton's his name—Gauger Stinton."

The shrewd exciseman stood and fixed his keen eye on Condy for upwards of a minute, with a glance of such piercing scrutiny as scarcely any consciousness of imposture could withstand.

Condy, on the other hand, stood and eyed him with an open, unshrinking, yet angry glance; never winced, but appeared, by the detection of his keg, to have altogether forgotten the line of cunning policy he had previously adopted, in a mortification which had predominated over duplicity and art.

He is now speaking truth, thought the gauger; he has lost his temper, and is completely off his guard.

"Well, my lad," he continued, "that is very good so far; but who sent the keg to Stinton?"

"Do you think," said Condy, with a look of strong contempt at the gauger, for deeming him so utterly silly as to tell him, "do you think you can make me turn informer? There's none of that blood in me, thank goodness."

"Do you know Stinton?"

"How could I know the man I never seen?" replied Condy, still out of temper; "but one thing I don't know, gintlemen, and that is, whether you have any right to take my whisky or not."

"As to that, my good lad, make your mind easy; I'm Stinton."

"You, sir!" said Condy, with well-feigned surprise.

"Yes," replied the other. "I'm the very man you were bringing the keg to. And now I'll tell you what you must do for me; proceed to my house with as little delay as possible; ask to see my daughter—ask to see Miss Stinton; take this key and desire her to have the keg put into the cellar; she'll know the key, and let it also be as a token that she is to give you your breakfast; say I desire that keg to be placed to the right of the five-gallon one I seized on Thursday last, that stands on a little stillion under my blunderbuss."

"Of course," said Condy, who appeared to have misgivings on the matter, "I suppose I must; but somehow—"

"Why, sirrah, what do you grumble now for?"

Condy still eyed him with suspicion. "And, sir," said he, after having once more mounted the keg, "am I to get nothing for such a weary trudge as I had wid it but my breakfast?"

"Here," said Stinton, throwing him half-a-crown, "take that along with it, and now be off—or stop, Cartwright, will you dine with me to-day, and let us broach the keg? I'll guarantee its excellence, for this is not the first I have got from the same quarter, that's *entre nous*."

"With all my heart," replied Cartwright, "upon the terms you say, that of the broach."

"Then, my lad," said Stinton, "say to my daughter that a friend, perhaps a friend or two, will dine with me to-day—that is enough."

They then mounted their horses, and were proceeding as before, when Cartwright addressed the gauger as follows:

"Do you not put this lad, Stinton, in a capacity to overreach you yet?"

"No," replied the other, "the young rascal spoke the truth after the discovery of the keg; for he lost his temper, and was no longer cool."

"For my part, hang me if I'd trust him."

"I should scruple to do so myself," replied the gauger, "but, as I said, these Keerigans—notorious illicit fellows, by the way—send me a keg or two every year, and almost about this very time. Besides, I read him to the heart and he never winced. Yes, decidedly, the whisky was for me; of that I have no doubt whatsoever."

"I most positively would not trust him."

"Not that perhaps I ought," said Stinton, "on second thought, to place such confidence in a lad who acted so adroitly in the beginning. Let us call him back and reëxamine him at all events."

Now Condy had, during this conversation, been discussing the very same point with himself.

"Bad cess forever attend you, Stinton,

agra," he exclaimed, "for there's surely something over you—a lucky shot from behind a hedge, or a break-neck fall down a cliff, or something of that kind. If the ould boy hadn't his croubs hard and fast in you, you wouldn't let me walk away wid the whisky, anyhow. Bedad, it's well I thought o' the Keerigans; for sure enough I did hear Barney say that he was to send a keg in to him this week, some day—and he didn't think I knew him aither. Faix it's many a long day since I knew the sharp puss of him wid an eye like a hawk. But what if they folly me and do up all? Any way, I'll prevint them from having suspicion on me. before I go a toe farther, the ugly rips."

He instantly wheeled about a moment or two before Stinton and Cartwright had done the same, for the purpose of sifting him still more thoroughly—so that they found him meeting them.

"Gintlemen," said he, "how do I know that aither of you is Mr. Stinton, or that the house you directed me to is his? I know that if the whisky doesn't go to him I may lave the counthry."

"You are either a deeper rogue or a more stupid fool than I took you to be," observed Stinton; "but what security can you give us that you will leave the keg safely at its destination?"

"If I thought you were Mr. Stinton, I'd be very glad to lave you the whisky where it is, and even do without my breakfast. Gintlemen, tell me the truth, bekase I'd only be murdhered out of the face."

"Why, you idiot," said the gauger, losing his temper and suspicion both together, "can't you go to the town and inquire where Mr. Stinton lives?"

"Bedad, thin, thrue enough, I never thought of that at all at all; but I beg your pardon, gintlemen, an' I hope you won't be angry wid me, in regard that it's kilt and quartered I'd be if I let myself be made a fool of by anybody."

"Do what I desire you," said the exciseman; "inquire for Mr. Sinton's house, and you may be sure the whisky will reach him."

"Thank you, sir. Bedad, I might have thought of that myself."

This last clause, which was spoken in a soliloquy, would have deceived a saint himself.

"Now," said Stinton, after they had recommenced their journey, "are you satisfied?"

"I am at length," said Cartwright; "if his intentions had been dishonest, instead of returning to make himself certain against being deceived, he would have made the best of his way from us—a rogue never wantonly puts himself in the way of danger of detection."

That evening, about five o'clock, Stinton, Cartwright, and two others arrived at the house of the worthy gauger, to partake of his good cheer. A cold, frosty evening gave a peculiar zest to the comfort of a warm room, a blazing fire, and a good dinner. No sooner were the viands discussed, the cloth removed, and the glasses ready, than the generous host desired his daughter to assist the servant in broaching the redoubtable keg.

"That keg, my dear," he proceeded, "which the country lad, who brought the key to the cellar, left here to-day."

"A keg!" repeated the daughter, with surprise.

"Yes, Maggy, my love, a keg; I said so, I think."

"But, papa, there came no keg here to-day!"

The gauger and Cartwright both groaned in unison.

"No keg!" said the gauger.

"No keg!" echoed Cartwright.

"No keg!" indeed," re-echoed Miss Stinton;—"but there came a country boy with the key of the cellar, as a token that he was to get the five-gallon—"

"Oh!" groaned the gauger, "I'm knocked up, outwitted—oh!"

"Bought and sold," added Cartwright.

"Go on," said the gauger, "I must hear it out."

"As a token," proceeded Miss Stinton, "that he was to get the five-gallon keg on the little stillion, under the blunderbuss, for Captain Dalton."

"And he got it?"

"Yes, sir, he got it; for I took the key as a sufficient token."

"But, Maggy — hell and fury, hear me, child; surely he brought a keg here and left it; and of course it's in the cellar?"

"No, indeed, papa, he brought no keg here; but he did bring the five-gallon one that was in the cellar away with him."

"Stinton," said Cartwright, "send round the bottle."

"The rascal," ejaculated the gauger, "we shall drink his health."

And on relating the circumstances, the company drank the sheepish lad's health, that bought and sold the gauger.

St. Patrick

BENEATH the fantastic trappings of myth and miracle, with which he has been invested by monkish superstition and Celtic imagination, there seems to be a very real Patrick, missionary bishop to Erin fifteen centuries back.

And I suppose that, just as there is something in the Futurist painter's idea of depicting what is in his mind when he looks at an object, rather than painting the superficial object itself—so, even the legends clustering about a man do represent the impact of his personality upon his fellows. There's slight danger that most of us will be falsely accused by posterity of performing miracles.

He was born about the end of the fourth century, apparently in Southern Wales. Rome's power was then shaking under the battering of the Goths; the garrisons in Britain were not kept up; the two centuries of darkness preceding the coming of Augustine to Kent had begun; and we know almost nothing of the Britain of that time. But it is recorded that his father was a decurion, a deacon, and a man of some local influence; and his grandfather was named Potitus—which says something, since according to Martial potito *signifies to drink hard and often. He himself was called Sucat ("warlike")—Patricius, or Pothrige being added—and was probably brought up as a member of the Christian church militant.*

It was a period of fierce raids on Britain by Saxons, Picts and Irish; Pothrige's first sight of his future flock was as a captive, when a wild band of Irish swooped down on the coast by the mouth of the Severn and carried off the sixteen-year-old boy. Six years he tended the flocks of his master, perhaps in Connaught, until the visions that came to him, in a growing religious enthusiasm, prompted him to attempt escape.

Reaching the coast, he found a vessel about to sail with a cargo of the famous Irish wolf-hounds, managed to embark on her, and after a three-days' voyage landed on the coast of Gaul, where for nearly a month he journeyed through a "desert" till he reached safety at the monastery of Lérins, on an island off the coast of Provence. Two years of study here followed. The first thought of his missionary work came to him in a dream, after his return to Britain, when he thought he was handed a letter containing the words "The Voice of the Irish":

> *"I imagined that I heard in my mind the voice of those who were near the wood of Fochlad, which is near the Western sea, and thus they cried: 'We pray thee, holy youth, to come and walk again amongst us as before.'"*

Back to Gaul he went, and for fourteen years at Auxerre he fitted himself in the knowledge and doctrines of the Church. Then, in 432, he was ordained Bishop and despatched to convert the Irish tribes among whom paganish and druidical rites were still the prevailing worship.

For nearly thirty years his immense vigour and enthusiasm were devoted to the one task of uniting the numberless hostile and warlike clans in the faith which was his very life. He is said to have founded 360 churches, and baptized 12,000 converts with his own hands; certainly, he made an impress on the spiritual life of the people which has never been erased in all these centuries. There is hardly a section which has not its own local legend connected with this patron saint; and while the expression takes many humourous or grotesque forms, he was clearly a man of great soul, who immeasurably quickened the life of his chosen people.

Patrick's Own Story

I, Patrick, a sinner, the rudest and least of all the faithful, and most contemptible to very many, had for my father Calpurnius, a deacon, the son of Potitus, a priest, who lived in Bannaven Taberniæ, for he had a small country house close by, where I was taken captive when I was nearly sixteen years of age. I knew not the true God, and I was brought captive to Ireland with many thousand men, as we deserved; for we had forsaken God, and had not kept His commandments, and were disobedient to our priests, who admonished us for our salvation. And the Lord brought down upon us the anger of His Spirit, and scattered us among many nations, even to the ends of the earth, where now my littleness may

be seen amongst strangers. And there the Lord showed me my unbelief, that at length I might remember my iniquities, and strengthen my whole heart toward the Lord my God, who looked down upon my humiliation, and had pity upon my youth and ignorance, and kept me before I knew Him, and before I had wisdom or could distinguish between good and evil, and strengthened and comforted me as a father would his son.

The Confession of St. Patrick.

An IIth Century Biographer's Estimate

A just man, then, was this man, with purity of nature like the patriarchs. A true pilgrim, like Abraham. Gentle, forgiving of heart, like Moses. A praiseworthy psalmist, like David. A shrine of wisdom, like Solomon. A vessel of election for proclaiming truth, like Paul the Apostle. A man full of the grace and of the knowledge of the Holy Ghost, like John the child. A fair garden with plants of virtues. A branch of a vine with fruitfulness. A bright fire with fervour of heating and warming the sons of Life, as to kindling and inflaming charity. A lion through strength and power. A dove for gentleness and simplicity. A serpent for prudence and cunning as to good. Gentle, humble, mild toward sons of Life. Gloomy, ungentle as to sons of Death. A labourious and serviceable slave to Christ. A king for dignity and power, for binding and loosing, for freeing and enslaving, for killing and quickening. *The Tripartite Life.*

A Contest with the Druidical Wizards

Then came the hosts till they were all biding without Tara in the plain. "Let us," said Lucat-moel, "work miracles before the host in that great plain." Said Patrick: "Which be they?" Said the wizard: "Let us bring snow on the plain till the plain be white in front of us." Said Patrick to him: "I have no desire to go against God's will." Said the wizard: "I will bring the snow on the plain although it be not thy desire." Then he began the chants of wizardry and the arts of devilry, so that the snow fell till it reached men's girdles. They all saw and marvelled greatly. Said Patrick: "We see this. Put it away if thou canst." Said the wizard; "I cannot do that till this hour to-morrow." "By my God's doom!" saith Patrick, "it is in evil thy power stands, and not in good." Patrick blessed the plain throughout the four quarters. Quicker than speech, at Patrick's word the snow vanished, without rain, without sun, without wind. *Tripartite Life.*

The Continuing Miracle of the Goat's Beard

The blessed Patrick had a goat, which carried water for his service; and to this the animal was taught, not by any artifice, but rather by a miracle. And a certain Thief stole the Goat, and eat, and swallowed it.—And the author or instigator of the theft is enquired: and one who by evident tokens had incurred suspicions, is accused; but not only denieth he the fact, but adding perjury unto theft, endeavoureth he to acquit himself by an oath.—Wonderous was the event to be told, yet more wonderful to come to pass.—The Goat which was swallowed in the stomach of the Thief, bleated loudly forth, and proclaimed the merit of Saint Patrick.—And to the encrease of this miracle it happened, that at the command, nay rather at the sentence of the Saint all the posterity of this man were marked with the beard of a goat. Jocelyn, *Cestercian Monk of Furnes (12th Century)*

Some Testimony about Those Snakes

Even from the time of its original inhabitants, did Hybernia labour under a three-fold plague; a swarm of poisonous creatures whereof the number could not be counted; a great concourse of Daemons visibly appearing; and a multitude of Evil-doers and Magicians. And these venomous and monstrous creatures, rising out of the earth and out of the sea, so prevailed over the whole Island, that they not only wounded men and animals with their deadly sting, but slayed them with cruel bitings, and not seldom rent and devoured their members. . . . And the most holy PATRICK applied all his diligence unto the extirpation of this three-fold Plague; and at length by his salutary doctrine and fervent prayer he relieved Hybernia of the encreasing mischief.—Therefore he, the most excellent Pastor, bore on his shoulder the *Staff of Jesus*, and aided of the Angelic aid, he by its comminatory

elevation gathered together from all parts of the Island all the poisonous creatures into one place—then compelled he them all unto a very high promontory, which then was called Cruachan-ailge, but now Cruachan-Phadruig; and by the power of his word he drove the whole pestilent swarm from the precipice of the mountain, headlong into the Ocean.—O eminent Sign! O illustrious Miracle, even from the beginning of the world unheard; but now experienced by tribes, by peoples, and by tongues, known unto all nations, but to the dwellers in Hybernia especially needful! And at this marvellous, yet most profitable sight, a numberous assembly was present; many of whom had flocked from all parts to behold miracles, many to receive the word of Life. JOCELYN.

WHERE FULK FOUND THE EXPELLED MONSTERS

Fulk has sailed so much, to see marvels and adventures, that he has gone round the seven islands of the ocean, Little Britain, Ireland, Gothland, Norway, Denmark, Orkney, and Great Eschanie. In Eschanie dwells no man, but serpents and other foul beasts. And there Fulk saw horned serpents, and the horns were very sharp-pointed; and they have four feet, and fly like birds. One of these serpents assailed Fulk, and struck him with his horn, and pierced through his shield in the middle. Fulk wondered much at the blow; and he perceived very well that, when the serpent struck him in the shield, he could not quickly withdraw his horn; and Fulk stabbed him through the heart with his sword. Then saw Fulk a venomous animal which had the head of a mastiff, a thick beard like a goat, and ears like a hare; and many other animals which St. Patrick drove out of Ireland, and inclosed them there through the virtue of God; for the good man St. Patrick was in favour with him. And still no venomous animal inhabits the land of Ireland, except lizards without tails. *History of Fulk Fitz Warine.*

WHY IRISHMEN DISLIKE "TO MAKE BEASTS OF THEMSELVES" BY DRINKING WATER

You've heard, I suppose, long ago
How the snakes in a manner most antic
He marched to the County Mayo
And trundled them into th' Atlantic.
Hence not to use water for drink
The people of Ireland determine;
With mighty good reason, I think,
Since St. Patrick has filled it with vermin,
And vipers and other such stuff. WILLIAM MAGINN.

THE LIGHT THAT CONTINUED TWELVE DAYS

(And as Saint PATRICK expired). . . . A great and wondrous light appeared, such as never in any time preceding had been beheld. Over that whole country the Light continued for twelve days, without any intervention of night, for the night was illuminated, and shone even as the day. Whereby was it plainly given to be understood, that the darkness of night obscured not PATRICK, the Son of Life, the inhabiter of Eternal Brightness, while the night was to him the illumination of his joys, while he ascended unto the Light without spots, the Day without night, the Sun without eclipse. . . .
JOCELYN.

AN OBJECT-LESSON FOR THE PEOPLE

There is a lake in Ulster containing an island divided into two parts. In one of these stands a church of especial sanctity, and it is most agreeable and delightful, as well as beyond measure glorious for the visitations of angels and the multitude of the saints who visibly frequent it. The other part, being covered with rugged crags, is reported to be the resort of devils only, and to be almost always the theatre on which crowds of evil spirits perform their rites. This part of the island contains nine pits, and should anyone perchance venture to spend the night in one of them (which has been done, we

know, at times by some rash men) he is immediately seized by the malignant spirits, who so severely torture him during the whole night, inflicting on him such unutterable sufferings by fire and water, and other torments of various kinds, that when morning comes scarcely any spark of life is found left in his wretched body. It is said that anyone who has once submitted to these torments as a penance imposed upon him will not afterwards undergo the pains of hell, unless he commit some sin of a deep dye. This place is called by the natives the Purgatory of St. Patrick. For he, having to argue with a heathen race concerning the torments of hell reserved for the reprobate, and the real nature and the eternal duration of the future life, in order to impress on the rude minds of the unbelievers a mysterious faith in doctrines so new, so strange, so opposed to their prejudices, procured by the efficacy of his prayers an exemplification of both states even on earth, as a salutary lesson to the stubborn minds of the people.

GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS (1184).

THE HYMN THAT WAS A BREASTPLATE

Patrick made this hymn. In the time of Loegaire, son of Niall, it was made. Now, the cause of making it was to protect himself with his monks against the deadly enemies who were in ambush against the clerics. And this is a corslet of faith for the protection of body and soul against devils and human beings and vices. Whosoever shall sing it every day, with pious meditation, devils will not stay before him. It will be a safeguard to him against all poison and envy. It will be a defence to him against sudden death. It will be a corslet to his soul after dying. Patrick chanted this when the ambushes were set against him by Loegaire, that he might not go to Tara to sow the faith, so that there they seemed before the liers-in-wait to be wild deer, with a fawn behind them, to wit, Benen. And *Faed Fiada* ('Deer's Cry') is its name. LIBER HYMNORUM.

Stanzas

I bind myself to-day,
To the power of God to guide me,
To the might of God to uphold me,
The wisdom of God to teach me,
The eye of God to watch over me.
The ear of God to hear me,
The word of God to speak for me,
The hand of God to protect me,
The way of God to lie before me,
The shield of God to shelter me,
The host of God to defend me,
Against the snares of demons,
Against the temptations of vices,
Against the lusts of nature,
Against every man who meditates injury to me,
Whether far or near,
Alone and in a multitude.

. . . . . .

I summon to-day around me all these powers,
Against every hostile merciless power directed against my body and soul,
Against the incantations of false prophets,
Against the black laws of heathenism,
Against the false laws of heretics,
Against the deceit of idolatry,
Against the spells of women, and smiths, and Druids,
Against all knowledge which hath defiled man's body and soul.

I bind myself to-day,
To a strong power, an invocation of the Trinity,
I believe in a Threeness with confession of a Oneness in the Creator of Judgment.

Translated by Whitley Stokes.

Hubert, The Spy

By VICTOR HUGO

YESTERDAY, the 20th of October, 1853, contrary to my custom, I went into the town in the evening. I had written two letters, one to Schœlcher in London, the other to Samuel in Brussels, and I wished to post them myself. I was returning by moonlight, about half-past nine, when, as I was passing the place which we call Tap et Flac, a kind of small square opposite Gosset the grocer's, an affrighted group approached me.

They were four refugees,—Mathé, a representative of the people; Rattier, a lawyer; Hayes, called Sans-Couture, a cobbler; and Henry, called little Father Henry, of whose profession I am ignorant.

"What is the matter with you?" I said seeing them greatly agitated.

"We are going to execute a man," said Mathé, as he waved a roll of paper which he held in his hand.

Then they rapidly gave me the following details. Having retired since May from the society of refugees, and living in the country, all these facts were new to me.

In the month of April last a political refugee landed in Jersey. The inn-keeper Beauvais, who is a generous-hearted fellow, was walking on the quay when the packet came alongside. He saw a man, pale, exhausted, and in rags carry a little bundle. "Who are you?" said Beauvais. "A refugee." "What is your name?" "Hubert." "Where are you going?" "I do not know." "You have no inn?" "I have no money." "Come home with me."

Beauvais took Hubert to his house, which is No. 20 Don Street.

Hubert was a man of about fifty, with white hair and black moustache. His face was marked with small-pox. His appearance was robust, his eye intelligent. He said he had been a school-master and a surveyor. He came from the department of the Eure; he had been exiled on the 2nd of December.

He reached Brussels, where he came to see me; driven from Brussels, he went to London, and in London he lived in the last stage of misery. He had lived five months, five winter months, in what they call a *Sociale*, a sort of dilapidated hall, the doors and windows of which permit draughts, and the roof admits the rain. He had slept the two first months side by side with Bourillon, another refugee, on the stone floor in front of the fireplace.

These men lay on the flags without mattress or covering, without even a handful of straw, their wet, ragged clothes on their bodies. There was no fire. It was not till the end of the two months that Louis Blanc and Ledru-Rollin had given them some money to buy coal. When these men had some potatoes they boiled them and dined; when they had none they ate nothing at all.

Hubert, without money or bed, almost without shoes or clothing, lived there, slept on the stone, shivered continually, ate seldom, and never complained. He took his large share of the general suffering stoically, impassible, and in silence. He was a member of the Delegation Society; then he had quitted it, saying, "Félix Pyat is no socialist." Afterwards he joined the Revolutionary Society; but he left it, declaring that Ledru-Rollin was not a Republican.

On the 14th of September, 1852, the Prefect of the Eure wrote to him to agree to send in his submission. Hubert answered the prefect in a letter very outspoken, and full, as regards his "Emperor," of the coarsest terms, such as *clique*, *canaille*, *misérable*. He showed this letter, dated the 24th of September, to all the refugees he met, and posted it up in the room where the members of the Revolutionary Society used to meet.

On the 5th of February he saw his name in the "Moniteur" among the pardoned. Hubert was filled with indignation, and instead of returning to France he went to Jersey, declaring that there were better Republicans there than in London. So it came to pass that he disembarked at St. Heliers.

When he reached Beauvais' house, Beauvais showed him a room.

"I told you I had no money," said Hubert. "It is all the same," said Beau-

vais. "Give me a corner and a truss of straw in the granary." "I will give you my room and my bed in preference," said Beauvais.

At meal-time Hubert did not wish to take his place at table. Many refugees were living in Beauvais' house, where they breakfasted and dined for thirty-five francs a month.

"I have not thirty-five sous," said Hubert. "Give me a morsel at once. I will eat it at a corner of the kitchen-table."

Beauvais was annoyed. "By no means," he said; "you will dine with us, citizen." "And pay you—" "When you can." "Never, perhaps." "Well, then, never."

Beauvais procured for Hubert some pupils in the town, to whom he taught grammar and arithmetic, and with the produce of these lessons he compelled him to buy a coat and some shoes. "I have shoes," said Hubert. "Yes, you have shoes, but they have not any soles."

The refugees were moved at seeing Hubert's condition, and they assigned to him the ordinary assistance allotted to the necessitous who had no wife or child, namely, seven francs a week. With that and his lessons he existed. He had no more. Many people, Gaffney among others, offered him money, but he never would accept it. "No," he would say; "there are people more unfortunate than I."

He made himself very useful in Beauvais' house, occupying the least possible room, rising from the table before dinner was over, drinking no wine or brandy, and refusing to have his glass filled. For the rest, he was an ardent communist, did not recognize any chief, declared the Republic was betrayed by Louis Blanc, Félix Pyat, and Ledru-Rollin; by me, proclaiming at the fall of Napoleon, whom he always called Badinguet, a six months' massacre to finish up with; compelling, by force of suffering and sternness, even from those who avoided him, a kind of respect, having about him some indescribable token of rough honesty. A moderate said of him to an enthusiast, "He is worse than Robespierre." The other replied, "He is better than Marat."

Now the mask was about to fall. The man was a spy.

The fact was discovered in this wise.

Hubert, among the refugees, had an intimate friend named Hayes. One day, in the beginning of September, he took Hayes aside, and said to him, in a low and mysterious tone, "I am going away to-morrow." "You going away?" "Yes." "Where are you going to?" "To France." "What, to France?" "To Paris." "To Paris?" "They expect me there." "What for?" "For a blow." "How will you enter France?" "I have a passport." "From whom?" "From the consul." "In your own name?" "In my own name." "That is very odd." "You forget that I was pardoned in February." "That's true; and the money?" "I have some." "How much?" "Twenty francs." "Are you going all the way to Paris with twenty francs?" "As soon as I reach Saint-Malo I will go as I can,—on foot, if necessary. If necessary I will not eat anything. I will go straight on by the shortest way."

Instead of taking the shortest, he took the longest way. From Saint-Malo he went to Rennes, from Rennes to Nantes, from Nantes to Angers, from Angers to Paris by the railway. He took six days on the journey. As he proceeded he saw in every town the democratic leaders—Boué at Saint-Malo, Roche, Dr. Guépin and the Mangins at Nantes; Rioteau at Angers. He announced himself everywhere as being on a mission from the refugees of Jersey, and he easily gained assistance everywhere. He neither hid nor displayed his poverty; people could see it. At Angers he borrowed fifty francs from Rioteau, not having enough to go to Paris.

From Angers he wrote to a woman with whom he had lived in Jersey, one Mélanie Simon, a seamstress, lodging at No. 5 Hill Street, and who had actually lent him thirty-two francs for his journey. She had concealed this money from Hayes. He told this woman that she might write to him to No. 38, Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine; that he did not lodge there, but he had a friend who would forward his letters.

Arrived in Paris he went to see Goudchaux; he found, one knows not how, the dwelling of Boisson, the agent of the Ledru-Rollin faction. The said Boisson lived concealed in Paris. He presented himself to Boisson as an envoy from us, the refugees of Jersey, and entered into all the combinations of the party called the Party of Action.

Towards the end of September he disembarked in Jersey from the steamer *Rose*. The day after his arrival he took Hayes aside and declared that a blow was about to be struck, and that if he, Hubert, had arrived some days sooner in Paris, the blow would have been struck then; that his advice, which had almost been

accepted, had been to blow up a railway bridge while Badinguet's train was passing; that men and money were both ready, but that the people had no confidence except in the refugees, and that he was going to return to Paris for this purpose. As he had taken part in every blow dealt since 1830, he was not the man to back out of this; but he himself was not sufficient—he required ten refugees, of good will, to put themselves at the head of the people when the time for action arrived, and he had come to seek them in Jersey. He ended by asking Hayes if he would be one of the ten. "*Parbleu!*" replied Hayes.

Hubert saw the refugees, and made them the same confidences with the same mystery, saying, "I have told no one but you." He enrolled, among others besides Hayes, Jego, who was recovering from typhoid fever, and Gigoux, to whom he declared that his name, Gigoux, would raise the masses.

Those he enlisted thus, with a view of taking them to Paris, said, "But the money?" "Rest easy," replied Hubert, "they have it. They will await you on the landing-stage. Come to Paris, the rest will settle itself. They will undertake to find a place for you."

Besides Hayes, Gigoux and Jego, he interviewed Jarassé, Famot, Rondeaux, and others.

Since this dissolution of the General Society two societies of refugees were formed in Jersey—the "Fraternelle" and the "Fraternité."

Hubert belonged to the "Fraternité," of which Gigoux was treasurer. He drew from it, as I have said, seven francs a week. He claimed from Gigoux that he should be paid the fourteen francs for the two weeks he was away, as he had been absent in the service of the Republic.

The day Hubert and those I have mentioned were to leave was fixed for Friday, the 21st of October.

However, a refugee named Rattier, a lawyer of Lorient, being one morning in the shop of Hurel, the tobacconist, saw entering a shop a man to whom he had never spoken, but whom he knew by sight. This man, perceiving him to be a Frenchman, said to him, "Citizen, have you change for a hundred-franc note?" "No," replied Rattier. The man unfolded a yellow paper, which he was holding in his hand, and presented it to the tobacconist, requesting change. The shopkeeper had not sufficient. During the colloquy Rattier recognized the paper as a Bank of France note for one hundred francs. The man went away, and Rattier said to Hurel, "Do you know that man's name?" "Yes," replied Hurel, "he is a French refugee named Hubert."

Almost at the same time Hubert, when paying for his lodging, took from his pocket a handful of shillings and half crowns.

Mélanie Simon claimed the thirty-two francs; he refused to pay her, and at the same time, by a strange sort of contradiction, he permitted her to see a pocketbook full, as Mélanie said afterwards, of yellow and blue papers. "These are bank-notes," said Hubert to her. "I have here three thousand five hundred francs."

Now the contradiction was explained. Hubert, about to return to France, wished to take Mélanie Simon with him; he refused to pay her, in order that she might go with him; and that she might go without anxiety, he showed her that he was rich.

Mélanie Simon did not wish to leave Jersey, and again demanded her thirty-two francs. Disputes arose; Hubert still refused. "Listen to me," said Mélanie; "if you do not pay me, I have seen your money, I suspect you are a spy, and I will denounce you to the refugees."

Hubert laughed.

"Make them believe that of me," said he. "*Allons donc.*"

He hoped to disabuse Mélanie Simon of this idea by putting a good face on the matter.

"My thirty-two francs," said Mélanie.

"Not a sou," replied Hubert.

Mélanie Simon went to find Jarassé, and denounced Hubert.

It seemed at first sight that Hubert was right. Among the refugees the idea was divided.

"Hubert a spy?" they said. "Nonsense!"

Beauvais recalled his sobriety and Gaffney his disinterestedness, Bisson his republicanism, Seigneuret his communism, Bourillon his five months they slept on the stones, Gigoux the assistance they had given him, Roumilhac his stoicism, and all of them his misery.

"I have seen him without shoes," said one.

"And I without a home," said another.

"And I without bread," added a third.

"He was my best friend," remarked Hayes.

Then Rattier related the incident of the one-hundred-franc note; the details of Hubert's journey leaked out by degrees. They asked themselves why this curious

journey had been undertaken? They learned that he had passed from place to place with wonderful facility. A resident of Jersey declared that he had seen him walking on the quay of Saint-Malo among the custom-house officers and the gendarmes without their noticing him. Suspicion was awakened: Mélanie Simon proclaimed it on the house-tops; the wine-growing poet, Claude Durand, who was respected by all the proscribed, shook his head when speaking of Hubert.

Mélanie Simon told Jarassé of Hubert's letter, giving his address in Paris at No. 38, Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine, where a friend received his letters. Now, the son of Mathé, the representative, when he went to Paris some months before, had by a curious coincidence lodged in that very same house.

Jarassé having shown to Mathé Hubert's letter to Mélanie, the address and the friend attracted the attention of Mathé's son, who was present, and who declared that it was the house in which he had lodged. Among the lodgers there had been an agent of police named Philippi.

A portentous rumour began to circulate among the refugees.

Hayes and Gigoux, Hubert's friends, whom he had enrolled for Paris, said to him:

"People are certainly talking." "About what?" said Hubert. "About Mélanie Simon and you." "Well, they say she is my mistress, I suppose." "No, they say that you are a spy." "Well, what of that?" "It will provoke an inquiry," said Hayes. "And a judgment," said Gigoux.

Hubert made no answer. His friends frowned.

Next day they pressed him again. He was silent. They returned to the charge. He almost refused to speak. The more he hesitated, the more they insisted. They finished up by declaring that he must clear the matter up.

Hubert, having no means of avoiding the inquiry, and perceiving that suspicion grew stronger, consented.

The refugees held their club meeting at Beauvais' house, in No. 20 Don Street.

Those idle and those out of work met there in a common room. Hubert posted in this room a declaration addressed to his brothers in exile, in which, with reference to the infamous calumnies spread concerning him, he placed himself at the disposal of all present seeking an inquiry, and demanding that he should be judged by all the refugees.

He wished the inquiry to take place immediately, reminding them that he wished to leave Jersey on Friday, the 21st of October, and concluded by saying, "The justice of the people ought to be prompt."

The last words of this proclamation were, "The day is approaching. Signed, Hubert."

The Society "Fraternity" to which Hubert belonged assembled, called an inquiry, and nominated five of its members to institute this dramatic process of proscription, namely, Mathé, Rattier, Rondeaux, Henry, and Hayes. Mathé, since his son's surprised exclamation, was convinced of the culpability of Hubert.

This commission, a regular judicial one, called witnesses, heard Gigoux and Jego, who had been enrolled by Hubert for Paris, Jarassé, Famot, to whom Hubert had spoken of the six months' massacre to finish up; collected the reports of Rattier and Hayes; called Mélanie Simon, confronted her with Hubert; read in evidence the letter written by Hubert from Angers, which, though torn, was pieced together; drew up an official report of everything. When confronted with Hubert, Mélanie Simon confirmed all her statements, and told him plainly that he was a Bonapartist spy.

Suspicions abounded, but the proofs were wanting.

Mathé said to Hubert, "You are going away on Friday?" "Yes." "You have a trunk?" "Yes." "What do you carry in that trunk?" "My old clothes and the copies of the Socialist and Republican publications." "Will you permit your trunk to be searched?" "Yes."

Rondeaux accompanied Hubert to Beauvais' house, where he lodged, and where his trunk was. It was opened. Rondeaux found in it some shirts and handkerchiefs, an old pair of trousers, and an old coat. Nothing more.

The absence of positive proof weakened the suspicions, and the opinion of the refugees went rather in Hubert's favour.

Hayes, Gigoux, and Beauvais defended him warmly.

Rondeaux told what he had found in the trunk.

"And the Socialist publications?" asked Mathé.

"I did not see any of them," replied Rondeaux.

Hubert said nothing.

However, the report of the searching of the trunk got about, and a carpenter of

Queen Street said to Jarassé, I think it was. "But have you opened the double bottom?" "What double bottom?" "The double bottom of the trunk." "Do you mean to say that the trunk has a false bottom?" "Certainly." "How do you know?" "Because I made it."

This was repeated to the commissioners. Mathé said to Hubert, "Your trunk has a false bottom?" "No doubt." "Why this double bottom?" "*Parbleu!* To hide the democratic writings which I carry about." "Why did you not tell Rondeaux of it?" "I did not think about it." "Will you permit us to see it?" "Yes."

Hubert gave his consent in the calmest manner in the world, giving answers in monosyllables and scarcely removing his pipe from his mouth. From his laconic answers his friends argued his innocence.

The commissioners decided that they would all be present at this inspection of the trunk. They set out. It was Thursday—the day before that fixed by Hubert for his departure. "Where are we going?" asked Hubert.

"To Beauvais' house," said Rondeaux, "since your trunk is there." Hubert replied:

"We are a numerous body; it will be necessary to break open the false bottom with a hammer; that will cause some commotion at Beauvais' house, where there are always a number of refugees. Let two of you come with me and carry the trunk to the carpenter's house, while the others await us there. As the carpenter made the false bottom, he will be able to remove it better than anybody else. All will then pass in the presence of the commission without scandal."

They consented to this. Hubert, assisted by Hayes and Henry, carried the trunk to the carpenter's shop; the false bottom was opened, a quantity of papers was found; they were Republican writings—my speeches, the "Bagnes d'Afrique" of Ribeyrolles, the "Couronne Impériale" of Cahaigne.

They found there three or four passports of Hubert's, the last issued in France *on his order*. They found a complete set of documents relative to the interior organization of the revolutionary society organized in London by Ledru-Rollin, all that packed in with a mass of letters and old documents.

Among the latter they found two letters which seemed singular.

The former, dated the 24th of September, was addressed to the Prefect of the Eure, rejecting the amnesty offered with a prodigality of epithets. This was the letter which Hubert had shown to the refugees in London, and fixed up in their meeting-room.

The second letter, dated the 30th, only six days later, was addressed to the same person, and contained, under the guise of asking for money, clear offers of service to the Bonapartist Government.

These two letters contradicted each other; it was evident that only one of them was intended to be sent, and it appeared probable that this was not the former. According to all appearance, the second was the true letter; the first was merely a blind.

They showed them to Hubert, who continued to smoke his pipe calmly.

They put the letters on one side, and continued their examination of the papers.

A letter in Hubert's writing, commencing "My dear mother," fell into the hands of Rattier. He read the opening sentences, but as it seemed a family letter he was about to throw it down, when he perceived that the sheet was double. He opened it almost mechanically, and he felt as if lightning had flashed in his eyes. His gaze fell on the head of the second sheet on these words, in Hubert's handwriting, "To M. de Maupas, Minister of Police. Monsieur le Ministre."

Then followed the letter which they were about to read—a letter signed "Hubert."

To M. de Maupas, Minister of Police at Paris.

M. le Ministre,—I have received under date of 14th of September last, with a view of making me return to France, a letter from M. le Préfet de l'Eure.

On the 24th and 30th of the same month I wrote two letters to M. le Préfet, neither of which has been answered.

Since then my name has figured in the "Moniteur" in the list, according to the decree of the 5th of this month (February), but I was not ready to go at that time, as I wished to finish in London a pamphlet entitled "The Republican Refugees, and the Republic impossible by these same pretended Republicans." This pamphlet, full of truths and facts which no one could deny, will produce, I think, some effect in France, where I wish to have it printed. I had my passport *visé* for France yesterday; nothing of importance will keep me in England except that before leaving, if they will give me what is due to me, what I claim by my letter of the 30th of September.

M. le Préfet de l'Eure, who was begged to communicate this letter to the proper person, should have laid it before the Government. I am waiting the solution of the matter, but seeing that so long a time has elapsed and I have received nothing, I have decided to address this letter to you, in the hope of obtaining an immediate settlement.

My address in London, England is 17 Church Street, Soho Square.

And my name, Hubert Julien Damascène,

geometrical surveyor of Henqueville, near Andelys (Eure).

(Signed) HUBERT.

25th of February, 1853.

Rattier raised his eyes and looked at Hubert.

He had dropped his pipe. The perspiration stood on his forehead in great beads.

"You are a spy!" said Rattier.

Hubert, pale as death, fell into a chair without replying.

The members of the commission tied up the papers and went immediately to report the result to the Fraternity Society, which was then assembled.

It was on their way thither that I met them.

When these facts came to light, a sort of electric shock thrilled the refugees in the town. They ran about the streets, they ran against each other; the most excited was the most stupefied. That Hubert, whom they had trusted!

One fact added to the excitement. Thursday is the post-day when the papers from France arrive in Jersey. The news which they brought threw a lurid light upon Hubert. Three hundred arrests had been made in Paris. Hubert had seen Rocher of Nantes at Saint-Malo! Rocher had been arrested. He had seen Guépin and the Mangins at Nantes; the Mangins and Guépin had been arrested. He had seen Rioteau at Angers, and had borrowed money from him; Rioteau was arrested. He had seen Goudchaux and Boisson at Paris; Goudchaux and Boisson were arrested.

Facts and memories came in shoals. Gaffney, one of those who to the last moment had supported Hubert, related that, in 1852, he had forwarded contraband from London to Havre a parcel containing eighty copies of "Napoleon the Little." Hubert and an attorney of Rouen, a refugee named Bachelet, were in his room when he closed the parcel. He had made in their presence a calculation, from which it resulted that the parcel was to be sent to his mother's house to him, Gaffney, on the day when a friend, previously notified, would come and take it away. Hubert and Bachelet went out. After their departure Gaffney rectified his calculation, and found out that the parcel would arrive at his mother's house at Havre a day too soon. He wrote accordingly to his mother and his friend. The parcel arrived, and was taken away by his friend. On the day following, which had been fixed by Gaffney in the presence of Hubert and Bachelet, the police searched Madame Gaffney's house, with a view to finding the books which they said had been sent to her from London.

About ten o'clock in the evening twelve or fifteen refugees were assembled at Beauvais' house. Pierre Leroux, and a Jersey gentleman, M. Philippe Asplet, a constabulary officer, were seated in a corner. Pierre Leroux conversed with M. Asplet about table-turning.

Suddenly Henry entered and told them about the false bottom in the trunk, the letter to Maupas, the arrests in France; Hayes, Gigoux, and Rondeaux confirmed his statements.

At that moment the door opened and Hubert appeared. He had come back to sleep, and as usual took his key from a peg in the common room.

"There he is"; cried Hayes.

They all rushed upon Hubert.

Gigoux struck him, Hayes seized him by the hair, Heurtebise held him by the throat, Beauvais drew his knife, Asplet arrested Beauvais' arm.

Beauvais told me an hour later that, if it had not been for M. Asplet, Hubert would have been a dead man.

M. Asplet, in his official capacity, intervened, and took Hubert from them. Beauvais threw away his knife; they left the spy alone. Two or three went into the corners, dropped their faces into their hands and wept.

Meanwhile I had gone home.

It was close on midnight, as I was going to bed, that I heard a carriage stop at the door. The bell rang, and the moment afterwards Charles came into my room and told me that Beauvais had come.

I went downstairs. All the refugees had united to pronounce sentence on Hubert. They kept him in custody, and they had sent Beauvais to seek for me. I hesitated. To judge this man in this nightly sitting, this *Vehmgericht* of the refugees, all that appeared strange and repugnant to my habits. Beauvais insisted.

"Come," said he to me, "if you do not, I cannot answer for Hubert."

Then he continued, "I cannot answer for myself. If it had not been for Asplet, I should have stabbed him."

I followed Beauvais, taking with me my two sons. As we proceeded we were joined by Cahaigne, Ribeyrolles, Frond, Lefèvre the cripple, Cauvat, and many other refugees who lived at Havre-des-pas.

Midnight was striking when we reached our destination.

The room in which they were going to try Hubert is called the Refugee's Club, and is one of those large, square rooms which one finds in almost all English houses. These rooms, not much appreciated by French people, overlook the two façades of the mansion, back and front.

This one, situated on the first floor of Beauvais' house, No. 20, Don Street, has two windows looking into an inner court, and three upon the street opposite the large red front of the building destined for the public halls, which is here called Hôtel de Ville. Some of the inhabitants of the town, aroused by the rumours in circulation, were chattering in low tones beneath the windows. Refugees were arriving from all directions.

When I entered, they had nearly all assembled. They were distributed in the two compartments of the room, and spoke to each other in grave tones.

Hubert had come to see me in Brussels and in Jersey, but I had no recollection of him. When I entered I asked Heurtebise where Hubert was.

"Behind you," said Heurtebise.

I turned round and saw, seated at a table with his back to the wall, near the street, beneath the center window, a pipe in front of him, his hat on his head, a man of about fifty years old, ruddy, marked with small-pox, with very white hair and black moustaches. His eyes were steady and calm. From time to time he raised his hat and wiped his forehead with a large blue handkerchief.

His brown paletot was buttoned to the chin. Now that one knew what he was, one discovered the mien of a serjeant-de-ville.

People passed and repassed before him and round him speaking of him.

"There is the coward," said one.

"Look at the bandit," said another. He heard these remarks exchanged, and seemed as indifferent to them as if they had been spoken of some one else.

Although the room was crowded by the new arrivals, there was a space left near him. He was alone at the table and on that bench. Four or five refugees stood upright by the window guarding him. One of them was Boni, who teaches us to ride on horseback.

The proscription was nearly complete, although the convocation had been arranged hastily in the middle of the night when the greater number of the refugees were in bed and asleep.

Nevertheless, one remarked some absentees. Pierre Leroux, having assisted at the first collision of Hubert and the refugees, had gone away and had not returned; and of all the numerous family which they call here the Leroux tribe, Charles was the only member present. There was also absent the greater number of those whom we call *les exaltes*, and among them the author of the manifesto entitled, "Du Comité Révolutionaire," Seigneuret.

They sent for the commission which had started the proscription. It arrived. Mathé who had just got out of bed, seemed still half-asleep.

Among the refugees present an old man, grown aged in conspiracy, was conversant with these sorts of summary processes among refugees in the catacombs,—a kind of free-justice meetings, where mystery does not exclude solemnity, and where he more than once had pronounced terrible sentences, which all sanctioned and some carried out. This old man was Cahaigne. Old in face, young in heart, flat nose buried in a gray beard, and white hair, a Republican with the face of a Cossack, a Democrat with the manners of a gentleman, a poet, a man of the world, a man of action, a fighter at barricades, a veteran in conspiracy. Cahaigne is a personage.

They called on him to preside. For secretaries they gave him Jarassé, who is of the "Fraternité" Society, and Heurtebise of the "Fraternelle" Society.

These societies do not live fraternally together.

The sitting was opened. A deep silence prevailed.

The room at this moment presented a strange aspect. In the two compartments, each lighted, and very feebly, by two gas-jets, were arranged and grouped, seated, standing up, stooping, leaning on their elbows, on benches, chairs, stools, tables, on the window-sills, some with arms folded leaning against the wall, all pale, grave, severe, almost sinister, were the seventy refugees in Jersey. They filled the two compartments of the room, leaving only in the compartment with three windows looking into the street a small space occupied by three tables,—the table by the wall where Hubert sat alone, a table close by, at which were Cahaigne, Jarassé, and Heurtebise, and opposite a very small one, on which Rattier, the reporter, had placed his note-book. Behind this table a bright fire was burning in the grate, and was from time to time attended to by a lad. On the

mantelpiece above a pipe-rack, amid a crowd of bills emanating from the refugees, between the announcement of Charles Leroux, recommending his sewing establishment, and the placard of Ribot, inaugurating the hat manufactory of the *Chapeau rouge*, was exhibited, stuck up with some wafers, the placard calling for an inquiry and "prompt justice," signed, Hubert.

Here and there upon the table were glasses of brandy and pots of beer. All round the room hung on hooks were glazed caps, straw and felt hats, and an old draught-board the white squares of which were scarcely whiter than the black ones, was hanging on the wall above Hubert's head.

I was seated with Ribeyrolles and my sons in an angle near the chimney.

Some of the refugees were smoking,—some pipes, others cigars,—so there was little light and much smoke in the room. The upper part of the windows, *en guillotines* English fashion, were open to let out the smoke.

The proceedings commenced by the interrogation of Hubert. At the first words Hubert doffed his cap. Cahaigne questioned him with a somewhat theatrical gravity; but which, whatever the tone, one felt lugubrious and serious.

Hubert gave his two Christian names, Julien Damascène.

Hubert had had time to regain his presence of mind. He answered precisely and without delay. At a certain time, when they were speaking to him concerning his return by the department of the Eure, he rectified some little mistake of Cahaigne's: "Pardon me, Louviers is on the right bank and Andelys on the left." Beyond that he confessed nothing.

The interrogation finished, they passed to the reading of the official report of the commission, the witnesses, and the proofs.

This reading commenced amid profound silence, which was succeeded by a murmur which increased in volume in proportion as the black and odious facts were dragged to light. Stifled murmurs were audible. "Ah, the rascal, the scoundrel, why do not we strangle this blackguard on the spot?"

In the midst of this volley of imprecations the reader was forced to raise his voice. Rattier was reading. Mathé passed him up the sheets of paper. Beauvais was holding a candle to him; the tallow kept dropping on the table.

After the depositions of the witnesses had been read, Rattier announced that he had arrived at a decisive piece of evidence. Silence was renewed,—a feverish, restless silence. Charles whispered to me, "One may learn how to treat a spy."

Rattier read the letter from Hubert to Maupas.

So long as the letter was being read the audience contained itself, hands were clinched, some men bit their handkerchiefs.

When the last word had been read, "The signature?" cried old Fombertaux.

Rattier said, "It is signed, Hubert."

Then the uproar broke out. The silence had only been caused by the expectation mingled with a sort of hesitation to believe such a thing possible. Some had even doubted up till then and said, "It is impossible." When this letter appeared, written by Hubert, dated by Hubert, signed by Hubert, evidently real, indubitable before every one, within every one's reach, the name of Maupas written by Hubert, conviction fell into the middle of the assembly like a thunderbolt.

Furious faces were turned towards Hubert. Many individuals leaped upon the benches; threatening hands were raised against him. There was a frenzy of rage and grief; a terrible light filled all eyes.

Nothing was heard but cries of "Scoundrel!" "Ah, the miserable Hubert!" "Ah, you brigand of the Rue de Jerusalem!"

Fombertaux, whose son is at Belle Isle, exclaimed, "Those are the scoundrels to whom we give twenty years."

"Yes," added another, "it is, thanks to such creatures as he, that the young are in prison and the old in exile."

A refugee, whose name I forget, a fine, fair-haired young man, leaped upon the table, pointed to Hubert, and cried, "Citizens, death!"

"Death! death!" shouted a chorus of voices. Hubert looked about him with a bewildered air.

The same young man continued:

"We will keep hold of him, so that he shall not escape us."

One cried, "Throw him into the Seine."

At this there was an explosion of sardonic laughter.

"Do you think you are still on the Pont Neuf?"

Then they continued, "Throw the spy into the sea, with a stone round his neck!"

"Let us send him where all is blue," said Fombertaux.

During the turmoil, Mathé had handed me Hubert's letter, and I was examining it with Ribevrolles. It was actually written

on the second page of a family letter in a rather long, neat, legible hand, with some erasures, but altogether in Hubert's hand. At the bottom of this rough draft, after the manner of an illiterate man, he had signed his name in full.

Cahaigne proclaimed silence, but the tumult was indescribable. Every one spoke at the same time, and it seemed as if a single mind was hurling from sixty mouths the same malediction upon the miserable man.

"Citizens," cried Cahaigne, "you are judges!"

This was sufficient. All was silent, raised hands were lowered, and each man, folding his arms or resting his elbow on his knee, resumed his place with lugubrious dignity.

"Hubert," said Cahaigne, "do you recognize this letter?"

Jarassé presented the letter to Hubert, who replied, "Yes."

Cahaigne continued, "What explanation have you to give?"

Hubert was silent.

"So," pursued Cahaigne, "you confess yourself a spy?"

Hubert raised his head, looked at Cahaigne, struck his fist upon the table, and said, "That—no!"

A murmur pervaded the audience like an angry shiver. The explosion, which had only been suspended, very nearly recommenced, but as they saw that Hubert was about to continue, they kept silence.

Hubert declared, in a thick, broken voice, but which had, nevertheless, a certain firmness and, sad to say, sincerity in it, that he had never done any one any harm; that he was a Republican; that he would die ten thousand deaths before he brought to the ground by his own fault a hair from the head of a Republican. That, if arrests had been made in Paris, he was innocent of them; that they had not paid sufficient attention to the first letter to the Prefect of the Eure. That, as regards the letter to Maupas, it was a draft, a project; that he had written it, but had never sent it. That they would recognize the truth too late, and would regret their action. That, as for the pamphlet, "The Republic impossible because of Republicans," he had written that too, but had not published it.

They all cried out, "Where is it?"

He calmly replied, "I have burned it."

"Is that all you have to say?" inquired Cahaigne.

Hubert shook his head and continued:

He "owed nothing to Mélanie Simon; those who had seen money in his possession were mistaken. The citizen Rattier was deceived; he (Hubert) had never been in the shop of the tobacconist Hurel. His passports were a very simple matter; being amnestied, he had a right to them. He had paid back the fifty francs to Rioteau of Angers; he was an honest man; he had never had a bank-note. The money he had expended he had received from the woman, about one hundred and sixty francs in all. He had met Citizen Boisson in Paris at a cheap restaurant. It was there he gave his address. If he had intended to bring the refugees to Paris, it was with a view to overturn Badinguet, not to betray his friends. If the gendarmes had allowed him to move freely about in France, it was not his fault. Definitely, there was an understanding among them to get rid of him, and all were victims of it."

He repeated two or three times, without their being able to understand to what this phrase referred, "The carpenter who made the false bottom is here to say so."

"Is that all?" said Cahaigne again.

"Yes," said he.

This word was received with a shudder. They had heard the explanations, but they had explained nothing.

"Take care!" continued Cahaigne. "You yourself have said we can judge you; we do judge you; we can condemn you."

"And execute you," cried a voice.

"Hubert," continued Cahaigne, "you risk all the dangers of punishment. Who knows what will happen to you? Take care! Disarm your judges by candid confession. Our friends are in the hands of Bonaparte, but you are in ours. Tell the facts clearly to us. Aid us to save our friends, or you are lost. Speak."

"It is you," said Hubert, raising his head,—"it is you who lose 'our friends' in Paris by speaking their names as loudly as you do in an assembly" (and he looked round him) "in which there are evidently spies. I have nothing more to say."

Then the uproar was renewed, and with such fury that it was feared some would pass from words to acts.

The cries "to death!" arose anew from a number of angry mouths.

There was in the Assembly a shoemaker of Niort, an old non-commissioned officer of artillery, called Guay, a fanatical Communist, but an excellent and honest workman, nevertheless—a man with a long, black beard, a pale face, rather sunken eyes

and slow speech, of grave and resolute demeanour. He rose and said:—

"Citizens, it seems that you wish to condemn Hubert to death. That surprises me. You forget that we are in a country which has laws that we must not violate, nor attempt anything contrary to them. Nevertheless Hubert must be punished, both for the past and for the future, and impress on him an ineffaceable stigma. So, as we must do nothing unlawful, this is what I propose. We will seize Hubert and shave his hair and beard, and as hair will grow again we will cut a small piece out of his right ear. Ears do not grow again."

This proposition, enunciated in the gravest tone and in the most convinced way, was received in that lugubrious assembly with a shout of laughter which continued for some time, and which added another horror to the dread realities of the scene.

Near Guay, at the entrance to the other compartment of the room, beside Dr. Barbier, was seated a refugee named Avias. Avias, a non-commissioned officer in the army of Oudinot, had deserted before Rome, not wishing, as a Republican, to overturn a Republic. He had been caught, tried by court-martial, and condemned to death. He had succeeded in making his escape the day before the execution was to have taken place. He took refuge in Piedmont. On December 2, he crossed the frontier, and joined the Republicans of the Var in arms against the *coup d'état*. In an engagement a bullet broke his ankle. His friends carried him out of action with great difficulty, and his foot was amputated. Expelled from Piedmont he went to England and thence to Jersey. When he arrived he came to see me. Some friends and myself assisted him, and he had finished by setting up as a dyer and scourer, and so lived.

Avias seemed to have been well acquainted with Hubert. While the extracts were being read, he continued to cry, "Ah, *coquin!* ah, *j—— f——!* Say that he told me Louis Blanc is a traitor! Victor Hugo is a traitor! Ledru-Rollin is a traitor!"

Whey Guay sat down, Avias rose and stood on his bench, then on the table.

Avias is a man thirty years old, tall, with a wide red face, projecting brows, goggle-eyes, a large mouth, and a Provençal accent. With his furious eyes, his hands discoloured by dye, his foot beating time on the table, nothing more savage than this giant with the harsh voice, and whose head nearly touched the ceiling, can be conceived.

He exclaimed, "Citizens! none of this; let us finish. Let us draw lots who is to give this traitor his *coup-de-grace*. If no one will, then I will volunteer."

A shout of assent arose: "All! All!"

A small young man with a fair beard, who was seated in front of me said, "I will undertake it. The business of the spy will be settled to-morrow morning."

"Not so," said another, in the opposite corner. "There are four here who will charge themselves with this."

"Yes," added Fombertaux, extending his fist close to Hubert's head. "Justice upon that rascal—death!"

Not a dissenting voice was raised. Hubert, himself terrified, bent his head and seemed to say, "It is just."

I rose.

"Citizens," I said, "in a man whom you have fed, supported, and made friends with, you have found a traitor. In a man you have accepted as a brother you find a spy. This man is still wearing a coat you bought for him, and the shoes with which you provided him. You are shivering with indignation and regret. This indignation I partake, this sorrow I can understand. But take care! What mean these shouts for death? There are two beings in Hubert—a spy and a man. The spy is infamous, the man is sacred."

Here a voice interrupted me—the voice of a fine fellow named Cauvet, who is rich and sometimes tipsy, and who abused anything pertaining to Ledru-Rollin, to show himself a fanatic for the guillotine. A deep silence supervened. Cauvet said, in a low voice, "Ah, yes! that's it, always for soft measures."

"Yes," said I, "for moderation. Energy on one side, mildness on the other. Those are the arms which I wish to place in the hands of the Republic."

I resumed:—

"Citizens, do you know what belongs to you in Hubert! The spy, yes! the man, no! The spy is yours; the home of the traitor, the name of the traitor, his moral being, you have the right to do as you please with that; you have the right to crush that, to tear out that, to tread that under foot—yes, you have the right to tear the name of Hubert to pieces, and to scrape up the hideous fragments in the mud.

"But do you know what you have no right to touch?—not a hair of his head."

I felt the hand of Ribeyrolles pressing mine.

"What MM. Hubert and Maupas have

tried to do here is monstrous. To support a spy out of your poor-funds; to keep in the same pocket the police bank-note and the brotherly coins of the refugees; to throw our money in our eyes to blind us; to arrest the men who help us in France by the man we feed in Jersey; to pursue the proscribed in ambush; not to even leave the exile in peace; to attach the thread of an infamous plot to the holiest fibres of our heart; to betray us and rob us at the same time; to pick our pockets and sell us—that is the snare in which we find the hands of the Imperial police.

"What have we to do? Publish the facts! Take France, Europe, the public conscience, universal probity to witness. Say to the whole world, It is infamous! Sad as the discovery may be, the occasion is fortunate. In this business the moral advantage lies with the proscribed, with the democracy, with the Republic. The situation is excellent. Do not let us spoil it!

"Do you know how we may spoil it? By misconceiving our rights, and behaving like the Venetians of the sixteenth century, instead of like Frenchmen of the nineteenth, in acting like the Council of Ten, in killing a man.

"In principle I am no more anxious about the death of a spy than of a parricide, I assure you. In fact, it is absurd!

"Touch this man, wound him, only beat him, and to-morrow the opinion that is with you will be against you. The English law will arrest you. From judges you will become the accused. M. Hubert gone, M. de Maupas gone, and what remains? You proscribed Frenchmen before a British jury.

"And instead of saying, 'Look at the baseness of that police,' they will say, 'Look at the brutality of those demagogues.'

"Citizens," I added, extending my arms towards Hubert, "I take this man under my protection, not for the man's sake, but for the Republic. I oppose any one who will do him harm now or in the future, here or elsewhere. I sum up your rights in a word: Publish, do not kill! Punishment by publicity, not by violence. A deed in open day, not by night. The skin of Hubert! Great God, what is *it* worth? What can you do with the skin of a spy? I declare no one shall touch Hubert, no one shall ill-treat him. To poniard M. Hubert would be to disgrace the poniard. To whip M. Hubert would only sully the whip."

These words, which I reproduce from memory, were listened to with profound attention and increasing adhesion at each moment. When I reseated myself the question was decided. To tell the truth, I did not think Hubert was in any danger during the sitting; but the morrow might have been fatal.

When I seated myself I distinctly heard a refugee behind me, named Fillion, who had escaped from Africa, say, "That is it. The spy is saved. We should act and not talk. That will teach us to chatter!"

These words were drowned in a general cry of "No violence! Publish the facts, appeal to public opinion, hold the police and Hubert up to execration; that is what we'll do."

Claude, Durand, Bulier, Rattier, Ribeyrolles, Cahaigne congratulated me warmly. Hubert looked at me with a mournful gaze. The sitting had been, as it were, suspended after my speech. The proscribed of the terrorist school looked at me angrily.

Fillion came up to me and said, "You are right. From the moment they had spoken nothing was more likely. Is it necessary that when you execute a traitor you should proclaim the fact on the house-tops? We are sixty here, fifty-six too many. Four would suffice. In Africa we had a similar case. We discovered that a man named Auguste Thomas was a detective—an old Republican too—and in every plot for the past twenty years. We had proofs of the facts at nine P.M. Next day the man had disappeared, without any one knowing what had become of him. That is the way those things should be managed."

As I was about to reply to Fillion the business was resumed. Cahaigne raised his voice and said, "Seat yourselves, citizens. You have heard Citizen Victor Hugo. What he proposes is moral punishment."

"Yes, yes. Very good," exclaimed a multitude of voices.

Cauvet, the man who had interrupted me, moved upon the table on which he was seated.

"*Parbleu!* that is beautiful, a moral punishment, and you will let him off! To-morrow he will go to France to denounce and sell all our friends. We ought to kill the cur!"

This was one great objection. Hubert at liberty was dangerous.

Beauvais interfered.

"There is no need to kill him, and you need not let him go. I have kept Hubert since April, and lodged him for almost nothing. I was willing to help a refugee,

but not to feed a spy. Now M. de Maupas must pay me M. Hubert's expenses—eighty-three francs. To-morrow morning M. Asplet shall arrest M. Hubert and drop him into prison for debt, at least, unless he produces the bank-notes which M. de Maupas gave him. I shall be glad to see them."

There was laughter at this. Beauvais had in fact settled the question.

"Yes," cried Vincent, "but he will be off to-morrow morning."

"We will guard him," said Boni.

"Search him," cried Fombertaux.

"Yes, yes, search the spy."

A number of men precipitated themselves on Hubert.

"You have neither the right to guard him nor to search him. To guard him is to curtail his liberty, to search him is to assault him."

The searching moreover was senseless. It was evident that Hubert, since the investigation, had nothing compromising about him.

Hubert cried, "Let them search me; I consent to it."

This was a little astonishing.

"He consents," they cried. "He consents. Let us search him."

I stopped them, and asked Hubert, "Do you consent?"

"Yes."

"You must give your consent in writing."

"I am quite willing."

Jarassé wrote the consent, and Hubert signed it. Meantime he was being searched, for they had not the patience to wait for the signature.

His pockets were emptied and turned out. Nothing was found except a few coppers, his large handkerchief, and a piece of the "Jersey Chronicle."

"His shoes—search his shoes."

Hubert pulled off his shoes, and put them on the table.

"There was nothing in them," he said, "but the feet of a Republican."

Cahaigne then spoke. He put my proposition, and it was adopted *nem. con.*

While the proposition was being signed, Hubert had put on his shoes and his hat, he had taken up his pipe, and seemed as if he wanted some one to give him a light.

At this moment Cauvet approached him and said, in a low voice, "Would you like a pistol?"

Hubert made no answer.

"Would you like a pistol?" repeated Cauvet.

Hubert kept silence. Cauvet began again: "I have a pistol at home, a good one. Will you have it?"

Hubert shrugged his shoulders and pushed the table with his elbows.

"Will you?" said Cauvet.

"Leave me alone," said Hubert.

"You don't want my pistol?"

"No."

"Then shake hands."

And Cauvet, quite drunk, held out his hand to Hubert, who did not take it.

Meanwhile I was talking with Cahaigne, who said to me, "You have done well to put them off, but I am afraid that to-morrow their anger will break out again, in two or three like Avias, and that they will kill him in some corner or other."

I had not signed the deposition. All had signed except me.

Heurtebise handed me the pen.

"I will sign in three days," I said.

"Why?" asked several.

"Because I am afraid of blows. I will sign in three days, when I shall be sure that the threats have not been carried out, and that no ill has come to Hubert."

They shouted on all sides, "Sign, sign; we will not harm him."

"You will guarantee it?"

"We promise you."

I signed.

Half an hour after I reached home; it was six o'clock A.M. The sea-breeze whistled about the Rocher des Proscrits. The first rays of dawn were lighting up the sky. Some little silver clouds played amid the stars.

At that same hour M. Asplet, directed by Beauvais, arrested Hubert, and put him in prison for debt.

On the morning of October 21, about six o'clock, Sieur Lament, who is French vice-consul here, came to M. Asplet's house. He came, he said, to claim a Frenchman illegally imprisoned.

"For debt," replied M. Asplet. He then produced the order of arrest signed by the deputy, Vicomte M. Horman.

"Will you pay the amount?" said M. Asplet.

The consul bowed and went away.

It seems to be Hubert's destiny to be fed at the refugees' expense. At this moment they are keeping him in his prison at an expense of sixpence a day.

Looking over my papers, I found a letter from Hubert. There is in this letter a sad phrase: "Hunger is a bad counsellor!"

So Hubert has been hungry.

What Law Can Do

"He alone knows what law can do, who sees clearly what it can not do."
SPINOZA (Duff).

"Boys," exclaimed Dr. Keats, of Eton, one day after a searching discourse, "if you're not pure in heart—I'll flog you!"

LAW LIVES THROUGH OBEDIENCE

The force of all law is not the force of him who commands, but the force of the individuals who obey it, because they judge that that way lies their good or interest.
SPINOZA (DUFF).

MACHINERY, OLD AND NEW

I have spoken already of futile attempts of equity at Rome and in England to make moral duties of gratitude and disinterestedness in duties enforceable by courts. In modern law not only duties of care for the health, morals and education of children, but even truancy and incorrigibility are coming under the supervision of juvenile courts or courts of domestic relations. But note that the moment these things are committed to courts administrative agencies have to be invoked to make the legal treatment effective. Probation officers, boards of children's guardians and like institutions at once develop. Moreover, one may venture to doubt whether such institutions, or any that may grow out of them, will ever take the place of the old-time interview between father and son in the family woodshed by means of which the intangible duties involved in that relation were formerly enforced. ROSCOE POUND.

THE PRIORITY OF EGG AND CHICKEN

You can not make a law to determine what conduct shall be, because the stubborn fact is that, in a democracy, it is conduct which determines what the law shall be. If we are all in favour of fining the man who keeps his pigs in the parlour, I suggest that the reason is that keeping pigs in the parlour falls short of the sanitary standards generally observed in towns and cities throughout the United States. F. LYMAN WINDOLPH.

THE SPRINGS OF ANGLO-SAXON LAW

"His Saxons could laugh and jest with Hugh, or Hugh with them and—this was marvellous to me—if even the meanest of them said that such and such a thing was the Custom of the Manor, then straightway would Hugh and such old men of the Manor as might be near forsake everything else to debate the matter—I have seen them stop the mill

with the corn half ground—and if the custom or usage were proven to be as it was said, why that was the end of it, even though it were flat against Hugh, his wish and command. Wonderful!" RUDYARD KIPLING.

WHEN LAW BECOMES REAL

An enactment has the effect or the validity of a law, that is to say, really is a law, only when, and in so far as, it becomes an integral and essential part of a nation's life and endeavour; and it becomes this only as it recognizes and furthers the kind of life which the citizens in the State think of supreme value. If it link itself to this and serve this end, it is sacred in its majesty; if it do not, it comes still-born into the world. SPINOZA (DUFF).

MORALS DON'T COME THAT WAY

Behind very many of these enlarging activities lies the untenable theory that there is some short cut to perfection. It is conceived that there can be a horizontal elevation of the standards of the nation, immediate and perceptible, by the simple device of new laws. This has never been the case in human experience. Progress is slow and the result of a long and arduous process of self-discipline. It is not conferred upon the people, it comes from the people. In a republic the law reflects rather than makes the standard of conduct and the state of public opinion. Real reform does not begin with a law, it ends with a law. The attempt to dragoon the body when the need is to convince the soul will end only in revolt. CALVIN COOLIDGE.

LAWS MUST "BRING GIFTS UNTO MEN"

All merely negative laws, *i.e.* laws which do not "bring gifts unto men," are futile and foolish. They are not merely ineffectual, but they discredit the whole system of legal restraint in whose name they make a vain appeal to men's souls.

That is why sumptuary laws, laws against drunkenness, luxury, envy, avarice, games, plays, etc., are so ineffective and hurtful. Such laws are always bad and useless, because they attempt to do something which they have no power to do, and thus, instead of helping to maintain the majesty of the law, they tend to make men think its violation a matter of course, and therefore of no real moment. Such laws are bad, in general, because they simply *forbid* certain things, without furnish ing the necessary positive counteracting motive which will make the citizens feel that they are simply giving up a lower satisfaction for a higher one, and that they are doing so in the strength of that better life which the law secures to them. It is, therefore, not the "thrawnness" of human nature which makes it cling stubbornly to even such a wretched satisfaction as strong drink or money can afford, but rather that divine impulse which absolutely prevents any man giving up the poorest of what he thinks his joys, except for the actual possession of what appeals to him as a fuller joy. And it is not an "innate perversity" which makes us "ever strive for what is forbidden and desire what is denied us"; it is rather the divine law of all human endeavour which gives us no power to refrain from anything we like and desire, except as we gain the power to lay hold of something that we like better. ROBERT A. DUFF.

SUMPTUARY LAWS

By 10 Edward III c. 3 (1336) no man was to have more than two courses at dinner, nor more than two kinds of meat, with potage in each course, but on eighteen holidays in the year the lieges might stuff at will.

Under Elizabeth no one under the degree of knight might wear a cap of velvet.

FRANCIS WATT.

THE FIRST SIGN OF PROHIBITION IN AMERICA

In Massachusetts, an edict of September, 1639, declaims against the "much waste of the good creatures" (not the tipplers, but the tipple!) "by the vain drinking of healths." Which practice is straightway forbidden.

Robert Coles, in March 1634 (Massachusetts) for drunkenness is disfranchised and condemned for a whole year to wear about his neck and so to hang upon his outward garment a "D" made of red cloth and set upon white. FRANCIS WATT.

SOME LAWS THAT FAILED IN THE UNITED STATES

WAGES

Vain efforts to control wages were made in Massachusetts Bay, both by the General Court and by the several towns. . . . When parties disagreed in the rates for work "by the greate," the town was to appoint three men to adjust the same. In 1635 several men were fined for *taking 2s. 6d.* per day, but in September of this year this absurd law was repealed.

BLUE LAWS OF CONNECTICUT

Numerous traditions attest the actual operation of the blue laws of Connecticut. They do not differ in kind from others; Massachusetts had many statutes, often enforced with penalties, quite as severe in principle. But Connecticut, a singularly homogeneous society, kept the system longer, and probably made it more effective. The code, whether written or unwritten, was certainly severe. No food or lodging could be given to a Quaker, Adamite, or other heretic. No one could run on the Sabbath day, or walk in his garden or elsewhere, except reverently to and from meeting. No one should travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair, or shave, on the Sabbath day. No woman should kiss her child on the Sabbath or fasting day. Whoever brought cards into the dominion paid a fine of £5. No one could read Common Prayer, keep Christmas or other saints' days; make minced pies, dance, play cards, or play on any instrument of music, except the drum, trumpet. and jews-harp. . . .

These are not eccentric notions, or the legislative caprices of one section. The old statutes teem with the same spirit, seeking by every means to control morals or to enforce a conventional decorum. . . .

NAVIGATION ACTS

The Navigation Acts of Charles II—which, administered as they were, fostered our commerce in the beginning—continued a standing witness of sovereign imbecility in the English Government of her American possessions. Governor after governor is reproved, admonished, urged to stop illegal traffic, now with one, now another foreign port.

In 1715 and 1717 it was the "French plantations" and Governor Hunter, of New York, that were blamed by the blear-eyed, obtuse officials at Whitehall. The poor governor issued most stringent proclamations, though "what effect it may have in deterring men from it I can not tell." Others could tell the effect, which the vexed servant of the crown dared not put into words. It was matter of the commonest report.

SMUGGLERS WHO WERE RESPECTABLE CITIZENS

Representative merchants like Faneuil shipped to foreign ports in false New England rum casks, and smuggled Barcelona handkerchiefs, as coolly as they took snuff in the streets of Boston. The trade at Cape Breton equally defied the law. . . .

In 1753 the same traffic is noticed. In 1748, "rum, cotton, molasses and other goods" were being carried into Boston by land from the neighbouring colonies, and these goods had not been entered at any custom house. In 1751 "a settled course of traffic" had been carried on many years, in defiance of the law, from the North American colonies to Marseilles and Toulon. WILLIAM B. WEEDEN.

SMUGGLING IN ENGLAND

It is impossible totally to prevent smuggling; the interested motives of mankind will always prompt them to attempt it, particularly when taxes are extremely high, and the

hope of large profit is a temptation sufficient to make light of any risk; all that the legislature can do is to compromise with a crime which, whatever laws may be made to constitute it a high offence, the mind of man can never conceive as at all equalling in turpitude those acts which are breaches of clear moral virtue. LORD HOLLAND.

WHAT VICIOUS REVENUE LAWS DID

It is the duty of every citizen to oppose bad laws, but this opposition of ill-conceived enactments creates a furtive class of men, very Ishmaelites, who, with their liberty, and even their lives, forfeit, are rendered capable, in extremity, of any and every enormity. Hence arose those reckless bands of smugglers who in the middle of the eighteenth century became highly organized and all-powerful in Kent, Sussex, and Hampshire, and, realizing their power, developed into criminals of the most ferocious type. They were, properly regarded, the products of bad Government, the creatures brought into existence by a vicious system that took its origin in the coming of William the Third, the "Deliverer," as history, tongue in cheek, styles him. LORD TEIGNMOUTH AND C. S. HARPER.

WHEN LAW MET FASHION

IN 14TH CENTURY ENGLAND

In that same yere, (1340) hit was ordeynede in that same parlement, that no man shulde were no clothe that was worught (wrought) oute of Engleond, as clothe of gold, of silk, damaske, vellewet, saton, baudekyn, ne non suche othere; ne non wyldware in Furrenre of beyonde see, but suche as myghte Spende an C. li, of rente erliche: but this ordeynaunce and statute was of litel effecte, for hit was nothing holde.

The Brut or *Chronicles of England.*

A BISHOP REPORTS IN 1552

Here might I have occasion to speak against this excess of apparel, which is used now everywhere, which thing is disallowed in scripture. There be some that will be conformable unto others, they will do as others do; but they consider not with themselves, whether others do well or not. There be laws made and certain statutes, how every one in his estate shall be apparelled; but, God knoweth, the statutes are not put in execution. HUGH LATIMER.

TROUBLES OF THE NUREMBERG CITY FATHERS

In the article "von frowen Schawben," on the other hand, the city fathers, admitting the failure of a previous law to prevent numerous evasions, and evidently having decided that to get the law obeyed at all, they must make it less drastic, declared their intention to "give to this statute a moderate and tolerable air." Accordingly they permitted women to wear fur-lined robes, if their hearts were set upon them, but they might not have them lined with any of the varieties of the fur forbidden to be worn. . . .

Again, as we have seen, the council bowed to the storm in the clause regarding short clothes, frankly recognizing that fashion had been too much for the law, and conceding "that henceforth clothes may be worn shorter than as before decreed and above indicated." They agreed to insist only upon a requirement of decency. . . .

In all of these cases the city fathers acknowledged the failure of previous laws, but their action varied. At one point they made the law more stringent, or more exact; in other cases they softened the requirements in such a way as to acknowledge, in part at least, the victories of fashion. KENT A. GREENFIELD.

AN ENGLISH CHURCHMAN'S OPINION

Suppose that the State has exceeded its rights by prohibiting some harmless act, such as the consumption of alcohol. Is smuggling, in such a case, morally justifiable? I should say Yes: the interference of the State in such matters is a mere impertinence. DEAN INGE.

The Honour of the Name

By ÉMILE GABORIAU

Being a Sequel to "Monsieur Lecoq"

CHAPTER XXV

THE secret which approaching death had wrested from Marie-Anne in the fortification at the Croix d'Arcy, Mme. d'Escorval was ignorant of when she joined her entreaties to those of her son to induce the unfortunate girl to remain.

But the fact occasioned Maurice scarcely an uneasiness.

His faith in his mother was complete, absolute; he was sure that she would forgive when she learned the truth.

Loving and chaste wives and mothers are always most indulgent to those who have been led astray by the voice of passion.

Such noble women can, with impunity, despise and brave the prejudices of hypocrites.

These reflections made Maurice feel more tranquil in regard to Marie-Anne's future, and he now thought only of his father.

Day was breaking; he declared that he would assume some disguise and go to Montaignac at once.

On hearing these words, Mme. d'Escorval turned and hid her face in the sofa-cushions to stifle her sobs.

She was trembling for her husband's life, and now her son must precipitate himself into danger. Perhaps before the sun sank to rest, she would have neither husband nor son.

And yet she did not say "no." She felt that Maurice was only fulfilling a sacred duty. She would have loved him less had he supposed him capable of cowardly hesitation. She would have dried her tears, if necessary, to bid him "go."

Moreover, what was not preferable to the agony of suspense which they had been enduring for hours?

Maurice had reached the door when the *abbé* stopped him.

"You must go to Montaignac," said he, "but it would be folly to disguise yourself. You would certainly be recognized, and the saying: 'He who conceals himself is guilty,' will assuredly be applied to you. You must go openly, with head erect, and you must even exaggerate the assurance of innocence. Go straight to the Duc de Sairmeuse and the Marquis de Courtornieu. I will accompany you; we will go in the carriage."

Maurice seemed undecided.

"Obey these counsels, my son," said Mme. d'Escorval; "the *abbé* knows much better than we do what is best."

"I will obey, mother."

The *curé* had not waited for this assent to go and give an order for harnessing the horses. Mme. d'Escorval left the room to write a few lines to a lady friend, whose husband exerted considerable influence in Montaignac. Maurice and Marie-Anne were left alone.

It was the first moment of freedom and solitude which they had found since Marie-Anne's confession.

They stood for a moment, silent and motionless; then Maurice advanced, and clasping her in his arms, he whispered:

"Marie-Anne, my darling, my beloved, I did not know that one could love more fondly than I loved you yesterday; but now—and you—you wish for death when another precious life depends upon yours."

She shook her head sadly.

"I was terrified," she faltered. "The future of shame that I saw—that I still alas! see before me, appalled me. Now I am resigned. I will uncomplainingly endure the punishment for my horrible fault—I will submit to the insults and disgrace that awaits me!"

"Insults, to you! Ah! woe to who dares! But will you not now be my wife in the sight of men, as you are in the sight of God? The failure of your father's scheme sets you free!"

"No, no Maurice, I am not free! Ah!

it is you who are pitiless! I see only too well that you curse me, that you curse the day when we met for the first time! Confess it! Say it!

Marie-Anne lifted her streaming eyes to his.

"Ah! I should lie if I said that. My cowardly heart has not that much courage! I suffer—I am disgraced and humiliated, but——"

He could not finish; he drew her to him, and their lips and their tears met in one long kiss.

"You love me," exclaimed Maurice, "you love me in spite of all! We shall succeed. I will save your father, and mine —I will save your brother!"

The horses were neighing and stamping in the courtyard. The *abbé* cried: "Come, let us start." Mme. d'Escorval entered with a letter, which she handed to Maurice.

She clasped in a long and convulsive embrace the son whom she feared she should never see again; then, summoning all her courage, she pushed him away, uttering only the single word:

"Go!"

He departed; and when the sound of the carriage-wheels had died away in the distance, Mme. d'Escorval and Marie-Anne fell upon their knees, imploring the mercy and aid of a just God.

They could only pray. The *curé* and Maurice could act.

Abbé Midon's plan, which he explained to young d'Escorval, as the horses dashed along, was as simple as the situation was terrible.

"If, by confessing your own guilt, you could save your father, I should tell you to deliver yourself up, and to confess the whole truth. Such would be your duty. But this sacrifice would be not only useless, but dangerous. Your confession of guilt would only implicate your father still more. You would be arrested, but they would not release him, and you would both be tried and convicted. Let us, then, allow—I will not say justice, for that would be blasphemy—but these blood-thirsty men, who call themselves judges, to pursue their course, and attribute all that you have done to your father. When the trial comes, you will prove his innocence, and produce *alibis* so incontestable, that they will be forced to acquit him. And I understand the people of our country so well, that I am sure not one of them will reveal our stratagem."

"And if we should not succeed," asked Maurice, gloomily, "what could I do then?"

The question was so terrible that the priest dared not respond to it. He and Maurice were silent during the remainder of the drive.

They reached the city at last, and Maurice saw how wise the *abbé* had been in preventing him from assuming a disguise.

Armed with the most absolute power, the Duc de Sairmeuse and the Marquis de Courtornieu had closed all the gates of Montaignac save one.

Through this gate all who desired to leave or enter the city were obliged to pass, and two officers were stationed there to examine all comers and goers, to question them, and to take their name and residence.

At the name "d'Escorval," the two officers evinced such surprise that Maurice noticed it at once.

"Ah! you know what has become of my father!" he exclaimed.

"The Baron d'Escorval is a prisoner, Monsieur," replied one of the officers.

Although Maurice had expected this response, he turned pale.

"Is he wounded?" he asked, eagerly.

"He has not a scratch. But enter, sir, and pass on."

From the anxious looks of these officers one might have supposed that they feared they should compromise themselves by conversing with the son of so great a criminal.

The carriage rolled beneath the gate-way; but it had not traversed two hundred yards of the Grand Rue before the *abbé* and Maurice had remarked several posters and notices affixed to the walls.

"We must see what this is," they said, in a breath.

They stopped near one of these notices, before which a reader had already stationed himself; they descended from the carriage, and read the following order:

"ARTICLE I.—The inmates of the house in which the elder Lacheneur shall be found will be handed over to a military commission for trial.

"ARTICLE II.—Whoever shall deliver the body of the elder Lacheneur, dead or alive, will receive a reward of twenty thousand francs."

This was signed Duc de Sairmeuse.

"God be praised!" exclaimed Maurice, "Marie-Anne's father has escaped! He had a good horse, and in two hours——"

A glance and a nudge of the elbow from the *abbé* checked him.

The *abbé* drew his attention to the man

standing near them. This man was none other than Chupin.

The old scoundrel had also recognized them, for he took off his hat to the *curé*, and with an expression of intense covetousness in his eyes, he said: "Twenty thousand francs! what a sum! A man could live comfortably all his life on the interest of it."

The *abbé* and Maurice shuddered as they re-entered their carriage.

"Lacheneur is lost if this man discovers his retreat," murmured the priest.

"Fortunately, he must have crossed the frontier before this," replied Maurice. "A hundred to one he is beyond reach."

"And if you should be mistaken? What, if wounded and faint from loss of blood, Lacheneur has had only strength to drag himself to the nearest house and ask the hospitality of its inmates?"

"Oh! even in that case he is safe; I know our peasants. There is not one who is capable of selling the life of a proscribed man."

The noble enthusiasm of youth drew a sad smile from the priest.

"You forget the dangers to be incurred by those who shelter him. Many a man who would not soil his hands with the price of blood might deliver up a fugitive from fear."

They were passing through the principal street, and they were struck with the mournful aspect of the place—the little city which was ordinarily so bustling and gay.

Fear and consternation evidently reigned there. The shops were closed; the shutters of the houses had not been opened. A lugubrious silence pervaded the town. One might have supposed that there was general mourning, and that each family had lost one of its members.

The manner of the few persons seen upon the thoroughfare was anxious and singular. They hurried on, casting suspicious glances on every side.

Two or three who were acquaintances of the Baron d'Escorval averted their heads, on seeing his carriage, to avoid the necessity of bowing.

The *abbé* and Maurice found an explanation of this evident terror on reaching the hotel to which they had ordered the coachman to take them.

They had designated the Hotel de France, where the baron always stopped when he visited Montaignac, and whose proprietor was none other than Laugeron, that friend of Lacheneur, who had been the first to warn him of the arrival of the Duc de Sairmeuse.

This worthy man, on hearing what guests had arrived, went to the courtyard to meet them, with his white cap in his hand.

On such a day politeness was heroism. Was he connected with the conspiracy? It has always been supposed so.

He invited Maurice and the *abbé* to take some refreshments in a way that made them understand he was anxious to speak to them, and he conducted them to a retired room where he knew they would be secure from observation.

Thanks to one of the Duc de Sairmeuse's *valets de chambre* who frequented the house, the host knew as much as the authorities; he knew even more, since he had also received information from the rebels who had escaped capture.

From him the *abbé* and Maurice received their first positive information.

In the first place, nothing had been heard of Lacheneur, or of his son Jean; thus far they had escaped the most rigourous pursuit.

In the second place, there were, at this moment, two hundred prisoners in the citadel, and among them the Baron d'Escorval and Chanlouineau.

And lastly, since morning there had been at least sixty arrests in Montaignac.

It was generally supposed that these arrests were the work of some traitor, and all the inhabitants were trembling with fear.

But M. Laugeron knew the real cause. It had been confided to him under pledge of secrecy by his guests, the duke's *valet de chambre*.

"It is certainly an incredible story, gentlemen," he said; "nevertheless, it is true. Two officers belonging to the Montaignac militia, on returning from their expedition this morning at daybreak, on passing the Croix d'Arcy, found a man, clad in the uniform of the Emperor's bodyguard, lying dead in the fosse."

Maurice shuddered.

The unfortunate man, he could not doubt, was the brave old soldier who had spoken to Lacheneur.

"Naturally," pursued M. Laugeron, "the two officers examined the body of the dead man. Between his lips they found a paper, which they opened and read. It was a list of all the conspirators in the village. The brave man, knowing he was mortally

wounded, endeavoured to destroy this fatal list; but the agonies of death prevented him from swallowing it——"

But the *abbé* and Maurice had not time to listen to the commentaries with which the hotel proprietor accompanied his recital.

They dispatched a messenger to Mme. d'Escorval and to Marie-Anne, in order to reassure them, and, without losing a moment, and fully determined to brave all, they went to the house occupied by the Duc de Sairmeuse.

A crowd had gathered about the door. At least a hundred persons were standing there; men with anxious faces, women in tears, soliciting, imploring an audience.

They were the friends and relatives of the unfortunate men who had been arrested.

Two footmen, in gorgeous livery and pompous in bearing, had all they could do to keep back the struggling throng.

The *abbé*, hoping that his priestly dress would win him a hearing, approached and gave his name. But he was repulsed like the others.

"Monsieur le Duc is busy, and can receive no one," said the servant. "Monsieur le Duc is preparing his report for His Majesty."

And in support of this assertion, he pointed to the horses, standing saddled in the courtyard, and the couriers who were to bear the dispatches.

The priest sadly rejoined his companions.

"We must wait!" said he.

Intentionally or not, the servants were deceiving these poor people. The duke, just then, was not troubling himself about dispatches. A violent altercation was going on between the Marquis de Courtornieu and himself.

Each of these noble personages aspired to the leading *rôle*—the one which would be most generously rewarded, undoubtedly. It was a conflict of ambitions and of wills.

It had begun by the exchange of a few recriminations, and it quickly reached stinging words, bitter allusions, and at last, even threats.

The marquis declared it necessary to inflict the most frightful—he said the most *salutary* punishment upon the offenders; the duke, on the contrary, was inclined to be indulgent.

The marquis declared that since Lacheneur, the prime mover, and his son, had both eluded pursuit, it was an urgent necessity to arrest Marie-Anne.

The other declared that the arrest and imprisonment of this young girl would be impolitic, that such a course would render the authorities odious, and the rebels more zealous.

As each was firmly wedded to his own opinion, the discussion was heated, but they failed to convince each other.

"These rebels must be put down with a strong hand!" urged M. de Courtornieu.

"I do not wish to exasperate the populace," replied the duke.

"Bah! what does public sentiment matter?"

"It matters a great deal when you cannot depend upon your soldiers. Do you know what happened last night? There was powder enough burned to win a battle; there were only fifteen peasants wounded. Our men fired in the air. You forget that the Montaignac militia is composed, for the most part, at least of men who formerly fought under Bonaparte, and who are burning to turn their weapons against us."

But neither the one nor the other dared to tell the real cause of his obstinacy.

Mlle. Blanche had been at Montaignac that morning. She had confided her anxiety and her sufferings to her father; and she made him swear that he would profit by this opportunity to rid her of Marie-Anne.

On his side, the duke, persuaded that Marie-Anne was his son's mistress, wished, at any cost, to prevent her appearance before the tribunal. At last the marquis yielded.

The duke had said to him: "Very well! let us end this dispute," at the same time glancing so meaningly at a pair of pistols that the worthy marquis felt a disagreeable chilliness creep up his spine.

They then went together to examine the prisoners, preceded by a detachment of soldiery who drove back the crowd, which gathered again to await the duke's return. So all day Maurice watched the aerial telegraph established upon the citadel, and whose black arms were moving incessantly.

"What orders are travelling through space?" he said to the *abbé;* "is it life or is it death?"

CHAPTER XXVI

"Above all, make haste!" Maurice had said to the messenger charged with bearing a letter to the baroness.

Nevertheless, the man did not reach Escorval until nightfall.

Beset by a thousand fears, he had taken

the unfrequented roads and had made long circuits to avoid all the people he saw approaching in the distance.

Mme. d'Escorval tore the letter rather than took it from his hands. She opened it, read it aloud to Marie-Anne, and merely said:

"Let us go—at once."

But this was easier said than done.

They kept but three horses at Escorval. One was nearly dead from its terrible journey of the previous night; the other two were in Montaignac.

What were the ladies to do? To trust to the kindness of their neighbours was the only resource open to them.

But these neighbours having heard of the baron's arrest, firmly refused to lend their horses. They believed they would gravely compromise themselves by rendering any service to the wife of a man upon whom the burden of the most terrible of accusations was resting.

Mme. d'Escorval and Marie-Anne were talking of pursuing their journey on foot, when Corporal Bavois, enraged at such cowardice, swore by the sacred name of thunder that this should not be.

"One moment!" said he. "I will arrange the matter."

He went away, but reappeared about a quarter of an hour afterward, leading an old plough-horse by the mane. This clumsy and heavy steed he harnessed into the cabriolet as best he could.

But even this did not satisfy the old trooper's complaisance.

His duties at the château were over, as M. d'Escorval had been arrested, and nothing remained for Corporal Bavois but to rejoin his regiment.

He declared that he would not allow these ladies to travel at night, and unattended, on the road where they might be exposed to many disagreeable encounters, and that he, in company with two grenadiers, would escort them to their journey's end.

"And it will go hard with soldier or civilian who ventures to molest them, will it not, comrades?" he exclaimed.

As usual, the two men assented with an oath.

So, as they pursued their journey, Mme. d'Escorval and Marie-Anne saw the three men preceding or following the carriage, or oftener walking beside it.

Not until they reached the gates of Montaignac did the old soldier forsake his *protégées*, and then, not without bidding them a respectful farewell, in the name of his companions as well as himself; not without telling them, if they had need of him, to call upon Bavois, corporal of grenadiers, company first, stationed at the citadel.

The clocks were striking ten when Mme. d'Escorval and Marie-Anne alighted at the Hôtel de France.

They found Maurice in despair, and even the *abbé* disheartened. Since Maurice had written to them, events had progressed with fearful rapidity.

They knew now the orders which had been forwarded by signals from the citadel. These orders had been printed and affixed to the walls. The signals had said:

"Montaignac must be regarded as in a state of siege. The military authorities have been granted discretionary power. A military commission will exercise jurisdiction instead of, and in place of, the courts. Let peaceable citizens take courage; let the evil-disposed tremble! As for the rabble, the sword of the law is about to strike!"

Only six lines in all—but each word was a menace.

That which filled the *abbé's* heart with dismay was the substitution of a military commission for a court-martial.

This upset all his plans, made all his precautions useless, and destroyed his hopes of saving his friend.

A court-martial was, of course, hasty and often unjust in its decisions; but still, it observed some of the forms of procedure practised in judicial tribunals. It still preserved something of the solemnity of legal justice, which desires to be enlightened before it condemns.

A military commission would infallibly neglect all legal forms; and summarily condemn and punish the accused parties, as in time of war a spy is tried and punished.

"What!" exclaimed Maurice, "they dare to condemn without investigating, without listening to testimony, without allowing the accused time to prepare any defence?"

The *abbé* was silent. This exceeded his most sinister apprehensions. Now, he believed anything possible.

Maurice spoke of an investigation. It had commenced that day, and it was still going on by the light of the jailer's lantern.

That is to say, the Duc de Sairmeuse and the Marquis de Courtornieu were passing the prisoners in review.

They numbered three hundred, and the duke and his companion had decided to

summon before the commission thirty of the most dangerous conspirators.

How were they to select them? By what method could they discover the extent of each prisoner's guilt? It would have been difficult for them to explain.

They went from one to another, asking any question that entered their minds, and after the terrified man replied, according as they thought his countenance good or bad, they said to the jailer who accompanied them: "Keep this one until another time," or, "This one for to-morrow."

By daylight, they had thirty names upon their list: and the names of the Baron d'Escorval and Chanlouineau led all the rest.

Although the unhappy party at the Hôtel de France could not suspect this fact, they suffered an agony of fear and dread through the long night, which seemed to them eternal.

As soon as day broke, they heard the beating of the *réveille* at the citadel; the hour when they might commence their efforts anew had come.

The *abbé* announced that he was going alone to the duke's house, and that he would find a way to force an entrance.

He had bathed his red and swollen eyes in fresh water, and was prepared to start on his expedition, when someone rapped cautiously at the door of the chamber.

Maurice cried: "Come in," and M. Laugeron instantly entered the room.

His face announced some dreadful misfortune; and the worthy man was really terrified.

He had just learned that the military commission had been organized.

In contempt of all human laws and the commonest rules of justice, the presidency of this tribunal of vengeance and of hatred had been bestowed upon the Duc de Sairmeuse.

And he had accepted it—he who was at the same time to play the part of participant, witness, and judge.

The other members of the commission were military men.

"And when does the commission enter upon its functions?" inquired the *abbé*.

"To-day," replied the host, hesitatingly; "this morning — in an hour — perhaps sooner!"

The *abbé* understood what M. Laugeron meant, but dared not say: "The commission is assembling, make haste."

"Come!" he said to Maurice, "I wish to be present when your father is examined."

Ah! what would not the baroness have given to follow the priest and her son? But she could not; she understood this, and submitted.

They set out, and as they stepped into the street they saw a soldier a little way from them, who made a friendly gesture.

They recognized Corporal Bavois, and paused.

But he, passing them with an air of the utmost indifference, and apparently without observing them, hastily dropped these words:

"I have seen Chanlouineau. Be of good cheer; he promises to save Monsieur d'Escorval!"

CHAPTER XXVII

In the citadel of Montaignac, within the second line of fortifications, stands an old building known as the chapel.

Originally consecrated to worship, the structure had, at the time of which we write, fallen into disuse. It was so damp that it would not even serve as an arsenal for an artillery regiment, for the guns rusted there more quickly than in the open air. A black mould covered the walls to a height of six or seven feet.

This was the place selected by the Duc de Sairmeuse and the Marquis de Courtornieu for the assembling of the military commission.

On first entering it, Maurice and the *abbé* felt a cold chill strike to their very hearts; and an indefinable anxiety paralyzed all their faculties.

But the commission had not yet commenced its *séance;* and they had time to look about them.

The arrangements which had been made in transforming this gloomy hall into a tribunal, attested the precipitancy of the judges and their determination to finish their work promptly and mercilessly.

The arrangements denoted an absence of all form; and one could divine at once the frightful certainty of the result.

Three large tables taken from the mess-room, and covered with horse-blankets instead of tapestry, stood upon the platform. Some unpainted wooden chairs awaited the judges; but in the center glittered the president's chair, a superbly carved and gilded *fauteuil*, sent by the Duc de Sairmeuse.

Several wooden benches had been provided for the prisoners.

Ropes stretched from one wall to the

other divided the chapel into two parts. It was a precaution against the public.

A superfluous precaution, alas!

The *abbé* and Maurice had expected to find the crowd too great for the hall, large as it was, and they found the chapel almost unoccupied.

There were not twenty persons in the building. Standing back in the shadow of the wall were perhaps a dozen men, pale and gloomy, a sullen fire smouldering in their eyes, their teeth tightly clinched. They were army officers retired on half pay. Three men, attired in black, were conversing in low tones near the door. In a corner stood several country-women with their aprons over their faces. They were weeping bitterly, and their sobs alone broke the silence. They were the mothers, wives, or daughters of the accused men.

Nine o'clock sounded. The rolling of the drum made the panes of the only window tremble. A loud voice outside shouted, "Present arms!" The military commission entered, followed by the Marquis de Courtornieu and several civil functionaries.

The duke was in full uniform, his face a little more crimson, and his air a trifle more haughty than usual.

"The session is open!" pronounced the Duc de Sairmeuse, the president.

Then, in a rough voice, he added:

"Bring in the culprits."

He had not even the grace to say "the accused."

They came in, one by one, to the number of twenty, and took their places on the benches at the foot of the platform.

Chanlouineau held his head proudly erect, and looked composedly about him.

Baron d'Escorval was calm and grave; but not more so than when, in days gone by, he had been called upon to express his opinions in the councils of the Empire.

Both saw Maurice, who was so overcome that he had to lean upon the *abbé* for support. But while the baron greeted his son with a simple bend of the head, Chanlouineau made a gesture that clearly signified:

"Have confidence in me—fear nothing."

The attitude of the other prisoners betrayed surprise rather than fear. Perhaps they were unconscious of the peril they had braved, and the extent of the danger that now threatened them.

When the prisoners had taken their places, the chief counsel for the prosecution rose.

His presentation of the case was characterized by intense violence, but lasted only five minutes. He briefly narrated the facts, exalted the merits of the government, of the Restoration, and concluded by a demand that sentence of death should be pronounced upon the culprits.

When he ceased speaking, the duke, addressing the first prisoner upon the bench, said, rudely:

"Stand up."

The prisoner rose.

"Your name and age?"

"Eugene Michel Chanlouineau, aged twenty-nine, farmer by occupation."

"An owner of national lands, probably?"

"The owner of lands which, having been paid for with good money and made fertile by labour, are rightfully mine."

The duke did not wish to waste time on discussion.

"You have taken part in this rebellion?" he pursued.

"Yes."

"You are right in avowing it, for witnesses will be introduced who will prove this fact conclusively."

Five grenadiers entered; they were the men whom Chanlouineau had held at bay while Maurice, the *abbé*, and Marie-Anne were entering the carriage.

These soldiers declared upon oath that they recognized the accused; and one of them even went so far as to pronounce a glowing eulogium upon him, declaring him to be a solid fellow, of remarkable courage.

Chanlouineau's eyes during this deposition betrayed an agony of anxiety. Would the soldiers allude to this circumstance of the carriage? No; they did not allude to it.

"That is sufficient," interrupted the president.

Then turning to Chanlouineau:

"What were your motives?" he inquired.

"We hoped to free ourselves from a government imposed upon us by foreigners; to free ourselves from the insolence of the nobility, and to retain the lands that were justly ours."

"Enough! You were one of the leaders of the revolt?"

"One of the leaders—yes."

"Who were the others?"

A faint smile flitted over the lips of the young farmer, as he replied:

"The others were Monsieur Lacheneur, his son Jean, and the Marquis de Sairmeuse."

The duke bounded from his gilded armchair.

"Wretch!" he exclaimed, "rascal! vile scoundrel!"

He caught up a heavy inkstand that stood upon the table before him: and one would have supposed that he was about to hurl it at the prisoner's head.

Chanlouineau stood perfectly unmoved in the midst of the assembly, which was excited to the highest pitch by his startling declaration.

"You questioned me," he resumed, "and I replied. You may gag me if my responses do not please you. If there were witnesses *for* me as there are against me, I could prove the truth of my words. As it is, all the prisoners here will tell you that I am speaking the truth. Is it not so, you others?"

With the exception of Baron d'Escorval, there was not one prisoner who was capable of understanding the real bearing of these audacious allegations; but all, nevertheless, nodded their assent.

"The Marquis de Sairmeuse was so truly our leader," exclaimed the daring peasant, "that he was wounded by a sabre-thrust while fighting by my side."

The face of the duke was more purple than that of a man struck with apoplexy; and his fury almost deprived him of the power of speech.

"You lie, scoundrel! you lie!" he gasped.

"Send for the marquis," said Chanlouineau, tranquilly, "and see whether or not he is wounded."

A refusal on the part of the duke could not fail to arouse suspicion. But what could he do? Martial had concealed his wound the day before; it was now impossible to confess that he had been wounded.

Fortunately for the duke, one of the judges relieved him of his embarrassment.

"I hope, Monsieur, that you will not give this arrogant rebel the satisfaction he desires. The commission opposes his demand."

Chanlouineau laughed loudly.

"Very naturally," he exclaimed. "To-morrow my head will be off, and you think nothing will then remain to prove what I say. I have another proof, fortunately—material and indestructible proof—which it is beyond your power to destroy, and which will speak when my body is six feet under ground."

"What is the proof?" demanded another judge, upon whom the duke looked askance.

The prisoner shook his head.

"I will give it to you when you offer me my life in exchange for it," he replied. "It is now in the hands of a trusty person, who knows its value. It will go to the King if necessary. We would like to understand the part which the Marquis de Sairmeuse has played in this affair—whether he was truly with us, or whether he was only an instigating agent."

A tribunal regardful of the immutable rules of justice, or even of its own honour, would, by virtue of its discretionary powers, have instantly demanded the presence of the Marquis de Sairmeuse.

But the military commission considered such a course quite beneath its dignity.

These men arrayed in gorgeous uniforms were not judges charged with the vindication of a cruel law, but still a law—they were the instruments, commissioned by the conquerors, to strike the vanquished in the name of that savage code which may be summed up in two words: "*vae victis.*"

The president, the noble Duc de Sairmeuse, would not have consented to summon Martial on any consideration. Nor did his associate judges wish him to do so.

Had Chanlouineau foreseen this? Probably. Yet, why had he ventured so hazardous a blow?

The tribunal, after a short deliberation, decided that it would not admit this testimony which had so excited the audience, and stupefied Maurice and Abbé Midon.

The examination was continued, therefore, with increased bitterness.

"Instead of designating imaginary leaders," resumed the duke, "you would do well to name the real instigator of this revolt—not Lacheneur, but an individual seated upon the other end of the bench, the elder d'Escorval——"

"Monsieur le Baron d'Escorval was entirely ignorant of the conspiracy, I swear it by all that I hold most sacred——"

"Hold your tongue!" interrupted the counsel for the prosecution. "Instead of wearying the patience of the commission by such ridiculous stories, try to merit its indulgence."

Chanlouineau's glance and gesture expressed such disdain that the man who interrupted him was abashed.

"I wish no indulgence," he said. "I have played, I have lost; here is my head. But if you were not more cruel than wild beasts you would take pity on the poor wretches who surround me. I see at least ten among them who were not our accom-

plices, and who certainly did not take up arms. Even the others did not know what they were doing. No, they did not!"

Having spoken, he resumed his seat, proud, indifferent, and apparently oblivious to the murmur which ran through the audience, the soldiers of the guard and even to the platform, at the sound of his vibrant voice.

The despair of the poor peasant women had been reawakened, and their sobs and moans filled the immense hall.

The retired officers had grown even more pale and gloomy; and tears streamed down the wrinkled cheeks of several.

"That one is a man!" they were thinking.

The *abbé* leaned over and whispered in the ear of Maurice:

"Evidently Chanlouineau has some plan. He intends to save your father. How, I cannot understand."

The judges were conversing in low tones with considerable animation.

A difficulty had presented itself.

The prisoners, ignorant of the charges which would be brought against them, and not expecting instant trial, had not thought of procuring a defender.

And this circumstance, bitter mockery! frightened this iniquitous tribunal, which did not fear to trample beneath its feet the most sacred rules of justice.

The judges had decided; their verdict was, as it were, rendered in advance, and yet they wished to hear a voice raised in defence of those who were already doomed.

It chanced that three lawyers, retained by the friends of several of the prisoners, were in the hall.

They were the three men that Maurice, on his entrance, had noticed conversing near the door of the chapel.

The duke was informed of this fact. He turned to them, and motioned them to approach; then pointing to Chanlouineau:

"Will you undertake this culprit's defence?" he demanded.

For a moment the lawyers made no response. This monstrous *séance* had aroused a storm of indignation and disgust within their breasts, and they looked questioningly at each other.

"We are all disposed to undertake the prisoner's defense," at last replied the eldest of the three; "but we see him for the first time; we are ignorant of his grounds of defense. We must ask a delay; it is indispensable, in order to confer with him."

"The court can grant you no delay," interrupted M. de Sairmeuse; "will you accept the defense, yes or no?"

The advocate hesitated, not that he was afraid, for he was a brave man: but he was endeavouring to find some argument strong enough to trouble the conscience of these judges.

"I will speak in his behalf," said the advocate, at last, "but not without first protesting with all my strength against these unheard-of modes of procedure."

"Oh! spare us your homilies, and be brief."

After Chanlouineau's examination, it was difficult to improvise there, on the spur of the moment, a plea in his behalf. Still, his courageous advocate, in his indignation, presented a score of arguments which would have made any other tribunal reflect.

But all the while he was speaking the Duc de Sairmeuse fidgeted in his gilded armchair with every sign of angry impatience.

"The plea was very long," he remarked, when the lawyer had concluded, "terribly long. We shall never get through with this business if each prisoner takes up as much time!"

He turned to his colleagues as if to consult them, but suddenly changing his mind he proposed to the prosecuting counsel that he should unite all the cases, try all the culprits in a body, with the exception of the elder d'Escorval.

"This will shorten our task, for, in case we adopt this course, there will be but two judgments to be pronounced," he said. "This will not, of course, prevent each individual from defending himself."

The lawyers protested against this. A judgment in a lump, like that suggested by the duke, would destroy all hope of saving a single one of these unfortunate men from the guillotine.

"How can we defend them," the lawyers pleaded, "when we know nothing of the situation of each of the prisoners? we do not even know their names. We shall be obliged to designate them by the cut of their coats and by the colour of their hair."

They implored the tribunal to grant them a week for preparation, four days, even twenty-four hours. Futile efforts! The president's proposition was adopted.

Consequently, each prisoner was called to the desk according to the place which he occupied upon the benches. Each man gave his name, his age, his abode, and his profession, and received an order to return to his place.

Six or seven prisoners were actually

granted time to say that they were absolutely ignorant of the conspiracy, and that they had been arrested while conversing quietly upon the public highway. They begged to be allowed to furnish proof of the truth of their assertions; they invoked the testimony of the soldiers who had arrested them.

M. d'Escorval, whose case had been separated from the others, was not summoned to the desk. He would be interrogated last.

"Now the counsel for the defense will be heard," said the duke; "but make haste; lose no time! It is already twelve o'clock."

Then began a shameful, revolting, and unheard-of scene. The duke interrupted the lawyers every other moment, bidding them be silent, questioning them, or jeering at them.

"It seems incredible," said he, "that any one can think of defending such wretches!"

Or again:

"Silence! You should blush with shame for having constituted yourself the defender of such rascals!"

But the lawyers persevered even while they realized the utter uselessness of their efforts. But what could they do under such circumstances? The defense of these twenty-nine prisoners lasted only one hour and a half.

Before the last word was fairly uttered, the Duc de Sairmeuse gave a sigh of relief, and in a tone which betrayed his delight, said:

"Prisoner d'Escorval, stand up."

Thus called upon, the baron rose, calm and dignified. Terrible as his sufferings must have been, there was no trace of it upon his noble face.

He had even repressed the smile of disdain which the duke's paltry affection in not giving him the title which belonged to him, brought to his lips.

But Chanlouineau sprang up at the same time, trembling with indignation, his face all aglow with anger.

"Remain seated," ordered the duke, "or you shall be removed from the court-room."

Chanlouineau, nevertheless, declared that he would speak; that he had some remarks to add to the plea made by the defending counsel.

Upon a sign from the duke, two gendarmes approached and placed their hands upon his shoulders. He allowed them to force him back into his seat, though he could easily have crushed them with one pressure of his brawny arm.

An observer would have supposed that he was furious; secretly, he was delighted. The aim he had had in view was now attained. In the glance he cast upon the *abbé*, the latter could read:

"Whatever happens, watch over Maurice; restrain him. Do not allow him to defeat my plans by any outbreak."

This caution was not unnecessary. Maurice was terribly agitated; he could not see, he felt that he was suffocating, that he was losing his reason.

"Where is the self-control you promised me?" murmured the priest.

But no one observed the young man's condition. The attention was rapt, breathless. So profound was the silence that the measured tread of the sentinels without could be distinctly heard.

Each person present felt that the decisive moment for which the tribunal had reserved all its attention and efforts had come.

To convict and condemn the poor peasants, of whom no one would think twice, was a mere trifle. But to bring low an illustrious man who had been the counsellor and faithful friend of the Emperor! What glory, and what an opportunity for the ambitious!

The instinct of the audience spoke the truth. If the tribunal had acted informally in the case of the obscure conspirators, it had carefully prepared its suit against the baron.

Thanks to the activity of the Marquis de Courtornieu, the prosecution had found seven charges against the baron, the least grave of which was punishable by death.

"Which of you," demanded M. de Sairmeuse, "will consent to defend this great culprit?"

"I!" exclaimed three advocates, in a breath.

"Take care," said the duke, with a malicious smile; "the task is not light."

"Not light!" It would have been better to say "dangerous"! It would have been better to say that the defender risked his career, his peace, and his liberty; probably, his life.

"Our profession has its exigencies," nobly replied the oldest of the advocates.

And the three courageously took their places beside the baron, thus avenging the honour of their robe which had just been miserably sullied, in a city where, among more than a hundred thousand souls, two pure and innocent victims of a furious reaction had not—oh, shame!—been able to find a defender.

"Prisoner," resumed M. de Sairmeuse, "state your name and profession."

"Louis Guillaume, Baron d'Escorval, Commander of the Order of the Legion of Honour, formerly Councillor of State under the Empire."

"So you avow these shameful services? You confess——"

"Pardon, Monsieur; I am proud of having had the honour of serving my country, and of being useful to her in proportion to my ability——"

With a furious gesture the duke interrupted him.

"That is excellent!" he exclaimed. "These gentlemen, the commissioners, will appreciate that. It was, undoubtedly, in the hope of regaining your former position that you entered into a conspiracy against a magnanimous prince with these vile wretches!"

"These peasants are not vile wretches, but misguided men, Monsieur. Moreover, you know—yes, you know as well as I do myself—that I have had no hand in this conspiracy."

"You were arrested in the ranks of the conspirators with weapons in your hands!"

"I was unarmed, Monsieur, as you are well aware; and if I was among the peasantry, it was only because I hoped to induce them to relinquish their senseless enterprise."

"You lie!"

The baron paled beneath the insult, but he made no reply.

There was, however, one man in the assemblage who could no longer endure this horrible and abominable injustice, and this man was Abbé Midon, who, only a moment before, had advised Maurice to be calm.

He brusquely quitted his place, and advanced to the foot of the platform.

"The Baron d'Escorval speaks the truth," he cried, in a ringing voice; "the three hundred prisoners in the citadel will swear to it; these prisoners here would say the same if they stood upon the guillotine; and I, who, accompanied him, who walked beside him, I, a priest, swear before the God who will judge all men, Monsieur de Sairmeuse, I swear that all which it was in human power to do to arrest this movement we have done!"

The duke listened with an ironical smile.

"They did not deceive me, then, when they told me that this army of rebels had a chaplain! Ah! Monsieur, you should sink to the earth with shame. You, a priest, mingle with such scoundrels as these—with these enemies of our good King and of our holy religion! Do not deny this! Your haggard features, your swollen eyes, your disordered attire soiled with dust and mud betray your guilt. Must I, a soldier, remind you of what is due your sacred calling? Hold your peace, Monsieur, and depart!"

The counsel for the prisoner sprang up.

"We demand," they cried, "that this witness be heard. He must be heard! Military commissions are not above the laws that regulate ordinary tribunals."

"If I do not speak the truth," resumed the *abbé*, "I am a perjured witness, worse yet, an accomplice. It is your duty, in that case, to have me arrested."

The duke's face expressed a hypocritical compassion.

"No, Monsieur le Curé," said he, "I shall not arrest you. I would avert the scandal which you are trying to cause. We will show your priestly garb the respect the wearer does not deserve. Again, and for the last time, retire, or I shall be obliged to employ force."

What would further resistance avail? Nothing. The *abbé*, with a face whiter than the plastered walls, and eyes filled with tears, came back to his place beside Maurice.

The lawyers, meanwhile, were uttering their protests with increasing energy. But the duke, by a prolonged hammering upon the table with his fists, at last succeeded in reducing them to silence.

"Ah! you wish testimony!" he exclaimed. "Very well, you shall have it. Soldiers, bring in the first witness."

A movement among the guards, and almost immediately Chupin appeared. He advanced deliberately, but his countenance betrayed him. A close observer could have read his anxiety and his terror in his eyes, which wandered restlessly about the room.

And there was a very appreciable terror in his voice when, with hand uplifted, he swore to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

"What do you know regarding the prisoner d'Escorval?" demanded the duke.

"I know that he took part in the rebellion on the night of the fourth."

"Are you sure of this?"

"I can furnish proofs."

"Submit them to the consideration of the commission."

The old scoundrel began to gain more confidence.

"First," he replied, "it was to the house of Monsieur d'Escorval that Lacheneur hastened after he had, much against his will, restored to Monsieur le Duc the château of Monsieur le Duc's ancestors. Monsieur Lacheneur met Chanlouineau there, and from that day dates the plot of this insurrection."

"I was Lacheneur's friend," said the baron; "it was perfectly natural that he should come to me for consolation after a great misfortune."

M. de Sairmeuse turned to his colleague.

"You hear that!" said he. "This d'Escorval calls the restitution of a deposit a great misfortune! Go on, witness."

"In the second place," resumed Chupin, "the accused was always prowling about Lacheneur's house."

"That is false," interrupted the baron. "I never visited the house but once, and on that occasion I implored him to renounce."

He paused, comprehending only when it was too late, the terrible significance of his words. But having begun, he would not retract, and he added:

"I implored him to renounce this project of an insurrection."

"Ah! then you knew of his wicked intentions?"

"I suspected them."

"Not to reveal a conspiracy makes one an accomplice, and means the guillotine."

Baron d'Escorval had just signed his death-warrant.

Strange caprice of destiny! He was innocent, and yet he was the only one among the accused whom a regular tribunal could have legally condemned.

Maurice and the *abbé* were prostrated with grief; but Chanlouineau, who turned toward them, had still upon his lips a smile of confidence.

How could he hope when all hope seemed absolutely lost?

But the commissioners made no attempt to conceal their satisfaction. M. de Sairmeuse, especially, evinced an indecent joy.

"Ah, well! Messieurs?" he said to the lawyers, in a sneering tone.

The counsel for the defense poorly dissimulated their discouragement; but they nevertheless endeavoured to question the validity of such a declaration on the part of their client. He had said that he *suspected* the conspiracy, not that he *knew* it. It was quite a different thing.

"Say at once that you wish still more overwhelming evidence," interrupted the duke. "Very well! You shall have it. Continue your deposition, witness."

"The accused," continued Chupin, "was present at all the conferences held at Lacheneur's house. The proof of this is as clear as daylight. Being obliged to cross the Oiselle to reach the Reche, and fearing the ferryman would notice his frequent nocturnal voyages, the baron had an old boat repaired which he had not used for years."

"Ah! that is a remarkable circumstance, prisoner; do you recollect having your boat repaired?"

"Yes; but not for the purpose which this man mentions."

"For what purpose, then?"

The baron made no response. Was it not in compliance with the request of Maurice that the boat had been put in order?

"And finally," continued Chupin, "when Lacheneur set fire to his house to give the signal for the insurrection, the prisoner was with him."

"That," exclaimed the duke, "is conclusive evidence."

"I was, indeed, at the Reche," interrupted the baron; "but it was, as I have already told you, with the firm determination of preventing this outbreak."

M. de Sairmeuse gave utterance to a little disdainful laugh.

"Ah, gentlemen!" he said, addressing the commissioners, "can you not see that the prisoner's courage does not equal his depravity? But I will confound him. What did you do, prisoner, when the insurgents left the Reche?"

"I returned to my home with all possible haste, took a horse and repaired to the Croix d'Arcy."

"Then you knew that this was the spot appointed for the general rendezvous?"

"Lacheneur had just informed me."

"If I believed your story, I should tell you that it was your duty to have hastened to Montaignac and informed the authorities. But what you say is untrue. You did not leave Lacheneur, you accompanied him."

"No, Monsieur, no!"

"And what if I could prove this fact beyond all question?"

"Impossible, Monsieur, since such was not the case."

By the malicious satisfaction that lighted M. de Sairmeuse's face, the *abbé* knew that this wicked judge had some terrible weapon in his hands, and that Baron d'Escorval

was about to be overwhelmed by one of those fatal coincidences which explain, although they do not justify, judicial errors.

At a sign from the counsel for the prosecution, the Marquis de Courtornieu left his seat and came forward to the platform.

"I must request you, Monsieur le Marquis," said the duke, "to have the goodness to read to the commission the deposition written and signed by your daughter."

This scene must have been prepared in advance for the audience. M. de Courtornieu cleaned his glasses, drew from his pocket a paper which he unfolded, and amid a death-like silence, he read:

"I Blanche de Courtornieu, do declare upon oath that, on the evening of the fourth of February, between ten and eleven o'clock, on the public road leading from Sairmeuse to Montaignac, I was assailed by a crowd of armed brigands. While they were deliberating as to whether they should take possession of my person and pillage my carriage, I overheard one of these men say to another, speaking of me: 'She must get out, must she not, Monsieur d'Escorval?' I believe that the brigand who uttered these words was a peasant named Chanlouineau, but I dare not assert it on oath."

A terrible cry, followed by inarticulate moans, interrupted the marquis.

The suffering which Maurice endured was too great for his strength and his reason. He was about to spring forward and cry:

"It was I who addressed those words to Chanlouineau. I alone am guilty; my father is innocent!"

But fortunately the *abbé* had the presence of mind to hold him back, and place his hand over the poor youth's lips.

But the priest would not have been able to restrain Maurice without the aid of the retired army officers, who were standing beside him.

Divining all, perhaps, they surrounded Maurice, took him up, and carried him from the room by main force, in spite of his violent resistance.

All this occupied scarcely ten seconds.

"What is the cause of this disturbance?" inquired the duke, looking angrily over the audience.

No one uttered a word.

"At the least noise the hall shall be cleared," added M. de Sairmeuse. "And you, prisoner, what have you to say in self-justification, after this crushing accusation by Mademoiselle de Courtornieu?"

"Nothing," murmured the baron.

"So you confess your guilt?"

Once outside, the *abbé* confided Maurice to the care of three officers, who promised to go with him, to carry him by main force, if need be, to the hotel, and keep him there.

Relieved on this score, the priest reentered the hall just in time to see the baron seat himself without making any response, thus indicating that he had relinquished all intention of defending his life.

Really, what could he say? How could he defend himself without betraying his son?

Until now there had not been one person who did not believe in the baron's entire innocence. Could it be that he was guilty? His silence must be accepted as a confession of guilt; at least, some present believed so.

Baron d'Escorval appeared to be guilty. Was that not a sufficiently great victory for the Duc de Sairmeuse?

He turned to the lawyers, and with an air of weariness and disdain he said:

"Now speak, since it is absolutely necessary; but no long phrases! We should have finished here an hour ago."

The oldest lawyer rose, trembling with indignation, ready to dare anything for the sake of giving free utterance to his thought, but the baron checked him.

"Do not try to defend me," he said, calmly; "it would be labour wasted. I have only a word to say to my judges. Let them remember what the noble and generous Marshal Moncey wrote to the King: 'The scaffold does not make friends.'"

This recollection was not of a nature to soften the hearts of the judges. The marshal, for that saying, had been deprived of his office, and condemned to three month's imprisonment.

As the advocates made no further attempt to argue the case, the commission retired to deliberate. This gave M. d'Escorval an opportunity to speak with his defenders. He shook them warmly by the hand, and thanked them for their devotion and for their courage.

The good man wept.

Then the baron, turning to the oldest among them, quickly and in a low voice said:

"I have a last favour to ask of you. When the sentence of death shall have

been pronounced upon me, go at once to my son. You will say to him that his dying father commands him to live; he will understand you. Tell him it is my last wish; that he live—live for his mother!"

He said no more; the judges were returning.

Of the thirty prisoners, nine were declared not guilty, and released.

The remaining twenty-one, and M. d'Escorval and Chanlouineau were among the number, were condemned to death.

But the smile had not once forsaken Chanlouineau's lips.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE *abbé* had been right in feeling he could trust the officers to whose care he had confided Maurice.

Finding their entreaties would not induce him to leave the citadel, they seized him and literally carried him away. He made the most desperate efforts to escape; each step was a struggle.

"Leave me!" he exclaimed; "let me go where duty calls me. You only dishonour me in pretending to save me."

His agony was terrible. He had thrown himself headlong into this absurd undertaking, and now the responsibility of his acts had fallen upon his father. He, the culprit, would live, and his innocent father would perish on the guillotine. It was to this his love for Marie-Anne had led him, that radiant love which in other days had smiled so joyously.

But our capacity for suffering has its limits.

When they had carried him to the room in the hotel where his mother and Marie-Anne were waiting in agonized surprise, that irresistible torpor which follows suffering too intense for human endurance, crept over him.

"Nothing is decided yet," the officers answered in response to Mme. d'Escorval's questions. "The *curé* will hasten here as soon as the verdict is rendered."

Then, as they had promised not to lose sight of Maurice, they seated themselves in gloomy silence.

The house was silent. One might have supposed the hotel deserted. At last, a little before four o'clock, the *abbé* came in, followed by the lawyer to whom the baron had confided his last wishes.

"My husband!" exclaimed Mme. d'Escorval, springing wildly from her chair.

The priest bowed his head; she understood.

"Death!" she faltered. "They have condemned him!"

And overcome by the terrible blow, she sank back, inert, with hanging arms.

But the weakness did not last long; she again sprang up, her eyes brilliant with heroic resolve.

"We must save him!" she exclaimed. "We must wrest him from the scaffold. Up, Maurice! up, Marie-Anne! No more weak lamentations, we must to work! You, also, gentlemen, will aid me. I can count upon your assistance, Monsieur le Curé. What are we going to do? I do not know! But something must be done. The death of this just man would be too great a crime. God will not permit it."

She suddenly paused, with clasped hands, and eyes uplifted to heaven, as if seeking divine inspiration.

"And the King," she resumed; "will the King consent to such a crime? No. A king can refuse mercy, but he cannot refuse justice. I will go to him. I will tell him all! Why did not this thought come to me sooner? We must start for Paris without losing an instant. Maurice, you will accompany me. One of you gentlemen will go at once and order post-horses."

Thinking they would obey her, she hastened into the next room to make preparations for her journey.

"Poor woman!" the lawyer whispered to the *abbé*, "she does not know that the sentence of a military commission is executed in twenty-four hours."

"Well?"

"It requires four days to make the journey to Paris."

He reflected a moment, then added:

"But, after all, to let her go would be an act of mercy. Did not Ney, on the morning of his execution, implore the King to order the removal of his wife who was sobbing and moaning in his cell?"

The *abbé* shook his head.

"No," said he; "Madame d'Escorval will never forgive us if we prevent her from receiving her husband's last farewell."

She, at that very moment, re-entered the room, and the priest was trying to gather courage to tell her the cruel truth, when someone knocked violently at the door.

One of the officers went to open it, and Bavois, the corporal of grenadiers, entered, his right hand lifted to his cap, as if he were in the presence of his superior officer.

"Is Mademoiselle Lacheneur here?" he demanded.

Marie-Anne came forward.

"I am she, Monsieur," she replied; "what do you desire of me?"

"I am ordered, Mademoiselle, to conduct do you to the citadel."

"Ah!" exclaimed Maurice, in a ferocious tone; "so they imprison women also!"

The worthy corporal struck himself a heavy blow upon the forehead.

"I am an old stupid!" he exclaimed, "and express myself badly. I meant to say that I came to seek mademoiselle at the request of one of the condemned, a man named Chanlouineau, who desires to speak with her."

"Impossible, my good man," said one of the officers; "they would not allow this lady to visit one of the condemned without special permission——"

"Well, she has this permission," said the old soldier.

Assuring himself, with a glance, that he had nothing to fear from anyone present, he added, in lower tones:

"This Chanlouineau told me that the *curé* would understand his reasons."

Had the brave peasant really found some means of salvation? The *abbé* almost began to believe it.

"You must go with this worthy man, Marie-Anne," said he.

The poor girl shuddered at the thought of seeing Chanlouineau again, but the idea of refusing never once occurred to her.

"Let us go," she said, quietly.

But the corporal did not stir from his place, and winking, according to his habit when he desired to attract the attention of his hearers:

"In one moment," he said. "This Chanlouineau, who seems to be a shrewd fellow, told me to tell you that all was going well. May I be hung if I can see how! Still, such is his opinion. He also told me to tell you not to stir from this place, and not to attempt anything until mademoiselle returns, which will be in less than an hour. He swears to you that he will keep his promise; he only asks you to pledge your word that you will obey him——"

"We will take no action until an hour has passed," said the *abbé*. "I promise that——"

"That is all. Salute, company! And now, Mademoiselle, on the double-quick, march! The poor devil over there must be on coals of fire!"

That a condemned prisoner should be allowed to receive a visit from the daughter of the leader of the rebellion—of that Lacheneur who had succeeded in making his escape—was indeed surprising.

But Chanlouineau had been ingenious enough to discover a means of procuring this special permission.

With this aim in view, when sentence of death was passed upon him, he pretended to be overcome with terror, and to weep piteously.

The soldiers could scarcely believe their eyes when they saw this robust young fellow, who had been so insolent and defiant a few hours before, so overcome that they were obliged to carry him to his cell.

There, his lamentations were redoubled; and he begged the guard to go to the Duc de Sairmeuse, or the Marquis de Courtornieu, and tell them he had revelations of the greatest importance to make.

That potent word "revelations" made M. de Courtornieu hasten to the prisoner's cell.

He found Chanlouineau on his knees, his features distorted by what was apparently an agony of fear. The man dragged himself toward him, took his hands and kissed them, imploring mercy and forgiveness, swearing that to preserve his life he was ready to do anything, yes, anything, even to deliver up M. Lacheneur.

To capture Lacheneur! Such a prospect had powerful attractions for the Marquis de Courtornieu.

"Do you know, then, where this brigand is concealed?" he inquired.

Chanlouineau admitted that he did not know, but declared that Marie-Anne, Lacheneur's daughter, knew her father's hiding-place. She had, he declared, perfect confidence in him; and if they would only send for her, and allow him ten minutes' private conversation with her, he was sure he could obtain the secret of her father's place of concealment. So the bargain was quickly concluded.

The prisoner's life was promised him in exchange for the life of Lacheneur.

A soldier, who chanced to be Corporal Bavois, was sent to summon Marie-Anne.

And Chanlouineau waited in terrible anxiety. No one had told him what had taken place at Escorval, but he divined it by the aid of that strange prescience which so often illuminates the mind when death is near at hand.

He was almost certain that Mme. d'Escorval was in Montaignac; he was equally certain that Marie-Anne was with

her; and if she were, he knew that she would come.

And he waited, counting the seconds by the throbbings of his heart.

He waited, understanding the cause of every sound without, distinguishing with the marvelous acuteness of senses excited to the highest pitch by passion, sounds which would have been inaudible to another person.

At last, at the end of the corridor, he heard the rustling of a dress against the wall.

"It is she," he murmured.

Footsteps approached; the heavy bolts were drawn back, the door opened, and Marie-Anne entered. accompanied by Corporal Bavois.

"Monsieur de Courtornieu promised me that we should be left alone!" exclaimed Chanlouineau.

"Therefore, I go at once," replied the old soldier. "But I have orders to return for mademoiselle in half an hour."

When the door closed behind the worthy corporal, Chanlouineau took Marie-Anne's hand and drew her to the tiny grated window.

"Thank you for coming," said he, "thank you. I can see you and speak to you once more. Now that my hours are numbered, I may reveal the secret of my soul and of my life. Now, I can venture to tell you how ardently I have loved you—how much I still love you."

Involuntarily Marie-Anne drew away her hand and stepped back.

This outburst of passion, at such a moment, seemed at once unspeakably sad and frightful.

"Have I, then, offended you?" said Chanlouineau, sadly. "Forgive one who is about to die! You cannot refuse to listen to the voice of one, who after tomorrow, will have vanished from earth forever.

"I have loved you for a long time, Marie-Anne, for more than six years. Before I saw you, I loved only my possessions. To raise fine crops, and to amass a fortune, seemed to me, then, the greatest possible happiness here below.

"Why did I meet you? But at that time you were so high, and I, so low, that never in my wildest dreams did I aspire to you. I went to church each Sunday only that I might worship you as peasant women worship the Blessed Virgin; I went home with my eyes and my heart full of you—and that was all.

"Then came the misfortune that brought us nearer to each other; and your father made me as insane, yes, as insane as himself.

"After the insults he received from the Sairmeuse, your father resolved to revenge himself upon these arrogant nobles, and he selected me for his accomplice. He had read my heart. On leaving the house of Baron d'Escorval, on that Sunday evening, which you must remember, the compact that bound me to your father was made.

"'You love my daughter, my boy,' said he. 'Very well, aid me, and I promise you, in case we succeed, she shall be your wife. Only,' he added, 'I must warn you that you hazard your life.'

"But what was life in comparison with the hope that dazzled me! From that night I gave body, soul, and fortune to the cause. Others were influenced by hatred, or by ambition; but I was actuated by neither of these motives.

"What did the quarrels of the great matter to me—a simple labourer? I knew that the greatest were powerless to give my crops a drop of rain in season of drought, or a ray of sunshine during the rain.

"I took part in this conspiracy because I loved you——"

"Ah! you are cruel!" exclaimed Marie-Anne, "you are pitiless!"

But Chanlouineau scarcely heard Marie-Anne's exclamation. All the bitterness of the past had mounted to his brain like fumes of alcohol. He was scarcely conscious of his own words.

"But the day soon came," he continued, "when my foolish illusions were destroyed. You could not be mine since you belonged to another. I might have broken my compact! I thought of doing so, but had not the courage. To see you, to hear your voice to dwell beneath the same roof with you, was happiness. I longed to see you happy and honoured; I fought for the triumph of another, for him whom you had chosen——"

A sob that had risen in his throat choked his utterance; he buried his face in his hands to hide his tears, and, for a moment, seemed completely overcome.

But he mastered his weakness after a little and in a firm voice, he said:

"We must not linger over the past. Time flies and the future is ominous."

As he spoke, he went to the door and applied first his eye, then his ear to the opening, to see that there were no spies without.

No one was in the corridor; he could not hear a sound.

He came back to Marie-Anne's side, and tearing the sleeve of his jacket open with his teeth, he drew from it two letters, wrapped carefully in a piece of cloth.

"Here," he said, in a low voice, "is a man's life!"

Marie-Anne knew nothing of Chanlouineau's promises and hopes, and bewildered by her distress, she did not at first understand.

"This," she exclaimed, "is a man's life!"

"Hush, speak lower!" interrupted Chanlouineau. "Yes, one of these letters might perhaps save the life of one who had been condemned to death."

"Unfortunate man! Why do you not make use of it and save yourself?"

The young man sadly shook his head.

"Is it possible that you could ever love me?" he said, simply. "No, it is not. I have, therefore, no desire to live. Rest beneath the sod is preferable to the misery I am forced to endure. Moreover, I was justly condemned. I knew what I was doing when I left the Reche with my gun upon my shoulder, and my sword by my side; I have no right to complain. But those cruel judges have condemned an innocent man——"

"Baron d'Escorval?"

"Yes—the father of—Maurice!"

His voice changed in uttering the name of this man, for whose happiness he would have given ten lives had they been his to give.

"I wish to save him," he added, "I can do it."

"Oh! if what you said were true? But you undoubtedly deceive yourself."

"I know what I am saying."

Fearing that some spy outside would overhear him, he came close to Marie-Anne and said, rapidly, and in a low voice:

"I never believed in the success of this conspiracy. When I sought for a weapon of defense in case of failure, the Marquis de Sairmeuse furnished it. When it became necessary to send a circular warning our accomplices of the date decided upon for the uprising, I persuaded Monsieur Martial to write a model. He suspected nothing. I told him it was for a wedding; he did what I asked. This letter, which is now in my possession, is the rough draft of the circular; and it was written by the hand of the Marquis de Sairmeuse. It is impossible for him to deny it. There is an erasure on each line. Everyone would regard it as the handiwork of a man who was seeking to convey his real meaning in ambiguous phrases."

Chanlouineau opened the envelope and showed her the famous letter which he had dictated, and in which the space for the date of the insurrection was left blank.

"My dear friend, we are at last agreed, and the marriage is decided, etc."

The light that had sparkled in Marie-Anne's eye was suddenly extinguished.

"And you believe that this letter can be of any service?" she inquired, in evident discouragement.

"I do not *think* it!"

"But——"

With a gesture, he interrupted her.

"We must not lose time in discussion—listen to me. Of itself, this letter might be unimportant, but I have arranged matters in such a way that it will produce a powerful effect. I declared before the commission that the Marquis de Sairmeuse was one of the leaders of the movement. They laughed; and I read incredulity on the faces of the judges. But calumny is never without its effect. When the Duc de Sairmeuse is about to receive a reward for his services, there will be enemies in plenty to remember and to repeat my words. He knew this so well that he was greatly agitated, even while his colleagues sneered at my accusation."

"To accuse a man falsely is a great crime," murmured the honest Marie-Anne.

"Yes, but I wish to save my friend, and I cannot choose my means. I was all the more sure of success as I knew that the marquis had been wounded. I declared that he was fighting against the troops by my side; I demanded that he should be summoned before the tribunal; I told them that I had in my possession unquestionable proofs of his complicity."

"Did you say that the Marquis de Sairmeuse had been wounded?" inquired Marie-Anne.

Chanlouineau's face betrayed the most intense astonishment.

"What!" he exclaimed, "you do not know——"

Then after an instant's reflection:

"Fool that I am!" he resumed. "Who could have told you what had happened? You remember that when we were traveling over the Sairmeuse road on our way to the Croix d'Arcy, and after your father had left us to ride on in advance, Maurice placed himself at the head of one division, and you walked beside him, while your

brother Jean and myself stayed behind to urge on the laggards. We were performing our duty conscientiously when suddenly we heard the gallop of a horse behind us. 'We must know who is coming,' Jean said to me.

"We paused. The horse soon reached us; we caught the bridle and held him. Can you guess who the rider was? Martial de Sairmeuse!

"To describe your brother's fury on recognizing the marquis would be impossible.

"'At last I find you, wretched noble!' he exclaimed, 'and now we will settle our account! After reducing my father, who has just given you a fortune, to despair and penury, you have tried to degrade my sister. I will have my revenge! Down, we must fight!'"

Marie-Anne could scarcely tell whether she was awake or dreaming.

"My brother," she murmured, "has challenged the marquis! Is it possible?"

"Brave as Monsieur Martial is," pursued Chanlouineau, "he did not seem inclined to accept the invitation. He stammered out something like this: 'You are mad—you are jesting—have we not always been friends? What does this mean?'

"Jean ground his teeth in rage. 'This means that we have endured your insulting familiarity long enough,' he replied, 'and if you do not dismount and meet me in open combat, I will blow your brains out!'

"Your brother, as he spoke, manipulated his pistol in so threatening a manner that the marquis dismounted, and addressing me:

"'You see, Chanlouineau,' he said, 'I must fight a duel or submit to assassination. If Jean kills me there is no more to be said—but if I kill him, what is to be done?'

"I told him he would be free to depart on condition he would give me his word not to return to Montaignac before two o'clock.

"'Then I accept the challenge,' said he; 'give me a weapon.'

"I gave him my sword, your brother drew his, and they took their places in the middle of the highway."

The young farmer paused to take breath, then said, more slowly:

"Marie-Anne, your father and I have misjudged your brother. Poor Jean's appearance is terribly against him. His face indicates a treacherous, cowardly nature, his smile is cunning, and his eyes always shun yours. We have distrusted him, but we should ask his pardon. A man who fights as I saw him fight, is deserving of confidence. For this combat in the public road, and in the darkness of the night, was terrible. They attacked each other silently but furiously. At last Jean fell."

"Ah! my brother is dead?" exclaimed Marie-Anne.

"No," responded Chanlouineau; "at least, we have reason to hope not; and I know he has not lacked any attention. This duel had another witness, a man named Poignot, whom you must remember; he was one of your father's tenants. He took Jean, promising me that he would conceal him and care for him.

"As for the marquis, he showed me that he, too, was wounded, and then he remounted his horse, saying:

"'What could I do? He would have it so.'"

Marie-Anne understood now.

"Give me the letter," she said to Chanlouineau, "I will go to the duke. I will find some way to reach him, and then God will tell me what course to pursue."

The noble peasant handed the girl the tiny scrap of paper which might have been his own salvation.

"On no account," said he, "must you allow the duke to suppose that you have upon your person the proof with which you threaten him. Who knows of what he might be capable under such circumstances? He will say, at first, that he can do nothing—that he sees no way to save the baron. You will tell him that he must find a means, if he does not wish this letter sent to Paris, to one of his enemies——"

He paused; he heard the grating of the bolt. Corporal Bavois reappeared.

"The half hour expired ten minutes ago," he said, sadly. "I have my orders."

"Coming," said Chanlouineau; "all is ended!"

And handing Marie-Anne the second letter:

"This is for you," he added. "You will read it when I am no more. Pray, pray, do not weep thus! Be brave! You will soon be the wife of Maurice. And when you are happy, think sometimes of the poor peasant who loved you so much."

Marie-Anne could not utter a word, but she lifted her face to his.

"Ah! I dared not ask it!" he exclaimed.

And for the first time he clasped her in his arms and pressed his lips to her pallid cheek.

"Now adieu," he said once more. "Do not lose a moment. Adieu!"

(*To be continued*)

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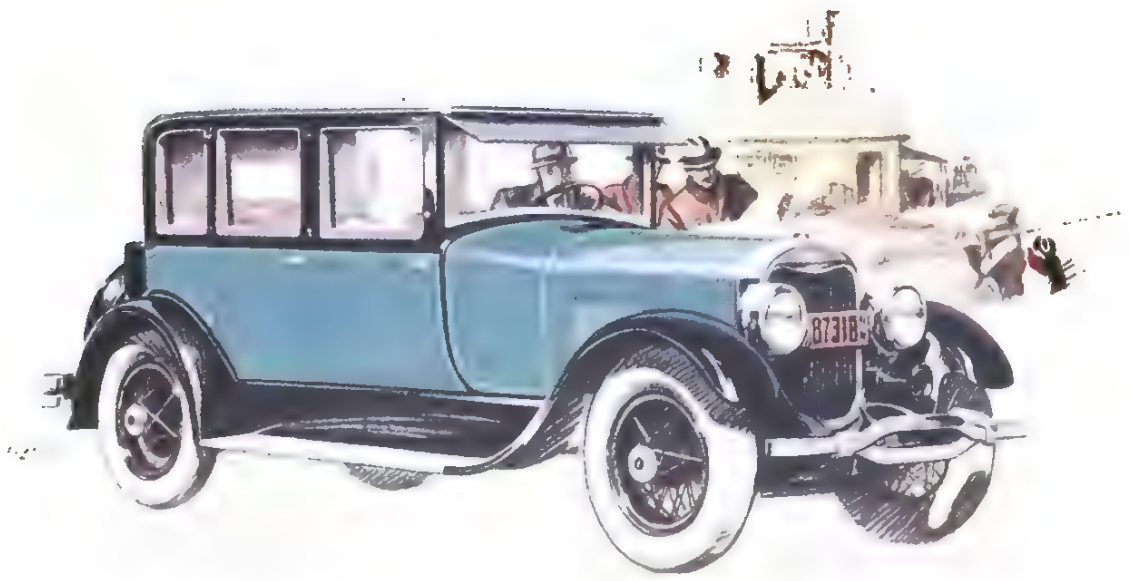

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THE STANDARD TEXTILE PRODUCTS CO.
320 Broadway, Dept. 32, New York

When you visit Atlantic City, see the Sanitas Exhibit at 1410 Boardwalk, Central Pier

At Home with the Kodak

Little home incidents that may not mean so much at the time are the little things that count—in pictures. An album full is a prized possession in any home.

And it's all so easy with a Kodak. You can see for yourself at your dealer's.

"At Home with the Kodak", a free booklet from us or your dealer, gives you many pat pointers on picture-making.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y., *The Kodak City*

If teeth are "off color"

clean whiteness can be quickly regained this way

They are simply film coated. Remove the film and wonders are worked. Teeth grow clear, gums firm and of healthy color. Send coupon for test tube

JUST because your teeth seem dull, don't believe they are naturally "off color."

You can restore them to clear whiteness very quickly.

Dental science has made some important discoveries in lightening cloudy teeth—a *new* method in tooth and gum treatment.

It acts on new principles. In a few days you can work a transformation on your teeth. Can change your whole appearance.

Now a 10-day test is being offered. Just send the coupon.

It's just a film
Mere brushing won't do

Run your tongue across your teeth. You will feel a film . . . a slippery, viscous coating that dulls and clouds their beauty.

Ordinary methods won't successfully combat it. That's why, no matter how hard you try now, your teeth remain "off color."

Remove that film and what you see will amaze you. You are simply hiding their beauty now . . . just like grime on ivory.

New methods remove it
Whiten teeth,
Firm the Gums

Film is charged, too, with most tooth and gum troubles. It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. Germs by the million multiply in it and lay your teeth open to decay, your gums open to bacterial attack. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Old methods failed in combating it successfully. Then new ones were found embodied in a new-type dentifrice called Pepsodent.

It acts to curdle the film and remove it. Then firm the gums.

Send Coupon

Results are quick and convincing. Largely on advice the world has turned to this new method.

A few days' use will amaze you. The difference will be noticeable. You will note it. Those with whom you come in contact will note it. You owe clear teeth to yourself. Send the coupon before you forget.

Free 10-Day Tube
Mail the Coupon

FILM the worst enemy to teeth

You can feel it with your tongue

Canadian Office and Laboratories:
191 George Street, Toronto, Canada

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 272
1104 S. Wabash Ave.
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Pepsodent
REG. U.S.
The New Day Quality Dentifrice
Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities

Name .....

Address .....

Only one tube to a family.

Please mention THE GOLDEN BOOK MAGAZINE to our advertisers.

"How Clearly the Melody Stands Out!" "How Beautifully in Tune Your Chimes are!"

Deagan Patented Dampers—the Greatest Development in all Chime History!

These and similar expressions from delighted listeners tell the real story of DEAGAN PATENT DAMPERS or TONE SILENCERS in combination with the incomparable

Deagan Tower Chimes

(played by organist from electric keyboard)

Now, more than ever, Deagan Tower Chimes are the Memorial Sublime.

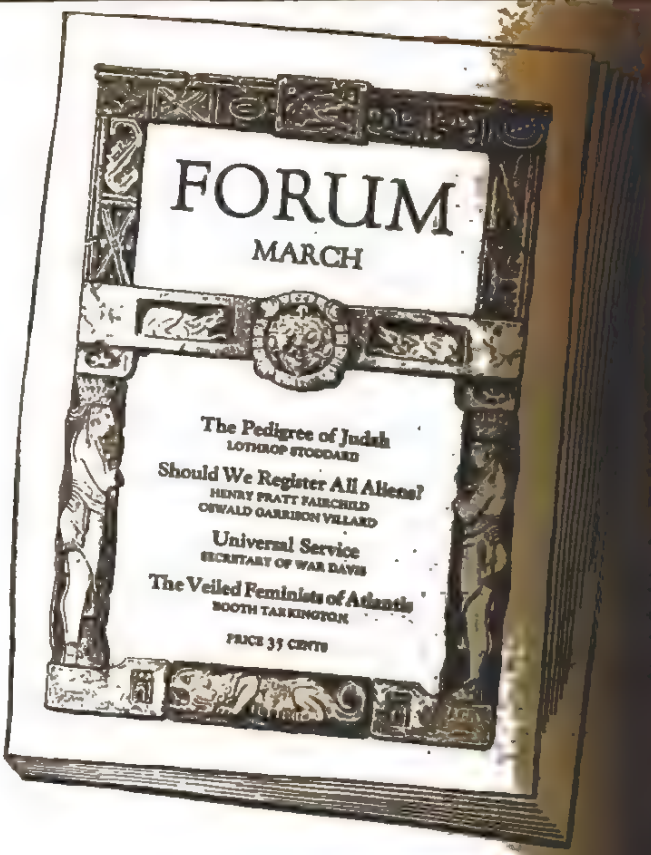
Literature, we gladly send on request, gives important information regarding Tower Chimes that you surely have a right to know—in fact, that you certainly *should* know.

J. C. Deagan *Inc.*
Established 1880
218 Deagan Building, Chicago

STANDARD SETS OF DEAGAN TOWER CHIMES $6,000 AND UP

Fortieth Anniversary Number

1886-1926



Articles and Fiction by

Booth Tarkington
Carl Van Doren
George Haven Putnam
Henry Sloan Coffin
Robert Herrick
John Jay Chapman
Lothrop Stoddard
Margaret Prescott Montague
and Dwight F. Davis,
Secretary of War

SPECIAL FEATURE

An important pronouncement from Rom

The leading authority on the relations betwee the Roman Catholic Church and the State i terprets the present day attitude of the Vatica toward government and civil affairs.

F O R U M

A Magazine of Controversy *Edited by Henry Goddard Leach*

THE FORUM, 247 Park Avenue, New York

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Fire protection and prevention must begin with construction. Modern building principles, new methods of insulation and the variety of fire-resistant materials recommended for exterior and interior construction make it practical and economical to "build fire-safe"—a measure of individual safety and a long step toward eliminating preventable fire, which contributes so largely to America's enormous fire loss.

For your own safety and that of the community, for lower fire losses and lower insurance rates—"build fire-safe." The North America Agent represents long experience in property protection and the control of fire.

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write practically every form of insurance except life

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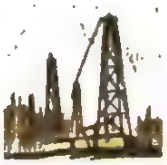
All the requirements of oil field, pipe-line, refinery, natural gas plant, and even filling station are accurately met by Crane valves, fittings, and piping materials in the correct types, proper metals, and wanted sizes. They cut fire hazard, and reduce upkeep and replacement costs.

Helping to produce 31,000,000 gallons of "gas" a day

"COME quick, there's oceans of oil!" So wrote Uncle Billy Smith from Titusville, Pa., in August, 1859. The country's first oil well, drilled under the direction of Edwin Drake, ex-railroad conductor, had "come in" with 25 barrels of crude a day.

That was just four years after the founding of Crane Co. in 1855. And as the oil industry grew to its present 2,000,000 barrels a day, Crane too was broadening out. It was pioneering in the chemical control of raw materials, determining the behavior of metals under the stress of high temperatures, improving design and also manufacture.



The illustration above is Mid-Continent Petroleum Co. Pump House No. 2 at Tulsa, Okla. Allen and Day, Omaha, were engineers and contractors. Crane valves, fittings, and piping materials used.

Hence, when the cracking process was developed to make each barrel of crude yield one-third to one-half more gasoline, Crane was ready. For temperatures as high as 1000° and pressures as great as 750 pounds, Crane supplied valves and piping materials that insured safety, despite the explosive character of the vapors.

The same fund of practical knowledge, based on 71 years of study and work with metals, is today serving every human activity, offering safety, dependability, and economy for all valve needs from giant city water main down to the small faucet of your own kitchen sink.

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PIPING MATERIALS TO CONVEY AND CONTROL OIL, GAS, STEAM, LIQUID

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CIE CRANE, PARIS, BRUSSELS

Our Family Tree was a Tobacco Plant

Number 1 of a series of talks on Sweet Caporal Cigarettes

By Irvin S. Cobb

I THINK there must be a whiff of tobacco in my blood. Fact is, I'm sure of it. My great-grandfather, a Vermont Irishman, went South in a wagon after the Revolution and he raised the first tobacco that was raised for export in what is now called The Black Patch of West Kentucky and West Tennessee. Wise old Yank, he cured and treated the heavy dark weed after crude processes of his own devising, loaded it on keelboats, floated it down the Cumberland to the Ohio, down the Ohio to the Mississippi and down the Mississippi to the Gulf, where he transshipped to sailing vessels and sent his cargoes out to the Gold Coast of Africa to be bartered off for ivory and gold dust. I understand that, dealing with black tribesmen, he rarely got the worst of a deal. For if he was an Irishman, he also was a New Englander. He laid the sills for a substantial fortune.

His son, my grandfather, was a planter, a factor, a rehandler of tobacco; and on the side a merchant and a banker and a steamboatman. His small fleet of sternwheelers, manned by crews of his slaves and mostly captained by his own kinsmen carried tobacco of his growing and his neighbors' growing to the city markets of the Southwest. For his day he was a rich man until the Civil War came along and smashed him up. For he had bought Confederate bonds and had financed a battery of Confederate artillery.

His son, my father, followed in the footsteps of his people. He was a tobacconist. Later he was a buyer for foreign governments and for domestic contractors too. He was accounted one of the best judges of types and grades in the district. He smoked incessantly and he chewed frequently.

His son, meaning me, grew up with the smell of tobacco leaf in his young nose, with the jargon of its business in his ears. We lived on a tobacco street in a tobacco town. There was a stemmery on the corner above us, a snuff factory and a cigar-maker's shop down the road and a whole row of warehouses farther along. In the season, the fat hogsheads blocked the narrow sidewalks. I absorbed the romance of the industry—for it is one of the most romantic of industries—along with my hot biscuits and New Orleans molasses. In four generations, I was the first of the first-born males of my breed to stray from the ancestral pathway.

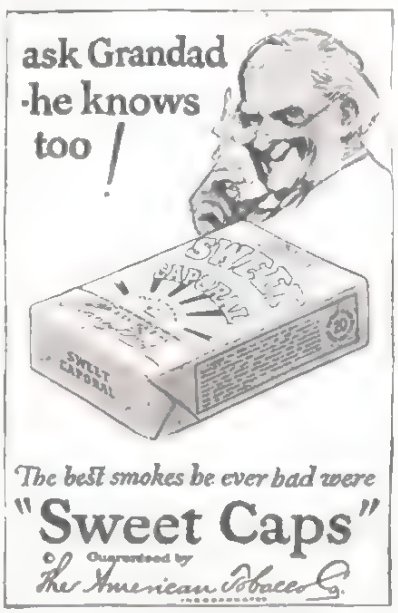
And now, in a way of speaking, I'm back again in the family line. I have taken on the job of doing a series of signed advertisements of which this is the introductory one. I have declined propositions to turn out advertisements for various manufactured products because I feel I merely would be a hired hand, exploiting this, that or the other thing for so much a word. But I reached for this opportunity. I knew I could put my heart in it—could with sincerity endorse the article I was praising.

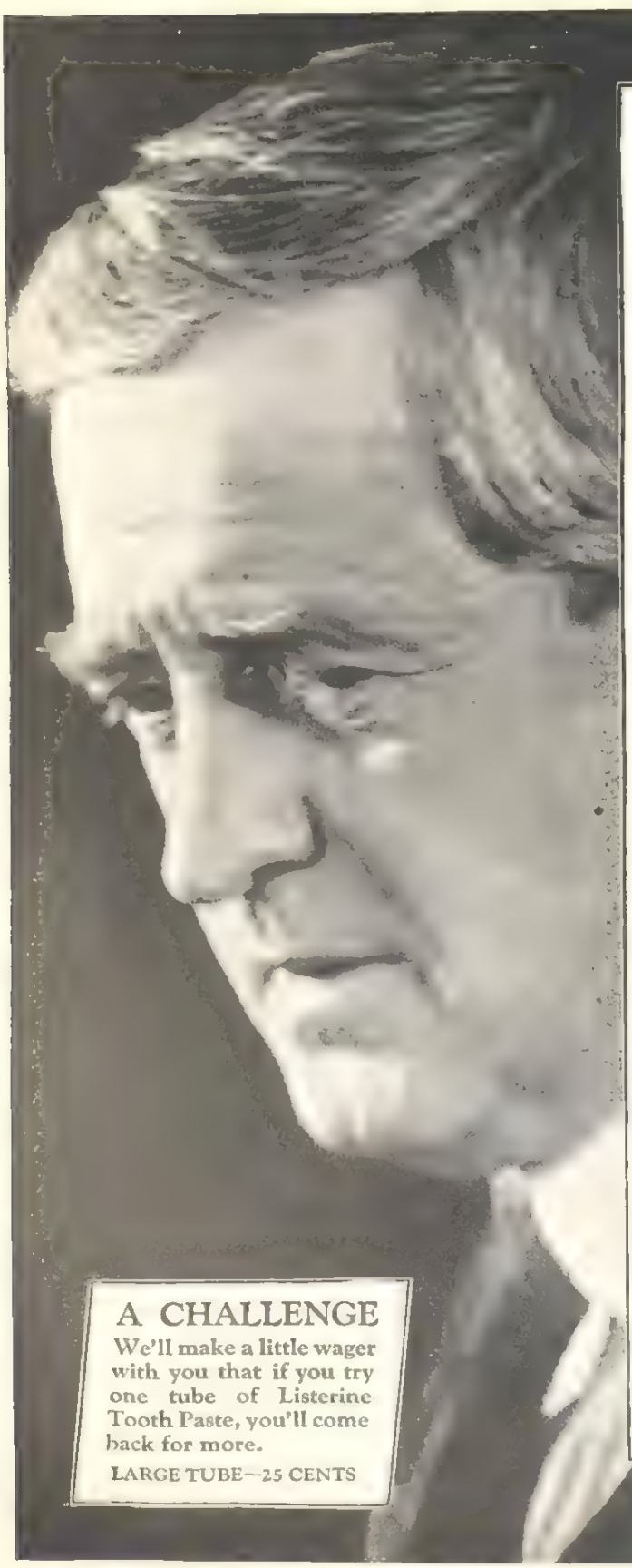
From time to time in this space, I'm going to write about Sweet Caporal Cigarettes. The first cigarette I ever smoked was a Sweet Caporal. That must be all of thirty-five years ago. Even that far back Sweet Caporals had been on the market a good long while. Commercially speaking, the Sweet Caporal Cigarette was born in November, 1878—roughly forty-seven years ago. Any product—cigarette or what you please—which stands the tests of time and competition and shifting popular taste for nearly half a century and holds its own and steadily grows in favor is bound to have merits. It just naturally has to have 'em. It shall be my task to try to explain a few facts about these merits.

Thank you.

Irvin S. Cobb

P.S. *I write one of these articles every once in a while. Watch for the next.*





Was this a hint?

THIS was the third time it had happened within a month: he, the head of the concern, finding one of these advertisements on his desk, marked for his attention, no signature.

Of course, he had read about Listerine and halitosis. But never had he applied the idea to himself.

Was someone giving him a hint? Was he, perhaps, guilty this way, and successful in spite of it? It certainly set him thinking.

* * *

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. **It puts you on the safe and polite side. Moreover, in using Listerine to combat halitosis, you are quite sure to avoid sore throat and those more serious illnesses that start with throat infection.**

Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. *Not* by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears.

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses; note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only—*never in bulk*. There are four sizes: 14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce and 1¼ ounce. Buy the large size for economy.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

For HALITOSIS use LISTERINE

A CHALLENGE

We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.

LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS

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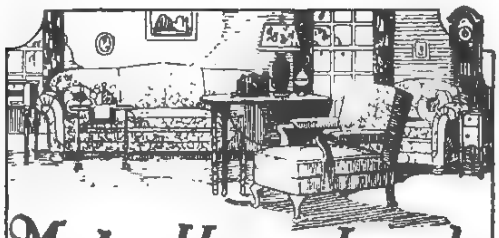


Make Home Lovely this Easy Way!

CHOOSE the convenient Larkin Better Homes Easy-Payment Plan. Order from this advertisement and send for free Catalog.

Tapestry Covered Chair

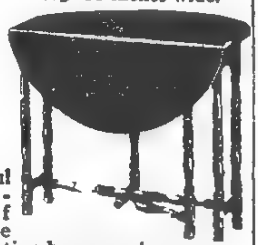
$1.00 with order. Balance $3.00 monthly till payment completed of **$25.85**

A chair of dignity, with lovely Persian design tapestry.

Affords solid comfort; roomy and restful; spring-filled cushion and seat; graceful arms; seat, 21 inches deep 21 inches wide.

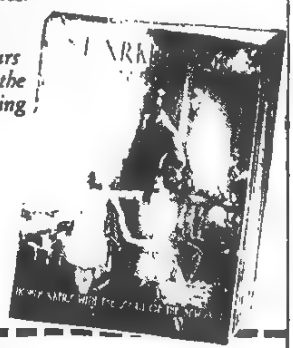
Windsor Gate-Leg Table

$1.00 with order. Balance $3.00 monthly till payment completed of **$18.95**



Graceful drop-leaf table in imitation brown mahogany. Made of serviceable gumwood. With leaves up, top is 36 x 36 inches.

Yours for the Asking



Check the Coupon below for your FREE Larkin book

Larkin Co Inc. 13

Buffalo, N. Y. Chicago, Ill. Peoria, Ill.

Enclosed find $ for which please ship, charges collect, the following:

☐ 1354M2 Gate-Leg Table, Brown Mahogany $18.95

☐ 3909M3 Tapestry Covered Chair 25.85

I agree to pay balance on article checked above in $3.00 monthly payments, title to same to be mine on completion of payments.

NAME .....

ST .....

P. O. ..... STATE .....

☐ Send me your new Larkin Catalog No. 212

It Was Not Age

That gave him that tired and careworn look

It was the "LURKING DANGER" Disease which had crept into his system—unsuspected, and had gained its unrelenting hold.

His "pep and personality" had gone.

Disease begins with a tiny spark, some little irregularity.

It is generally unnoticed and neglected.

You should know where the danger lurks and have it "nipped in the bud."

In our laboratories we watch the state of your health as revealed by urinalysis. Our scientific periodical check-up enables you to prevent the onslaught of disease.

It takes little of your time or money to be on your guard.

Mail the coupon for our new brochure "THE SPAN OF LIFE." We will send it to you free.

National Bureau of Analysis

H. J. SOULE, President and Founder

G-326 Republic Bldg. Chicago

NATIONAL BUREAU OF ANALYSIS,
G-326 Republic Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:

Please send me free of charge, a copy of your brochure "The Span of Life."

Name .....

Address .....

"The Best Advertising is a Satisfied Customer"

"Insured?" "American Mutual!" "—that's a lot in your favor, Mister"

HE never "took chances" . . . he had avoided accidents for more than nine years. Then . . . slippery streets . . . an oncoming car . . . collision. A cold and impassioned officer sternly investigating.

As he showed his credentials he happened to mention American Mutual.

"Insured? American Mutual! That's a lot in your favor, Mister—every man who drives a car ought to have that sort of protection."

Later, in describing what had taken place, this man said: "—and the officer was right. The fact that I was insured with the American Mutual gave me personal reassurance . . . it was as if I had a wise friend, a helpful counsellor, on the spot, in the hour of greatest need."

The American Mutual shoulders the embarrassing details of court proceedings, unjust claims, threats . . . a prompt disposition of the case free from petty annoyances.

This, the strongest mutual liability company, has given the utmost in protection plus 20% dividends since 1887—write to us for details.

AMERICAN MUTUAL LIABILITY INSURANCE COMPANY
140 Berkeley Street, Boston

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LIABILITY INSURANCE COMPANY
ORGANIZED—1887

Also Writers of Workmen's Compensation Insurance

Branches in 42 Principal Cities

The OLDEST · LARGEST · STRONGEST *in the* WORLD

Golden Ways To Golden Places

The Isle of Palms and Snow Peaks—Hawaii

WHEN Mark Twain built the house he had always dreamed of on a great hill in Connecticut, what did he choose to put over his fireplace in the room dearest to him, the billiard room? A piece of Hawaiian wood, carved with the tenderly hospitable word with which Hawaiians win you—as it won Mark Twain: "Aloha" ("welcome"). This word becomes every year more and more an international word, because it seems to have what the word-experts call "philological fitness."

There are other fitnesses in Hawaii—the fitness which a human being feels when he finds a land which, amazingly, has all the advantages throughout the year which one would specify in a land of perfection. A land where one can gaze at a distant snow-capped mountain *through the lattice-work of a palm tree!* Where else could such extremes, such ordinarily complete joys in themselves, meet and unite? Where else is the climate *always* mild and satisfactory?

Hawaii is a land which, like Florida, has not for years been valued at its real worth except by the select ones who have found it for themselves. The first explanation for this is the misapprehension as to distance. Many people have regarded it as far off and as expensive almost as a trip to China or Japan. Yet the complete cost from the Pacific Coast and return for a 3-weeks trip is only about $350.

The truth is that Hawaii is a "South Sea Isle," or group of isles, offering more South Sea Island magic than any other, and with far more economy and comfort. If you want to see "South Sea Isles"—*without disillusionment*—see Hawaii. As Jack London has remarked of it, "the older I become, the oftener I come back and the longer I stay." A *blasé* traveler like Katherine Fullerton Gerould finds herself breaking the bounds of verbal restraint when writing about it—the thrill for instance when on arising on your steamer you are greeted with the green peaks of Oahu coming up magically out of the very mid-ocean depths of the Pacific.

You who have seen only in cabarets and on Gilda Gray the wreaths and grass skirts of the Hawaiian lei women have had only the manufactured imitation of the original. You should hear the Hawaiian band play *Aloha Oe*, should wander toward the beach through mazes of richly colored hibiscus, blue jackarandas, golden shower-trees, purple bougainvilla—see the pineapple fields, the banana patches, the sugar and cocoanut plantations, the rice paddies—all of it a great cornucopia of tropical plenty.

Pongee and Palm Beach linen may be worn the year around; for the thermometer varies only 30 degrees the year around—from 62 to 85 degrees. Trade winds and the meeting of ocean currents maintain a striking balance. Yet if you want icy coldness simply climb the mountains!

No duties, no inspection of baggage, no passports are necessary, for Hawaii is our own land. There are endless varieties of inter-island cruises leaving from Honolulu, which is on the island of Oahu. The "Garden Isle" of Kauai, Haleakala (House of the Sun), a huge extinct volcano on the island of Maui, the giant ferns in the Twin Craters, the "lava tube,"—the Kilauea Volcano in action in the Hawaiian National Park (one of the most impressive spectacles on earth on the island of Hawaii, all these are available as trips. The gala attire of the outrigger canoes, dancing or lounging on a broad *lanai*, swimming and surfing every day, game-fishing, parties at Japanese tea houses with geisha girls rendering entertainment, Oriental theaters, Hawaiian pageants and luaus (feasts), hulahula dancing—there is quite no end to the variety.

There is romantic history—Queen "Lil" and the natives who are part of the great Polynesian family; the making of a republic, its annexation to the U. S. There are novel native foods—taro, from which the native staff of life ("poi") is made, and tropical fruits, the mango and papaia. The very language with its alphabet of but twelve letters, has rare charm.

Compressed here are but a small part of Hawaii's charms, barely catalogued; they bountifully repay the trip and will every year draw more and more of those who are discriminating travelers.

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HOTEL RESORT AND TRAVEL DEPARTMENT

Established 1906

Featured every month in seven publications

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Old established clientele
All recreational features

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or any tourist and travel bureau
Cable address: Princess Bermuda

GREAT YARMOUTH ENG.

Great Yarmouth—No visit to England complete without a few days in this famous East Coast Resort and a stay at the
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NEW ORLEANS
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To better serve our many friends and patrons over $300,000.00 has been expended in reconstruction and rehabilitation to maintain this famous hostelry as

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"OLE MAMMY" CREOLE PRALINES
Made Fresh Every Day
In St. Charles Creole Kitchen mailed all over the World
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TEN PRALINES PACKED IN COTTON BALE $2.25
INCLUDING POSTAGE AND INSURANCE
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New Zealand, Australia, Korea, —besides all the usual cruise-ports.

Every country at its best season.

On the new Cunarder "Carinthia".

Westbound—with opportunity for travel in Europe before returning.

Rates—$2250 and upward.

Send for the Cruise Book.

Spring Mediterranean Cruise—April 3.
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Raymond & Whitcomb Co.

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A Smiling Snow Crowned Country . . .

Switzerland and 15 days of travel

for $18.50

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If you insist on taking life easy . . . a train will do the climbing for you. Everywhere you go there is a train waiting . . . for Switzerland has been taking care of tourists for many, many years.

An important thing to know is the 20 per cent. reduction given on all journeys over 300 kilometers long. Even if your whole trip is arranged here . . . by us, or your nearest travel agency . . . this holds good for the traveling done in Switzerland. Fifteen days of unlimited travel costs only $18.50, third class. $25.50, second class. Or $36.50, first class.

The hotels of Switzerland are justly famous. The cost is reasonable . . . and varied according to accommodations desired. Booklet B-2, maps and itineraries will give you a comprehensive picture of the country and its hotels.

LUCERNE of proverbial loveliness is the Mecca of all tourists. Its facilities for sports and amusements are interesting and it is the starting point for excursions in Central Switzerland. On the Dieschyberg is an 18-hole golf course.

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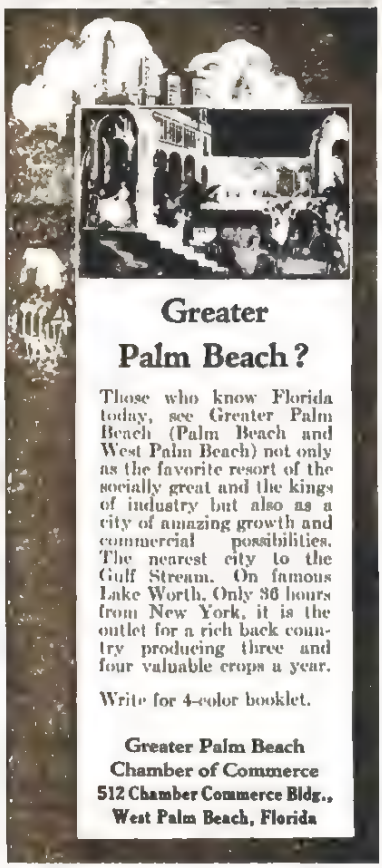

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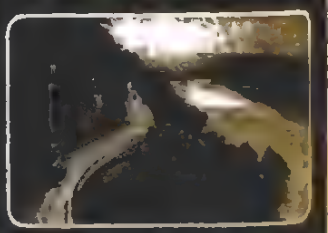

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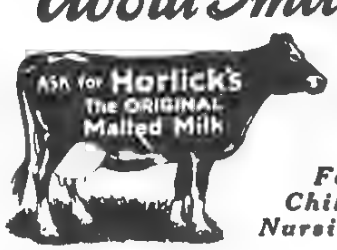

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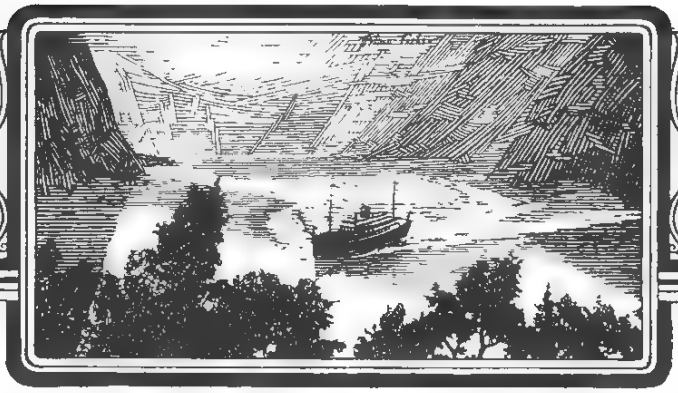

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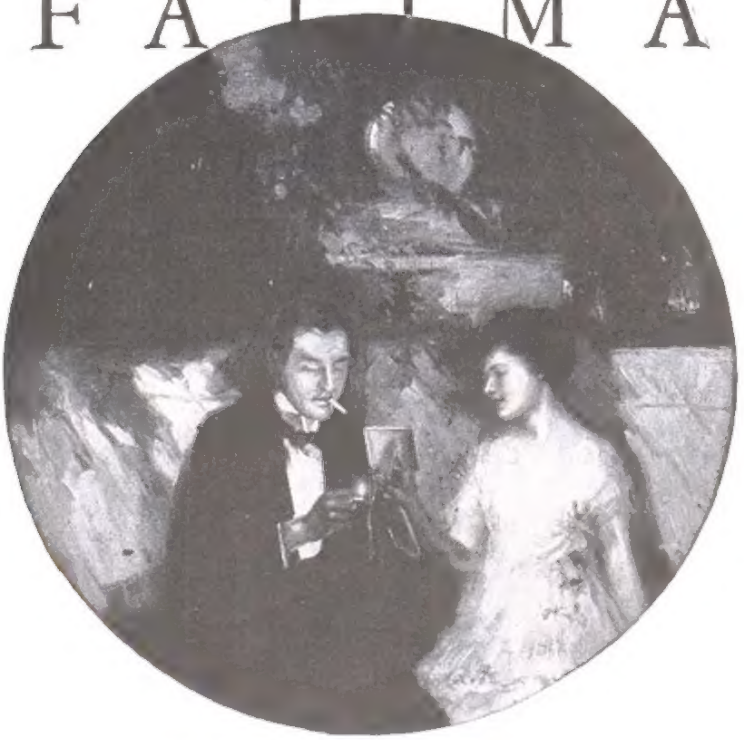

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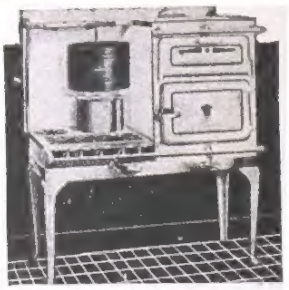

Chambers Fireless Gas Range

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You should have our free bo Cook With the Gas Turned Off. contains much new informa that will help you modernize kitchen of an old home, or plan kitchen for a new one. And u this coupon too, for information the money the Chambers Gas Ra can save for you.

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Without obligation on my pa please tell me how much money can save with a Chambers Rang
My gas bill is.....a month
I serve .....full meals a week

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Name
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Authorized Dealers Only are Licensed to Sell Chambers Ranges

Cook with the gas turned off!

In New York your business may be a needle in a haystack

In the smaller cities, a business of high repute becomes known almost of itself. There, it is simply a case of a firm's reputation burning brightly on a hill. The light cannot be hid.

But in New York, there are so many lights. So many firms of high repute. You must do something more than have an office in New York. You must have an address which in itself is a business rating.

The Fifth Avenue Building is one of the landmarks of New York. 200 Fifth Avenue has been known to all the world since the Civil War. Here, for many years stood the famous Fifth Avenue Hotel, the meeting-place of statesmen, fashion and all people of importance the country over. This prestige is carried on by The Fifth Avenue Building.

The quiet dignity of a club pervades the atmosphere of this building. About you are pleasant people, friendly, at ease with each other and yet unobtrusive. Not everybody is admitted here. Before a firm is rented space in The Fifth Avenue Building, questions are asked among that firm's business friends. This building, rightly, *selects* its tenants.

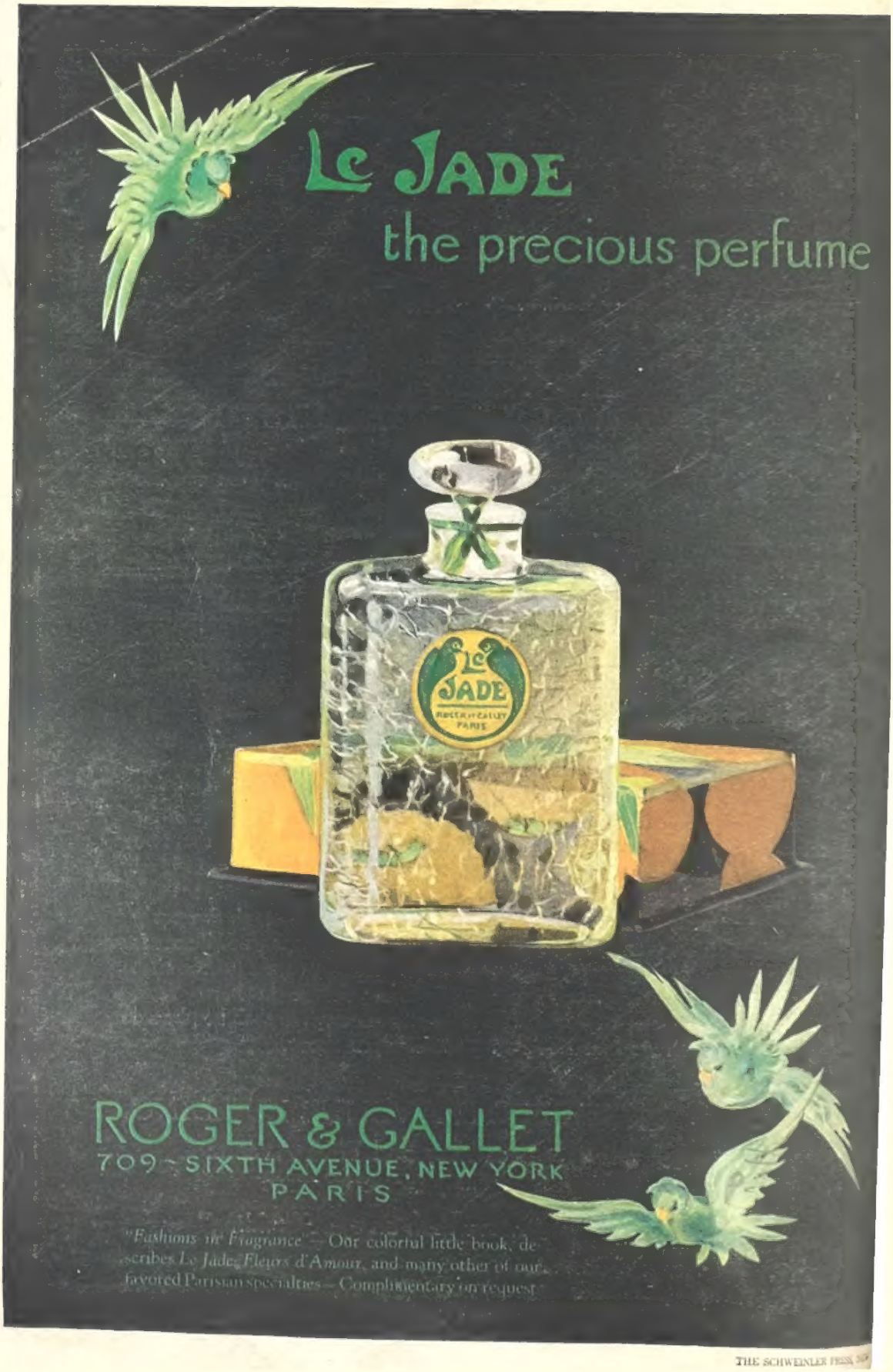
Offices in this building place you at the commercial heart of New York. Midway between the two rivers, midway between Central Park and the Battery, The Fifth Avenue Building through three subway lines, an elevated and busses is easily accessible to the whole city.

When you are in New York, come to see us. We shall be pleased to show you about.

The FIFTH AVENUE BUILDING

Broadway and Fifth Avenue
at Madison Square

"*More than an office building*"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